Old Countries Discovered Anew

A Motor Book for Everybody

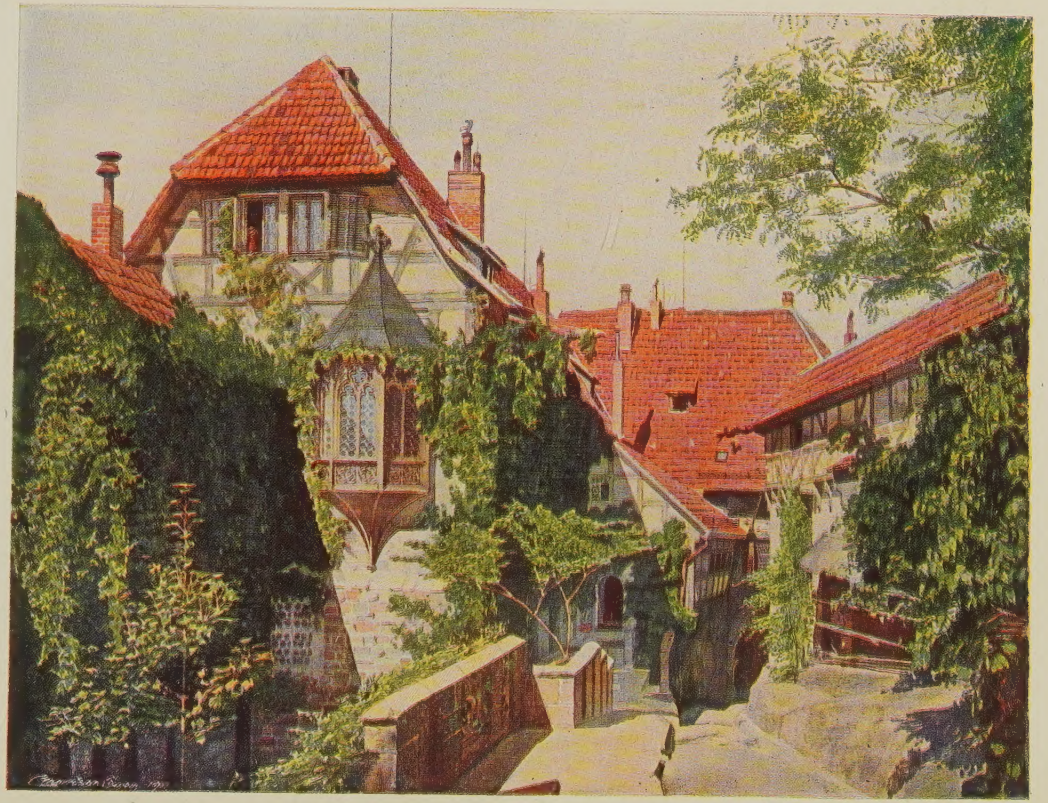
by

Ernest Talbert

Old Countries Discovered Anew

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/oldcountriesdisc0000erne



OUTER BAILEY OF THE WARTBURG, GERMANY

Old Countries Discovered Anew

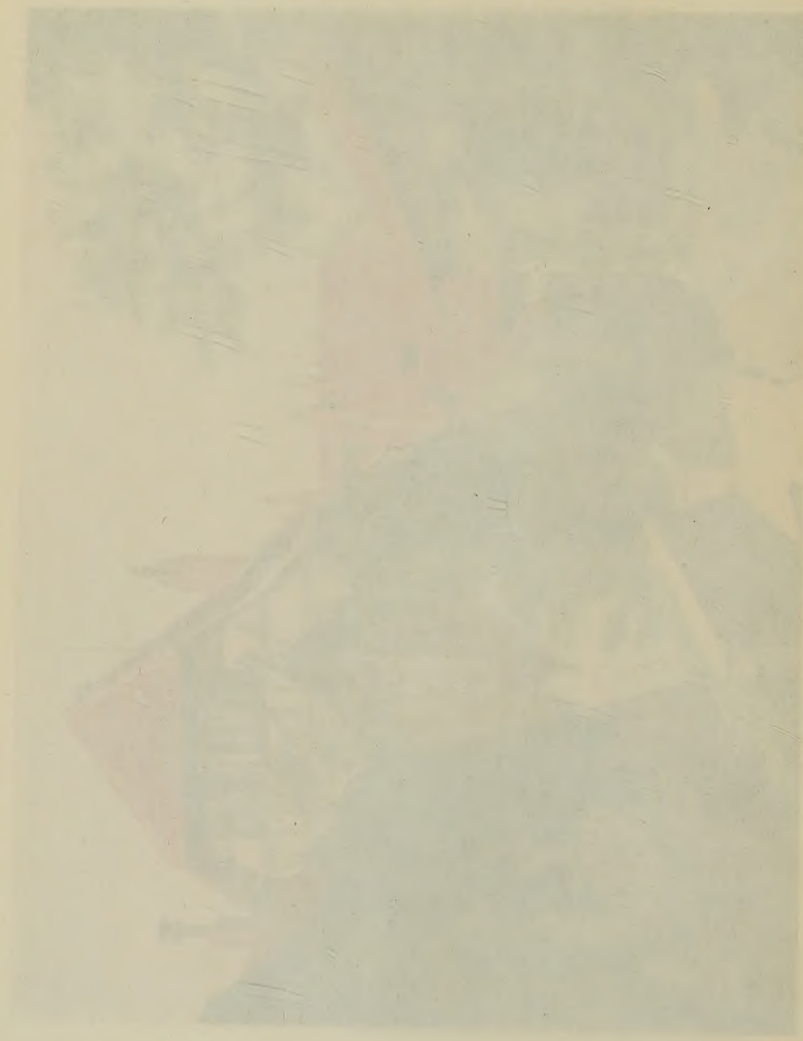
A Motor Book

BY

[illegible]

With [illegible]
Index, Spec[illegible]

BOSTON
DANA ESTES & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS



Old Countries Discovered Anew

A Motor Book for Everybody

BY

ERNEST TALBERT

With Colored Frontispiece and Seventy Illustrations, Index, Special Index, Appendix, and Map of Route

BOSTON
DANA ESTES & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

Copyright, 1913
By Dana Estes & Company

All rights reserved

THE COLONIAL PRESS
C. H. SIMONDS & CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

Dedication

I sent thee late A rosy wreath, not so much hon'ring thee,
As giving it a hope that there it could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe, and send'st it back to me,
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of itself, but thee.

— *Ben Jonson.*

PREFACE

This book was begun to aid the motorist in planning European tours. Each chapter, as far as practicable, represents either a day's run including sightseeing, or a day or more given to sightseeing where the locality merits it. The arrangement of the story, except in Holland, is that of a continuous tour in which opportunities to enlarge, curtail or vary the route are clearly indicated. Cities desirable as centers for touring in hired cars are also given. While the book is essentially practical, as may be gathered from its table of contents and special index, the writer hopes it will prove interesting.

A knowledge of history, often the leading incentive to sightseeing, may be granted the reader in respect to England or France, but cannot be positively assumed as regards Holland or Germany. This is the more surprising in that the Saxons who strove so bravely to maintain their white-horse banner against Charlemagne, and upheld, at fearful cost, the tenets of Martin Luther, were of the same family as those who helped Alfred the Great to his victory of White Horse Hill and wrought the downfall of the Stuarts. The introduction of some salient historical events is, therefore, unavoidable in both "Holland" and "Germany." Sincerely appreciating the dryness of history for many readers, the author has mentioned, casually, such novels as helped him to an easy and interested understanding of the subject. He has also incorporated many of those charming legends which lend a special interest to places visited.

Despite his original intention, a careful review of facts and experiences forced the author to conclude

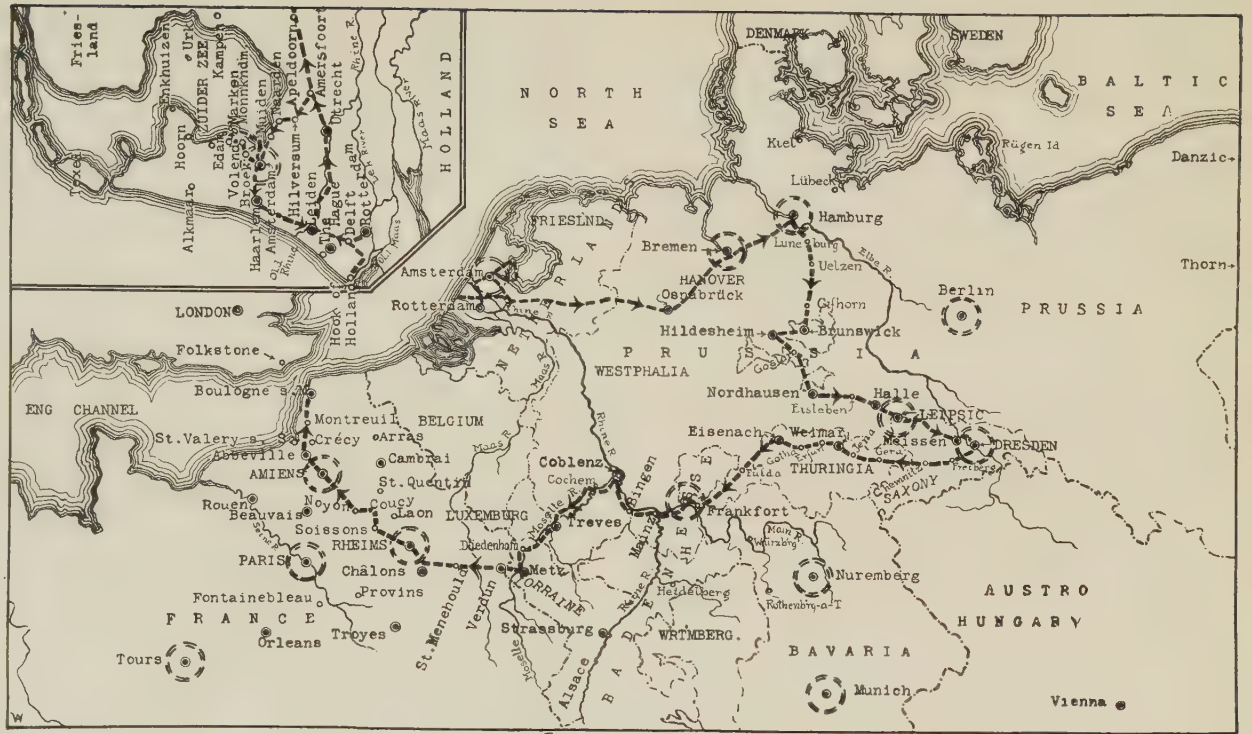
that he was called upon to write a motor book FOR EVERYBODY. The superiority of motoring over the old-fashioned railway and hack travel, together with the trifling increase (and occasional saving) in cost for actual ground covered, led to the inevitable deduction that the "only" way for the general public to see Europe is in hired motorcars. Indeed, the obvious advantage—often a necessity—of touring from centers, the cost and annoyance entailed by taking a car abroad, and the recently increased difficulties thrown in his way by foreign governments, may well incline even the owner of an automobile to the practice of hiring cars. This statement is borne out by the example of several motor tourists who, though wealthy, have preferred to leave their own cars at home.

With these things in mind, almost the entire "Holland" has been devoted to the hired motorcar—to its cost in various countries, its innumerable advantages, its use in actual demonstration of its desirability. The rest of the book, written from the standpoint of travel in a private car, will occasionally form an inverse example illustrating certain advantages offered by the hired car.

Since no emoluments are involved by the mention of maps, books and hotels, commendation and adverse criticism may be accepted at face value. Undertaken as a desultory avocation, this book was hurried to completion when the author realized its possible interest to the general public. He hopes, therefore, than any chance errors or anachronisms will be overlooked.

The author takes pleasure in acknowledging his indebtedness to "Mater" for a number of excellent photographs, and to Mr. C. M. Owen for his water-color drawing of the frontispiece.

March, 1913. E. T.



Fries-land
Enkhuizen
Urk
ZUIDER ZEE
Kampen
Hoorn
Edam
Marken
Monnkndm
Volendam
Broek
Alkmaar
Haarlem
Amsterdam
Muiden
Naarden
Hilversum
Apeldoorn
Amersfoort
Utrecht
Leiden
The Hague
Delft
Rotterdam
Rhine R.
Maas River
Old Rhine
Old Maas
HOLLAND
NORTH SEA
DENMARK
SWEDEN
BALTIC SEA
Kiel
Rügen Id
Danzic
Lübeck
Hamburg
Lüneburg
Uelzen
Elbe R.
Thorn
Bremen
HANOVER
Osnabrück
Gifhorn
Berlin
PRUSSIA
FRIESLND
Amsterdam
Rotterdam
Rhine R.
Hildesheim
Brunswick
PRUSSIA
WESTPHALIA
Goslar
Nordhausen
Halle
Eisleben
LEIPSIC
Eisenach
Weimar
Meissen
DRESDEN
Gera
Freiberg
Gotha
Erfurt
Fulda
THURINGIA
Chemnitz
SAXONY
Frankfort
Main R.
Würzbrg
Nuremberg
Rothenbrg-a-T
AUSTRO HUNGARY
BAVARIA
Munich
Vienna
LONDON
Folkstone
Boulogne s.
ENG CHANNEL
Montreuil
BELGIUM
St. Valery s. S.
Crécy
Arras
Abbeville
Cambrai
AMIENS
St. Quentin
Rouen
Beauvais
Noyon
Coucy
Laon
Soissons
RHEIMS
PARIS
Châlons
Provins
Fontainebleau
FRANCE
Orleans
Troyes
Tours
St. Menehould
Verdun
Metz
LORRAINE
Diedenhofen
LUXEMBURG
Treves
Coblenz
Cochem
Bingen
Mainz
Heidelberg
Strassburg
Alsace
WRTMBERG.
BADEN
Moselle
Rhine R.
Maas R.
Seine R.
Meuse R.
Rhine R.
Maas R.
Main R.
Rhine R.
Moselle
W
ROUTE IS SHOWN
TOURING CENTERS ARE SHOWN

MAP OF ROUTE.

Table of Contents

BOOK I

The Heart of Holland

				PAGE
I.	A call for all to go motoring and an entry into the Netherlands		52 miles *	1
II.	Amsterdam: afoot, and from a motorboat		† 18 miles	11
III.	Broek, Monnikendam, Volendam, Marken: by steam yacht		† 30 miles	27
IV.	Haarlem, Leiden, Utrecht, Naarden, and central Holland: by motorcar		140 miles	45
V.	Motor talk: good-by, dear Holland		130 miles *	75

BOOK II

The True Germany

I.	A new view of Germany and a stop-over at Osnabrück		176 miles *	83
II.	Hamburg. The second city of Germany			93
III.	Hamburg to Brunswick	June 23rd	110 miles	109
IV.	Brunswick	June 23rd		119
V.	Brunswick to Goslar via Hildesheim	June 24th, A. M.	64 miles	137
VI.	Goslar, the Harz, and Nordhausen	June 24th, P. M.	50 miles	159
VII.	Nordhausen to Leipsic via Halle	June 25th	78 miles	175
VIII.	Leipzig (Leipsic)	June 25–27		187
IX.	Leipsic to Dresden via Meissen	June 27th	71 miles	203
X.	Weimar — via Chemnitz, Gera and Jena	June 29th	137 miles	219
XI.	Eisenach — via Erfurt and Gotha	June 30th	47 miles	233
XII.	Eisenach to Frankfort	July 2nd	113 miles	247
XIII.	Frankfort to Bingen: down the Rhine to Coblenz	July 4th	82 miles	259

TABLE OF CONTENTS

				PAGE
XIV.	Coblenz to Treves: via the Moselle	July 5th, A. M.	80 miles	279
XV.	Treves (Trier) and the road to Metz	July 5th, P. M.	66 miles	289
XVI.	Metz and its battle-fields	July 6th		299

BOOK III

A Flight across France

I.	Rheims: via Verdun, Clermont and Suippes	July 6th	110 miles	317
II.	Amiens: via Soissons, Coucy - le - Château and Noyon	July 7th	92 miles	329
III.	Amiens to Boulogne-sur-Mer	July 8th	76 miles	341
	Appendix			349
	Special Index of Practical Matters			353
	General Index			355

* By rail. † By boat, approx.

List of Illustrations

	PAGE
Outer Bailey of the Wartburg, Germany (*Colored*)	*Frontispiece*
Map of Route	xiv
View from Hotel Amstel (*p.* 12)	12
Along the Buiten Amstel (*p.* 16)	12
"Old gabled buildings tower above you" (*p.* 17)	16
"Through its placid grachten" (*p.* 18)	18
As many wheelmen as pedestrians	18
Never too young nor too old to pose	34
"Volendam, beloved of all artists" (*p.* 35)	34
Volendam: Church with drawbridge	38
Marken: "Casey" (*p.* 39)	38
"One more picture of the little lambs" (*p.* 40)	40
"Sucking her thumb in the shadow of a corncrib" (*p.* 40)	40
"A brood of longlegged harpies" (*p.* 41)	40
Amersfoort: Koppel port (*p.* 70)	50
Haarlem: Town hall (*p.* 50)	50
Haarlem: Vleeschhal (*p.* 50)	50
Osnabrück: In this Rathaus the peace of Westphalia was signed (*p.* 89)	88
Hamburg: "When the Kaiser really came" (*p.* 105)	88
Rathaus	92
Entrance to free port (*p.* 93)	92
The Alster river widened into a lake, and the Lombardsbrücke (*p.* 97)	96
The Church of St. Nicholas — the patron saint of sailors and travelers	98
Our hotel on the Alster (*p.* 106)	106
There are many arcades with small shops (*p.* 98)	106
The Old Mill	114
Hotel Stadt Hamburg (*p.* 114)	114
Inscription on house at Uelzen (*p.* 115)	116

"Even though the face of Heaven and all nature change, he will not be forsaken who trusts in God the Lord.

"In prosperity do not exalt thyself, in adversity do not despair; for good is the man who can bear all misfortune."

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Cenotaph on side of Cathedral (*p.* 130) 120
" Burgplatz, framed by fine old timbered buildings " (*p.* 120) . 120
" German fields look good to American eyes; the landscape is bright and diversified " (*p.* 137) 136
North transept of Cathedral (*p.* 152) 172
Statue of Roland at one corner of Rathaus (*p.* 173) . . . 172
" The old timbered houses opposite " (*p.* 172) 172
The King's Church (*p.* 216) 202
The Opera House (*p.* 216) 202
Meissen Castle: A bulwark of the Saxon race (*p.* 206) . . 206
Burgbrücke, and houses and gardens on the town wall (*p.* 209) . 208
Courtyard, showing staircase; view of Cathedral minus the spires (*p.* 209) 208
Dresden: Frauenkirche 212
" Of course Halberstadt has a Roland " (*p.* 213) 212
The Moritzburg, near Dresden (*p.* 215) 214
A pavilion of the Zwinger (*p.* 216) 216
Chain steamer on the Elbe (*p.* 217) 216
Königstein, on the Elbe (*p.* 217) 218
The Saxon Switzerland (*p.* 217) 220
Weimar: Hotel courtyards now accommodate autos in place of post-chaises 228
A German Village Markt 228
The Moselle: The scene of our puncture at Alf (*p.* 287) . . 228
" The ancient forests of Germany are still extensive forests " (*p.* 237) 236
" The friendly Thuringian hills crowd in almost to the market place " (*p.* 241) 240
Waiting for the Wartburg's drawbridge to be lowered . . 240
The fine tower of Frankfort's Cathedral which we owe to Franz von Ingelheim (*p.* 255) 254
Frankfort: Frescoed house and " Mahogany house " (*p.* 256) . 256
Frankfort: Römer courtyard (*p.* 256) 256
View on the Rhine 256
" A log raft of astonishing dimensions " (*p.* 264) . . . 264
" That most quaint of island castles — Die Pfalz " (*p.* 271) . 264
Coblenz: The bridge of boats (*p.* 282) 274
Castles there were a-plenty; the whole Rhine country was full of them (*p.* 274) 274
The Moselle: Cochem Castle (*p.* 285) 284
Treves: The Porta Nigra — some two thousand years old (*p.* 290) 290
" Metz is a city of surprises " (*p.* 307) 290
Vionville: Giving up the German number tag (*p.* 314) . . 314
Mars-la-Tour: Waiting to snap the French poodle (*p.* 318) . 314
Coucy-le-Château: " The finest donjon in the world " (*p.* 331) . 324
Rheims: " The huge west front largely obscured by scaffolding " (*p.* 324) 324
Rheims: " Where Joan of Arc leads her endless charge to victory " (*p.* 325) 324

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

Coucy-le-Château: "Crowning a hill almost inaccessible on three sides" (*p.* 331) 332
Rheims: A French funeral (*p.* 324) 332
Amiens Cathedral: "The most beautiful church in the world" (*p.* 338) 338

Old Countries Discovered Anew

BOOK I

The Heart of Holland

CHAPTER I.

A CALL FOR ALL TO GO MOTORING AND AN ENTRY INTO THE NETHERLANDS.

DO you know that you and I may enjoy our sightseeing abroad just as much and in just the same way as though we were millionaires?

The crux of the matter has long been due to a change in the "art" of travel. Time *was* when a trip abroad meant to visit the great spas and capitals of Europe, the Rhine, Italy, Switzerland, the Riviera, and perhaps certain specially quaint and interesting towns. These places we could see as well as the moneyed man. We may have been obliged to patronize cheap hotels, or even *pensions;* we may have felt constrained to take slow steamers and Cook's tours: but *go* we could and did. Now, things are changed; to have the real éclat of a trip abroad one must leave the beaten track—must go where steamers cannot

land and railroads do not penetrate. Traveling with "Cookies" and "trippers" is not true "good form"; it is now essential to see the odd, the unique, the out of the way corners where *hoi polloi* do not jostle one's elbows and trample on one's toes. How to accomplish this, is the problem.

For the rich man it is easily solved; he takes his touring-car abroad and the chauffeur does the rest; he can even follow the beaten track at chosen intervals and include old-time sights free from the jarring accompaniment of shuffling feet and obtrusive lunch baskets.

For us the solution of the problem is even simpler: proceed by rail to the large city or wide-awake town lying nearest your center of interest and there hire a touring-car; if by nature of the country a boat is desirable, you should certainly be able to hire a steam launch or a motorboat to suit the exigencies of the case. *Hire* your touring-car. Rates are not excessive—at least, not now—and they should grow more reasonable. A motorcar will enable you to see two or three towns in one day, as well as stretches of hitherto unexplored and inaccessible country. When you consider the two or three days' railway fares and hotel bills otherwise incurred to cover the same ground, and add to them the saving a motor makes in baggage transfer, fees, and carriage hire—to say nothing of the strain of trying to make impossible railway schedules fit desirable routes—you will find that you are spending little or nothing more for a very substantial increase in benfiets.

The result is most gratifying: it opens entirely new fields of interest, new points of view, adds much pleasure and profit heretofore unknown, and eliminates not a little of the usual drudgery; you no longer envy

people who write books of their adventures, for you experience the story instead of reading it and could, yourself, write whole reams of curious and delightful incidents; towns and vast stretches of countryside you were wont to rush through by train, at fifty miles an hour, lie open for inspection and appreciation, and you at last see and learn to know foreign countries and foreign peoples as they really are.

The lingering doubt whether a hired automobile really affords the ultimate pleasure of motor-touring will be dispelled by this book which is written, in part, from the owner's point of view and mentions his numerous troubles. In many ways one may find greater pleasure abroad riding in a hired car; private cars must move between centers of interest, consequently their occupants are often obliged to take long, irksome journeys over bad roads, through uninteresting regions and dirty manufacturing towns—journeys much more advantageously accomplished by rail.

Sitting in a hired car you have no responsibility; care free, you have only to enjoy the present to the utmost. There is no arduous task laying out routes and choosing good roads; the local chauffeur knows them. There is no time lost threading the mazes of cities or asking your way in the country; no fretting about speed laws or rules of the road. You are serenely oblivious of such trifles as that your license number in England must be white on black instead of being black on white as in Germany, or that the five-toned horn you may blow so merrily in Holland or in Prussia might cause your arrest in Saxony; bursting tires and overheated machinery cannot ruffle your serenity, nor can stupid pet dogs and foolhardy drivers fill you with gloomy forebodings of damage suits. The whole appendix tells of motor owners' troubles,

Yet no one should be timid about motoring. To forestall any exaggerated notion of danger, let me say that I have ridden close to ten thousand miles in motorcars, have never been in an accident, and have never had occasion to fear one. If you insist on having a good driver and make him go at moderate speed you are safer than in any carriage.

The advantages of the foregoing suggestions will appear from time to time in the following simple chronicle of a tour in Holland.

It is afternoon. Already the sky seems flooded with a bright yellow glow characteristic of the long northern twilight. Behind and around us lies a lonely expanse of waters; before us, a breakwater, a long low stretch of land fading into the horizon, a few sheds and the tall pillar of a lighthouse,—the Hook of Holland. A great hush has fallen; the churning screws that carried us so resistlessly across the Atlantic have ceased their labor; we are drifting with the tide. A perceptible line shows where the brown water of the Maas pushes out against the green water of the sea. We gather at the forward rail of the upper deck to contemplate the scene.

"Oh, look at the windmills—the windmills!" exclaims Mater, with a break of excitement in her voice.

"Windmills!" we echo in chorus, as we shift our gaze to their dark sails silhouetted against the sky.

A struggling thought tugs at the cords of our memory; it persists and at last grows into a picture—the picture of a big white flag with windmill-sails and kegs and beavers on it. In a flash our thoughts leap back to that hurly-burly city three thousand miles away which we designate with proud affection "little old New York." Thus, unwittingly, Holland extends the hand of welcome; the *entente cordiale* is estab-

lished and we look forward, with a feeling that promises eager appreciation, to the scenes that await us.

"Why, it's like coming home," cries Mater, "you know my ancestors came from Holland,"—and she starts an animated discussion in which the name New Amsterdam occurs freely.

Perhaps you will land at the Hook of Holland, or perhaps you will sail up the broad bosom of the Maas (Meuse) and land at Rotterdam; or, you may not arrive on a Dutch steamer, or on any steamer at all: but I shall have to pick up the thread of my discourse somewhere, so let us thread the needle, as it were, at Rotterdam.

In the face of one of Hood's poems, Rotterdam is a disappointment; but his lines were written long ago. Time changes all things and one could hardly expect it to stand still for the benefit of Rotterdam, however staid and slow the Dutch may be. It is true some of Hood's interesting "wat'ry vistas" still remain, as well as,

> "Tall houses, with quaint gables,
> Where frequent windows shine,
> And quays that lead to bridges,
> And trees in formal line"

but the "masts of spicy vessels, from distant Surinam," are no longer in evidence. Gone are the wonderful high-pooped East Indiamen of yore; gone as well, their sailors, those picturesque ruffians with horse-pistol, cutlass and dirk, red sash, bandanna and fez, hookah and terrible outlandish oaths—and all the other stage properties appertaining to the seamen of days long past.

They still drink the strong Schiedam *schnapps,* in Holland, and the burning curaçoa, but for some reason these no longer excite the old-time deviltry.

The renowned Boompjes along the Maas (so called from the little trees with which it was embellished at completion) is not specially interesting. In fact, South Street in New York, as it was some twenty years ago—with its ship-chandlers' shops and other odd maritime institutions, and the figureheads of the great clipper ships forming a picturesque gallery along the shore—presented a far quainter scene. The Boymans' Museum has an uninviting Renaissance front and its collections are far short of those at The Hague and Amsterdam.

You may find some diversion in the venerable Groote Kerk (the church of St. Lawrence)—in its old monuments, its fine brass screen and great organ. Scoffy (the scoffer of our party) relates that it was here he first saw gravestones in the pavement of a church. He tells with amusement of side-stepping reverently so as not to walk upon them, a touch of sentiment bravely overcome before his journey was ended.

As soon as you get out of the Groote Kerk you are sure to be disillusioned somehow. Perhaps the huge railroad bridge overshadowing the town does it; perhaps the birthplace of Erasmus, so obviously a reconstructed building. We all owe this gentleman, whose statue adorns the Groote Markt,* a long-standing grudge. His famous *bon mot* (that "the inhabitants of Amsterdam live in the tops of trees, like rooks," just because their houses were built on piles) seems ridiculously far-fetched, especially when you consider that *the top of a pile* is really the bottom of the tree. Still, in his day, the use of piles may have seemed a wonderful thing that permitted poetic liberties; nor

*Big Market.

would I be too critical, for all readers of "The Cloister and the Hearth" feel a friendly interest in Erasmus.

With plenty of time and patience one may derive some pleasure in viewing Rotterdam. But do not venture out too early in the morning: a veritable tempest of cleaning goes on during the early hours, and you will escape a foot-bath only to have doormats shaken in your face; and then wipe the dust out of your eyes just in time to discover mop handles or broom handles executing vicious gyrations in proximity to your waistcoat.

Good-by to Rotterdam. We are on the train, the express—so-called—for Amsterdam; the whole compartment is ours, except the seats occupied by two young men, fellow passengers from the steamer. Pater is pleased to have found room for us in one compartment, though it be first-class whereas our tickets are second-class. Naturally we expect to pay the difference in fare, but this is hard to explain to the conductor as our knowledge of Dutch is very limited. Pater tries him with German,

"Wir wollen nachbezahlen."

"Oh—ah! nachbetalen!" exclaims the conductor. That's the word! The German did the trick. Pater's eyes assume a glint of triumph and a smile of unutterable satisfaction wreathes his lips.

Alas, the triumph was short-lived; *"nachbetalen"* did indeed explain the situation and testify to our honorable intentions, but it provoked a storm of Dutch that left us bewildered and helpless.

"He says, if you give him the money he will get you the extra tickets before the train starts," calmly remarked one of the young men; our steamer friends were Dutch and we had not even suspected it!

Soon we were speeding through the flat reaches of Holland, with their unvarying but pleasing repetition of fields, ditches, woods, windmills, and beautiful tree-lined roads. One of the Young Ladies exclaimed, "Why, there are no houses!" But there were, after all; only they were low and, together with the farm buildings, always hidden in a clump of trees. Sometimes the barn seemed a continuation of the house; sometimes the homestead formed one side of a barnyard which the outbuildings inclosed on the other sides; often a flower garden or a kitchen garden was included in the complex which was invariably surrounded by trees—a necessary shelter from summer's heat and the fierce winds of winter. But no fences could be seen; gates there were a-plenty, but nothing other than ditches separated the fields. I suppose the staid and honorable Dutch cows and horses would disdain to step over the gleaming thread of water that marks the boundaries of their own proper pasturage.

The train stopped at several towns—immaculate little places raising their quaint gables proudly, in lasting denial of the assertion that picturesqueness and dirt are inseparable companions. Door knobs and knockers actually winked and blinked at us in satisfied consciousness of their absolute integrity, while the cobbles in the street bore a look of having enjoyed daily scrubbings for several centuries antedating the discovery of Sapolio.

At one stopping place a rattle on the cobblestones was occasioned by an approaching dog wagon (filled with shining copper milk cans of various odd shapes) which traveled slowly past our train window. Next, a clatter not unlike the rattle of musketry demanded attention; our imaginations were not sufficiently active even to surmise what might be coming, yet it proved

nothing more startling than a pretty young woman in wooden shoes hurrying to intercept the postman.

Ten o'clock had struck before we heard the guard's welcome cry of "Om—sterrr—domm!"

CHAPTER II.

AMSTERDAM: AFOOT, AND FROM A MOTORBOAT.

AMSTERDAM, Venice of the North, old-time mistress of the northern seas and empress of colonies stretched clear across the world—here she lay before us.

We had not realized that she is a city of canals, and the fact being thrust suddenly upon us at night produced a remarkable impression. Water at night is always mysterious. Here, it winds about you in every direction, the foreground twinkling with reflections of a thousand lights, the background fading into vistas of dark canals where the lights are lost in the shadow of enormous trees, or into indistinct perspectives of water-streets lined with rows of crazy, decrepit buildings which were out of line and out of plumb a hundred years before you were born. This scene awakens sensations hard to describe.

Did you ever use the old, mirror-backed sconces? or one of great-grandfather's mirrors with candelabra attached to the frame? In them you see twice as many lights as there really are and these look quite dazzling; the mirror, by contrast, seems dark and deep; so deep as to reflect not only the room but more beyond—indeed, if you be in the mood, even scenes reflected a hundred years ago. You momentarily expect to see shapes in the wigs and ruffs and powder and patches of other days; duels would not surprise you, nor highway robberies, nor any of the dark, mysterious doings of another age. So the reflections of

Amsterdam left us—self-hypnotized, almost—with the strange feeling of having seen a fairyland that faded away in all directions through a gloomy region of dark ages to the fearsome background of the Inquisition.

Rising early, next morning, Scoffy threw open the casement and stepped on the balcony overlooking the waters of the Amstel. The near-by bridge was crowded with workers hastening to their daily tasks; strange looking trolley-cars—with disks showing a number instead of the name of the line—crossed and recrossed; various queer vehicles rumbled over it, including even the much-admired milk wagon pushed by the milkman himself on this occasion.

But the real life of the city seemed to be on the river. Boat after boat passed in quick succession. Some were steamboats with or without strings of barges; some, motorboats; some, motor-barges laden almost to the water's edge with merchandise or produce of various kinds; other barges were poled along by their crews of two or four men. Barrels of oil, cans of milk, vegetables, hay, coal, building materials —all the varied products necessary to the life and growth of a big city—passed along this waterway. Once, during a pause in the traffic, four young men rowed by in cedar, double-scull shells, taking an ante-breakfast constitutional which ended in a spirited race. A bit later, the water was deserted save for a river-man laboriously poling along a barge-load of brick; the bricks, it may be interesting to know, were carefully piled, each one separated from its fellows by a liberal quantity of straw.

To get under the bridge, steamers had to lower their smokestacks; as these were hinged at the bottom and counterweighted, the performance was no more diffi-

VIEW FROM HOTEL AMSTEL. (*P.* 12.)

ALONG THE BUITEN AMSTEL. (*P.* 16.)

AMSTERDAM.

cult than the opening of a door. Rivermen on the motorboats sounded a warning horn or pulled a jangling bell, to clear the way. These sounds attend the good burghers all day long and lull them to rest at night; but they served to arouse the Youth (the youngest member of our party), who emerged through the wonderfully and fearfully arranged hangings of an adjoining window to blink out at the sunlit morning.

Across the Amstel, every second house is having its doormat shaken or beaten and its already immaculate front steps scoured; a small steamer is turning around and warping itself in to the dock by means of a curious arrangement of piles, like the entrance to a cattle corral, driven into the river-bed; this accomplished without aid of a hawser or of a man ashore, the captain leaves the wheel, takes off his coat and shoes, and begins to wash the deck.

With the cessation of the noise of clanking engine and squeaking piles, a peculiar whistle floated up from the garden under our bedroom windows.

"Hi! Pater is up," exclaims the Youth.

Sure enough; the signal comes from our chief who is already at work making his plans for the day. Standing upon the little boat-landing at the foot of the garden steps, he strikes an impressive attitude and says, "Children, take notice! This morning you may walk, shop, and be merry; but this afternoon you will assemble here at two o'clock sharp; then we will step into our motor-gondola and explore the streets of 'Venice.'"

Nothing, if not obedient, we proceeded to inspect the town. Pater excused himself on the plea of official business regarding the hiring of an automobile. The Youth, past master on the subject of motorcars,

elected to accompany him; so did one of the Young Ladies—as a check on the Youth's ambition to ride in a sixty horsepower car of maximum speed and minimum comfort.

Amsterdam, by daylight, proved pretty and picturesque beyond expectation. The Gallerie (arcade) surrounding the little wooded park of the Paleis vor Volksflijt first ensnared us, and only a promise of better things induced Mater to desert its attractive shops. Progress was slow; every cross street boasted a broad *gracht* (canal), and every bridge of Utrechtsche Straat (Utrecht Street) occasioned a delay to inspect the *gracht* and decide whether it was more picturesque than the one preceding, or its superb elm trees, along the flanking roadways, more magnificent. Whichever way the decision went, cameras were busy. We had no difficulty in realizing that the city is divided into ninety islands connected by nearly three hundred bridges. Lack of trees along a few of the canals gave an unobstructed view of picturesque gabled buildings.

Nearer the inner city the great number of civil uniforms become a matter for much speculation; besides policemen and postmen, there were messengers, hackmen, drivers, porters, and doormen, to say nothing of uniforms beyond our knowledge or surmise.

A group of pretty, young girls, wearing violet dresses relieved with white, belonged to the Walloon Orphanage; wards of the Municipal Orphanage show the city colors (red and black) in their costumes; black with white headdress, indicated the wearers belonged to the Roman Catholic Orphanage. Dutch municipalities are painstaking and thorough in the care of their public charges; we did not meet a single beggar in Holland.

The attire of private citizens also drew attention. Straw hats with high crowns and narrow brims, worn by men and women alike, reminded Scoffy that he lacked suitable headgear. Grave young dandies in neat suits, wearing bright neckties with hatbands to match, and carrying canes indispensable even in business hours, regarded Scoffy's foreign-cut clothes with interest, but, raising their eyes to his steamer-cap, looked away in marked disapproval. The costumes of Mater and the Young Lady also created much comment and they soon became the observed rather than the observers; for, as Mater remarked, the Dutch were not the only "sights" in Holland.

Of course the Delft store under the Munttoren claimed us for a while, though not for long, as the famous Kalverstraat lay across the way, and Mater was eager to enter this Mecca of the shopper. Kalverstraat is narrow, and resembles some streets of lower New York in that the roadway, as well as the scanty sidewalk, is crowded with pedestrians. Silversmedderien, jewelry shops, art stores, antique shops, and other little places alluring to the traveler, lined the way; the prospect of a motorboat ride at two o'clock was rapidly fading into the dim region of might-have-been.

But Pater is wise in his generation. Barely half Kalverstraat had been traversed, when he appeared and, by cleverly inveighing against certain tempting shop windows, piloted us to the trolley station on the Sophien Plein.

Mater remarked there was no harm in stopping long enough to take "one more picture, anyway." Scarcely had she pressed the bulb when a uniformed minion of the law strode towards her: she paled visibly and an "I-never-laid-eyes-on-your-old-pocketbook" expression

flitted across her features, but the minion, undaunted, inquired had she "taken a picture?" She answered, "Yes," with the hesitation of one debating whether it would not have been justifiable to say "no"; whereupon the minion politely touched his helmet and said —he supposed he "must be in the picture," would she mind "sending him a copy?" Our laughter nowise disconcerted him, and he blandly remarked that a letter addressed to number —, Amsterdam police force, name of ——, would reach him. With an imperious gesture he stopped our trolley-car, handed us aboard, and, again saluting, left us to complete our homeward journey.

The Youth, who had been busy feeding the Dutch equivalent for sparrows, made the first announcement: "Hi! the boat's waiting for us, I think." A glance from the sitting-room window showed a spick-and-span motorboat bobbing up and down at the garden dock. An alacrity which spread even to the Young Ladies, hurried us downstairs and soon we were being rapidly chuf-chuffed up the broad Amstel waterway.

Old Amsterdam was built in a semicircle, with Het IJ (the Y, an arm of the Zuyder Zee) as its northern diameter; the city lies quite close to the Zuyder Zee, and the broad east end of Het IJ is closed by a huge dam with five locks for the passage of vessels—the narrow, meandering west end (beyond the city) having been converted into the Noordzee Kanaal which cuts through some fifteen miles of intervening country to the North Sea. This canal makes Amsterdam a seaport and, with the newer Merwede Kanaal leading through Utrecht to the Lek and the Maas, has revived the city's commercial prosperity, which had declined and was being rapidly absorbed by her great rival—Rotterdam.

"OLD GABLED BUILDINGS TOWER ABOVE YOU." (*P.* 17.)

While passing into the Amstelschuts lock we noticed an interesting feature, to be seen in various parts of the city; at intervals, along the brick walls of locks and bridges, stone sockets—each with a heavy vertical iron bar—are inserted to enable rivermen to push their barges through these narrow passages. Evidence of countless cargoes which have passed this way in the course of centuries, is presented by the fact that many of these iron bars are nearly worn through and, where improvident former generations have failed to furnish sockets of stone, the brickwork is scraped away for almost a foot on both sides of its proper boundary.

'Tis a strange experience to glide unnoticed through the arteries of this great city and watch its busy life. Old gabled buildings tower above you—stores, warehouses, residences—nearly all provided with a hoisting-beam over the attic door. The merchants of former times lived above their shops or sample rooms, attic spaces being devoted to the storage of goods; this accounts for the invariable door and beam in the gable. Queer craft lie moored along the banks; many strange cargoes line the stringpieces of the quays or are being hoisted—with that universal, crooning chant—out of the vessel's hold, or up into their attic resting place.

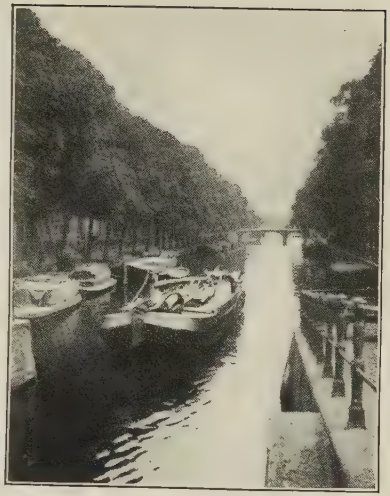
Occasionally our route carried us through *grachten* devoted to private residence. They are nearly always lined with fine trees. Children play in the street, indifferent to the watercourse. Even at this hour, maids are busy with the ceaseless sweeping, polishing, and scouring; but *mevrouw* is enjoying her afternoon relaxation—diligently working at her embroidery, out upon the steps, or, maybe, nodding over her knitting at the window.

Our boatman pointed out several picturesque towers

which add so much interest to Amsterdam's sky line. The Holttoren came first; then we crossed the Joden-Bree-Straat, the main street of the Jewish quarter, and, passing the Montalbaans tower, we entered the broad Oster Dok, in front of the West India House. To our right lay the Rijks Marine Dok, the Merchant School for Navigation and the Sailors' Home; to the left stretched the Prins Hendrik Kade, with Admiral De Ruyter's house. In the distance rose the squat Schreyerstoren built in 1482—once the starting place of ocean-going vessels, and called "Criers' Tower" because of the wails of departing passengers and of their friends, in the old, hazardous days of ocean travel.

Soon our boat emerged from the outer locks into Het IJ. Dancing waves rocked the little craft and a fresh breeze swished the salt spray across our faces; we forged past the Handels Kade and other quays where scores of seagoing vessels lie, then crossed over to visit the Wilhelmina Dok, a dry-dock, with a big East Indiaman having its hull repainted below the waterline. At one quay we noticed a large English yacht whose passengers were gathered in the after deck, gravely taking the inevitable afternoon tea.

We re-entered the city through more locks and resumed our cruise through its placid *grachten*. The old town was bounded by the semicircular Singel-gracht whose sharp salient angles, breaking the uniformity of its contour, still suggest the bastions of former fortifications; within the Singel-gracht are five concentric canals, the principal lateral waterways of the old city—Lijnbaans-gracht, Prinsen-gracht, Keizers-gracht, Heeren-gracht, and Singel. On the Singel, the inner canal, you pass several churches, and the University Library which, among its 350,000 books,



"THROUGH ITS PLACID GRACHTEN."

(*P.* 18.)

AS MANY WHEELMEN AS PEDESTRIANS.

AMSTERDAM.

possesses the rather unusual collection of 8,000 volumes of Jewish literature.

Owing to religious toleration, Amsterdam harbored a very large colony of Jewish refugees—mainly Spanish or Portuguese, though persecution in Germany, Poland, and in the Spanish Netherlands added others; being the principal traders and merchants of the Middle Ages they could hardly have found a refuge more congenial than this great commercial city. The art of diamond polishing introduced by Portuguese Jews after the sack of Antwerp, in 1576, has made Amsterdam, today, the greatest diamond market in the world. Spinoza the philosopher, son of a Portuguese Jew, was born in Amsterdam in 1632; Rembrandt, at the height of his prosperity, occupied a magnificent house in the Jewish quarter at Joden-Bree-Straat No. 4.* In fact, the Jews formed a very rich and influential part of the community; they were patriotic as well, never failing to take the side of the *stadholders* in any dispute with the states-general.

The Amstel, the Binnen Amstel, and some minor canals cut across the five great *grachten;* but the Amstel does not supply water for the canals; to prevent malarial exhalations, their water is continuously renewed from an arm of the North Sea Canal, and dredges are constantly removing any mud which may accumulate.

The quiet, sedate, semicircular *grachten* had special attraction for us; on the Prinsen and Keizers-gracht lie many old houses, churches, and market places. On the Heeren-gracht is the Willet-Holthuysen Museum, a private house dating from about 1672; also the house of Baron Six (a descendant of Burgomaster Jan Six, a friend and patron of Rembrandt) which contains

*Now being converted into a Rembrandt Museum.

many fine paintings by Rembrandt and others, nearly all acquired through inheritance.

The Heeren-gracht appealed to us most of all; the Fifth Avenue of Amsterdam, it displays styles of architecture ranging from the quaint brick dwellings of the seventeenth century to the limestone palace of today. Our skipper spoke of stately gardens, invisible to us, behind walls and buildings. We looked upon this silent water-street, peopling it with the images of times long past; our mind's eye saw it covered, by day, with fleets of merchantmen bearing strange cargoes from the Indies and stranger sailors armed and earringed as of old. At night, we agreed, there should be gaily dressed *jonkheers* poling along to seek their sweethearts; or tattered adventurers and handsome villains, muffled in cloaks, silently stealing by on questionable ventures; and we decided that the great merchants and nobles of those days would not sally forth in a coach-and-four, but would stride down the damp stone steps in the glare of the links and travel away into the night on the seat of a speedy barge. Alas! all too soon, we were landed at the little garden dock we had left three hours before. What happy hours! what a strange experience to store away in our memory.

The next day was Sunday—museum day, Pater termed it. Scoffy had purchased a straw hat to wear with his "Sunday clothes." Having learned that the sign "Groote Oppruiming" means "Bargain Sales," he hied himself to the Utrechtsche Straat and scanned the shop windows so labeled. He found a hat marked sixty cents, which seemed ridiculously cheap, being twenty-four cents (American); its shape was a bit too Dutch, so he decided on one at the exorbitant (!) price of sixty cents (American) which might pass muster in other countries. He still regrets that re-

jected bargain, feeling he missed the pleasure of taking home a hat costing less than a quarter.

The Nieuwe Kerk, adjoining the palace, strongly attracted us, but its being in course of restoration and renovation balked our laudable intentions. The restoration of the New Church was not altogether unnecessary; for, as may easily happen with so-called "new" things in old countries, its claim to newness lay in the fact that it dates back only five-hundred years as against the six-hundred and eight years of the Oude Kerk (Old Church). Before turning from the venerable edifice one of us quoted the thoughts it inspired in the poet Aldrich:

"Grave, portly burghers, with their vrouws,
Go hat in hand to cool their brows.
But high in the fretted steeple, where
The sudden chimes burst forth and scare
The lazy rooks from the belfry beam,
And the ring-doves as they coo and dream
On flying-buttress or carven rose—
Up here, mein Gott! a tempest blows!—
Such a wind as bends the forest tree,
And rocks the great ships out at sea.

"Plain simple folk, who come and go
On humble levels of life below,
Little dream of the gales that smite
Mortals dwelling upon the height!"

"Well," exclaimed Scoffy, "that fits the former citizens of Amsterdam to a 'T'; they submitted to the Spanish yoke and sweated under it, while all about them, even small towns were doing great deeds and tasting the breath of liberty. A fierce and dangerous

tempest to breast, and thousands came to grief; but those who refused to temporize, and struggled gamely to the end, achieved a victory."

The palace lies on the Dam. The only open door at the front was an entrance to the guardroom, yet a circuit of the building revealed no other; as a matter of fact, the building has been criticised for having no main entrance. Having mustered up sufficient courage to address the lone sentry at the rear, we were directed to pull an odd looking bell-handle hanging on the door jamb, and it proved an open sesame to the grim old structure.

During the usual wait for a guide a young Japanese tourist cornered Scoffy and quizzed him in very fluent but indescribably comical English. It appeared he was traveling eastward around the world. His questions illustrated in a striking manner the indefatigable efforts of Japan to educate her people according to European standards. Conversation was productive of little information other than the fact that he expected to see Berlin and St. Petersburg. Scoffy was glad to end the talk, though afterward he had an inexhaustible stock of quotations proudly prefaced with the words, "as my friend, Prince 'Fuji Yama' used to say," etc.

Het Paleis has been called a palace without a king. Indeed, it is apt to give the impression that no one has ever lived there or ever will, even though we are assured that Queen Wilhelmina makes it her duty to spend at least two weeks every year within its gloomy walls. The rooms have a musty smell, carpets are either covered or taken up, and furniture and decorations are shrouded in linen, except for little samples left uncovered for the tourist's inspection. But the paintings on walls and ceilings are worth seeing, and

the carved marble decorations in most of the rooms are noteworthy. Of more than passing interest is the first-floor vestibule which was used as a municipal tribunal (*Vierschaare*); we can look down from a room in the second story, as from a gallery, and see the raised marble seats of the magistrates and the fine sculptured frieze with caryatides emblematical of disgrace and punishment. The large reception room may be overrated in being called the finest hall in Europe, but it is a splendid apartment one-hundred feet high and one-hundred and seventeen feet long, with marble walls and a fine marble group over the throne room door. Of greater popular interest than its roof, with a clean span of fifty-seven feet, is the collection of Spanish battleflags and trophies hanging overhead, both here and in the throne room.

"Well, it is nice to breathe fresh air again," admitted one of the Young Ladies, as we stepped out of doors. Scoffy was the last to emerge, having had some difficulty in effecting the release of an umbrella retained at the office, until in a desperate repetition of "umbrella, regenschirm, parapluie," this last proved the magic word.

Owing to the Sabbath we did not cross the Damrak to see the Café Krasnopolsky (one of the largest in Europe) nor the curious store of Wynand-Fockink, a firm established in 1697, whose curaçoa is known all over the civilized world. One Young Lady vetoed the suggestion of visiting the Begynenhof, or *béguinage*, having heard it was largely restored, and being averse to going out of her way to see buildings not positively grimy with age; it was, however, a mistake to pass it by.

The rest of the day was devoted to the Rijks Museum. Besides its priceless pictures, there is much that

is admirable in this vast collection. Fully a day might be given to the division of ecclesiastical art, the rooms of civic and industrial art, and the military, naval and colonial collections. The gold and silverware, glass, porcelain, faience, and lacquer work are beautiful. Even the Youth, not usually interested in furniture or interior decoration, grew quite excited about the separate rooms with all their old-time fittings; and the rest of us, not generally given to any great appreciation of boats, were charmed with the naval collection, declaring its sectional models more fascinating than any doll's house ever built, though the museum did not lack dolls' houses.

An out of the way corner of the rear basement contains a large array of wax figures clothed in the peasant costumes of the Dutch provinces. To a stranger the odd clothes mask any awkwardness of posture and make the figures appear singularly lifelike; men and women, old and young, small children, and even babies, are depicted. The dainty lace cap of the Volendam fisher-girl, the ruffled hood and spiral gold pendants of the near-by peasantry, the gold helmet of the noble *freule* of distant Friesland are all represented; in the course of the next forty-eight hours we saw many of these on their native strand or heath.

While viewing the pictures, the Youth assumed command of the party in virtue of having a guidebook which indicated those of greatest repute. His idea of art approximates that of the old-style tourist who rushed through the galleries with eyes for nothing except those canvasses which have a star of special merit in the catalogue and which, consequently, one must see. Accordingly, with merciless forefinger moving down the page, he hurried us from room to room and gallery to gallery until we were almost overcome with fatigue,

and Scoffy growled that he was going to sit down and admire "something I like, be it triply starred or doubly damned."

Occasionally there is quite some pleasure in being perverse and wandering through a gallery without a catalogue; in many a room of great collections one suddenly comes upon the original of a picture long admired, and barely escapes stretching out one's hand and saying, "Well, I declare, how are you! You certainly look fine; I never realized that you were located in Amsterdam," or "Dresden," or "Paris," or wherever the place may be. But there is a middle ground; though enthusiasm inspired by the guidebook is often mere affectation, it is just as questionable—in strolling through a Dutch gallery, for example—to deliberately avoid mention of a name so famous as Rembrandt and to raise one's lorgnette with studied indifference and say, "Ah! a van Rijn, I suppose--just as I thought." Or in some other gallery, "I should say that this must be a Santi," or "A Holbein! of course. One of Hans' best, don't you think so?" Many people go into ecstacy over a picture because the book lauds it, whereas they might better frankly say with Scoffy, "As my friend, Prince 'Fuji Yama' used to say, 'Honorable picture may be really some fine excellent, but perhaps I think always much opposite.' "

"But the 'beat' of them all," says the Youth, "is a certain lady who, on seeing the Dresden Chocolate Girl, exclaimed, 'Merciful heavens! what have they got that old advertisement stuck up in this picture gallery for?' "

And so they were all inspected—The Night Watch, The Staalmeesters, The Banquet, The Jovial Toper, The Fool with the Lute, The Dancing Cat, The Married Couple in the Garden, The Sick Girl with the

Physician, The Old Lady Elizabeth Bas, The Water Mill, Potter's Cattle and Weenix's Dead Game, The Roysterers, The Cavalry Fight—hundreds of them, great and small; starred, double starred, and not starred at all. All of them depicted merely the Dutch people of years gone by; how they lived and loved, how they ate and drank, worked and played, and quarreled and fought—and all were strangely and insistently attractive.

What is there about the old Dutch paintings that makes them so interesting, so restful and satisfactory to contemplate? They fit into any environment and yet never lose their individual atmosphere and charm. Can it be that the minute detail and commonplace subject rest us by making no demand upon our imaginations when we are not in the mood; and that, conversely, when our spirit stirs, their lifelike colorings and the warm gloom of the backgrounds stimulate our thoughts by suggesting mystery and romance? Or, is it the elemental Dutchness of the Teutonic race —hidden away in every German, Englishman, and American of us all—which detects a kindred spirit within those gold frames and welcomes it as one meets congenial company;

CHAPTER III.

BROEK, MONNIKENDAM, VOLENDAM, MARKEN: BY STEAM YACHT.

EARLY Monday morning we were to have started our motor-tour, but rain put an end to the plan. Pater, in negotiating for a comfortable F. I. A. T. touring-car, had stipulated that clear weather be essential to the agreement, so we had neither to go out in the rain nor to leave our car "eating its head off" in the garage—another argument in favor of hired cars. By half-past nine, a pause in the shower induced us to risk a wetting and undertake a boat trip to Volendam and Marken. Though the weather threatened to be variable, we hoped to appropriate enough sunshine to last during our landings.

The trolley ride to the dock was not without interest. Scoffy seized the opportunity of having a smoke, which is open to those occupying any of the seven "standing-room" places on the rear platform of a street car. In spite of such privileges, many a thing is forbidden in Holland; "If I live to be a hundred," Scoffy affirms, "I'll never forget the Dutch phrases *'Geen Toegang'* and *'Verboden to Roken'*—'No Admittance' and 'No Smoking.'" Much merriment was occasioned when the conductor raised the lid of a tin box to display his varicolored wares and Pater found himself able to purchase lemon-yellow "return" tickets in place of orange "one-way" slips. A saving race, the Dutch; if they do not all grow rich there must be something radically wrong.

Pater elected to be the first aboard the ten-thirty boat rather than last for the ten o'clock sailing. Making ourselves comfortable in wicker arm chairs at the stern of the pretty craft, we felt as though about to sail in our private yacht; nor were we at all disturbed in this illusion on receiving some pleasant neighbors, who passed the time of day, and a few remarks of common interest.

Our boat cut across Het IJ in a northerly direction to the locks of the Noord Hollandsch Kanaal. The broad, ducklike build, applied to both sailing vessels and barges, at once engrossed attention; it is doubtless due to a desire to acquire as much tonnage as possible in those shallow waters—the huge, wide, oarlike fins attached to sailing vessels (one on each side) being used in lieu of centerboards, to prevent drifting.

Holland is noted for its fisheries; it is said the Dutch took to fishing because the long, hard winters made beef and mutton very scarce. However this may be, fishing laid the foundation of a great industry and smoked fish proved of inestimable value in the merciless sieges of the Inquisition as well as in fortifying Dutch sailors against battles with foreign fleets. Entering the canal, we found it lined with fishermen; the rainy dawn probably accounted for this large number and for the presence, even, of several fisher-maidens. Involuntarily they contributed to our entertainment. The canal's level was quite high, so persons sitting on the banks had their feet close to the water; our yacht drew about an eighteen-inch wave which washed against the shore with considerable force. When I add that fishermen not too deeply absorbed in their floats to raise their eyes, kept them glued on the passengers, your imagination can picture the rest; very few escaped a bath, while only a small

number of those whom a "sixth sense" warned, managed to wriggle up the bank in safety. For each victim we gave a cheer, and three cheers and "a tiger" for a fisher-maiden who got thoroughly soused. Some lost their poles, and one his basket; but, I truly believe, not one lost his temper.

That much of Holland lies below the sea level was strongly impressed on us, for we sailed along the eaves of houses beside the canal and experienced the odd sensation of seeing only red-tiled roofs and treetops close by. The distant landscape presented the usual appearance: immense, fertile fields intersected by canals and ditches; occasional woods or thickets, generally of willow; the characteristic windmills and cattle; and, at intervals, beautiful roads lined with elms or pollard willows. The roads crossed our waterway on curious, high, wooden bridges—some nearly semicircular—mostly, pivoted swing-bridges or hoisting-draws. There was little traffic on the water. We passed a few snubnosed sailing vessels, whose crews had gone into harness on the towpath and were mildly assisted by a jigger sail at the stern. Two pretty girls, their arms full of flowers, waved the gay burden in friendly greeting. Besides these and a few children wearing bright jerseys and wooden caps, we saw hardly a soul except the fishermen.

After passing through a lock from the main canal into a smaller one, we proceeded at reduced speed, owing to the care necessary when steering a long boat in a narrow course, and also to a desire to wash out the banks as little as possible; for we were now running almost level with the fields and the shore was no longer protected by a continuous, stone retaining wall, merely by a few piles; at times, there was no protection at all. As we advanced, our wash started up groups of sheep

grazing near the water—many of them huddling together too scared to move; but the goats and the famous black-and-white cows continued grazing undisturbed.

So pleasant had been our journey that, before we realized it, the boat reached the dock at Broek-in-the-Waterland, the greatest "spotless town" of all Holland.

As we had hoped, Jupiter Pluvius withdrew his legions of moisture, and we were able to inspect the town in sunshine and in comfort. Broek is a pretty, sleepy, little village boasting a lake with a summer-house—or music pavilion—at one end; its streets are shaded by fine trees, and nearly all the houses stand in gardens; altogether, one receives the impression of a small park, while a few canals afford the additional charm water gives to a landscape. The houses, square in plan, have only one low story; but their large, hipped roofs of red tile save them from being boxlike and commonplace; some were brick and some wood—and though the latter were painted the much discussed, striking, blue or green, they did not contrast disagreeably with their surroundings. The far-famed cleanliness was not unpleasantly evident and should not be counted against the place.

We strolled along a shady avenue, past church and town hall, to the celebrated cheese-farm shown to tourists. To call this a cheese "factory" might be misleading, for it is nothing more than a house of the foregoing description containing—as do many farm-houses in Europe—living-rooms, stable, hayloft, and dairy, all under one roof. Once within, we crossed the hall and entered the stable. Perhaps Broek's fame arose right here. Everything smelled of fresh paint, and the stalls—untenanted in summer—displayed ex-

aggerated cleanliness. A neat oilcloth runner was laid along the foot of the stalls, and their floors were covered with fresh, white sand carefully raked into diamond pattern; each stall had a window with bright blue trim, and each window—O shades of Nottingham!—a neat lace curtain.

"Gee!" exclaimed the Youth, "a cow would have as much fun with that curtain as a Yankee with a piece of pie," and he forced the guide to admit that things "didn't look quite so clean in winter."

Near by, stood an appetizing pile of golden cheeses. In the next room the cheese is weighed, pressed, and soaked in brine; beyond, lay the dairy—a large, cool, stone-floored apartment containing the huge churn, or separator, and a galaxy of shining tin and copper vessels. Having peeped into the haymow, handy to the stable, we passed into the living-room which called forth many "ohs" and "ahs" from our feminine companions. Its walls and cupboards displayed an attractive collection of pewter and blue china; at one side of the room a great, projecting fireplace was flanked on either hand by curtained bunks for sleeping quarters, and at the foot of one was a little, walled shelf for the family baby.

There was barely time to explore the interior of the whitewashed church close by, for Mater and the Young Ladies suddenly became very busy trying to secure a photograph of a young, country priest who had joined the party, and whose costume seemed well worth recording. All black, it consisted of a long flowing coat with countless buttons, vest, knickerbockers, stockings, shoes with big buckles, and a squat, square, stiff hat; but for the presence of rabat and cross, and the absence of bright colors and silver buttons, one might easily have imagined him just a hand-

some, prosperous young peasant in holiday attire. Fortune did not smile upon the "camera fiends"; they lacked the boldness to "shoot a priest in the face," as the Youth remarked with a chuckle, and, though they waylaid him twice and chased him almost a quarter of a mile, no picture was acquired. Even the elements were against them, for a shower put an end to our visit and prevented a call at the tempting antique shop in a house along our road.

On the yacht, a table was spread under the awning of the after deck, and we welcomed the unexpected sight with all the delight due the *Tischlein deck dich* of the German fairy tale. "A good square meal," Scoffy affirmed, "and enjoyed at ease while the charming panorama continues to unfold before us."

Traffic on the highway which bordered the canal at this point greatly enlivened our passage. Work horses with huge collars, their harness profusely ornamented with shining, jingling, metal rings, patiently drew heavy, covered wains. A number of farm wagons of queer, boatlike shape caused Scoffy to discourse on the influence of the sea on Dutch wagons, but he promptly desisted when Pater said he had seen similar wagons among the peasantry in France and Germany. Quaint, high gigs passed us, their horses also equipped with high-peaked collars and be-ringed, be-tasseled harness. One gig, old enough to have come out of the ark, was—according to the Young Ladies—a counterpart of the one-horse shay immortalized by Holmes.

Thus laughing and joking, yet keenly enjoying the most trifling details of foreign life, we approached Monnikendam, our second stopping place.

"Now, children, put aside this levity for a moment and listen to me," said Pater. "Before you land, please note that Monnikendam is one of the 'Dead

Cities of the Zuyder Zee.' About 1572, when America was not even a fringe of straggling colonies clinging to the skirts of the forest primeval and the site of Nieuw Amsterdam still belonged to our copper-colored friends, the Manahatta, Monnikendam was making history. Together with Hoorn and Enkhuizen, she put Amsterdam to shame by manning a fleet of fighting ships and defeating Spain's Admiral Count Bossu, Governor of Holland and Zealand and member of the order of the Golden Fleece; destroyed six of his thirty ships, put the rest to flight, captured him and three hundred men and took away his Golden Fleece, 'tis said, as a trophy. *Now* Monnikendam is hardly more than a memory. And so with other great cities of the Zuyder Zee; betrayed by the treacherous shifting sands, they are mere caricatures of their former selves. Edam, once a prosperous city, has become a cheese-making village; Enkhuizen, once a city of forty thousand, with a fleet of four hundred fishermen and twenty men-of-war, a fine harbor, an arsenal, crowded warehouses and handsome residences—what is it now? A dull town of scant six thousand, its harbor choked, its business gone, grass growing in the streets!"

Landing near the church, we traversed the village and met our boat which had meanwhile passed through several locks, at the further side. This great brick church, standing in a grove of noble trees, looked like the cathedral of a large city rather than the church of a sleepy village, and, but for Pater's explanation, we should have marveled at its size. The dark day made its bare interior gloomy and forbidding; we could scarcely see the fine altar screen, the pulpit of 1653, and the more important monuments. It was a relief to get into the open air, for the structure seemed like a tomb.

We walked along the main street, venerable seventeeth century houses rearing their carved gables on either hand; many of them leaned over as if ready to fall and bury the whole place in their ruins rather than bear up in such a scene of desolation. The fine carved wood was covered with whitewash; a few tiny shop windows, cut here and there into the fronts, were filled with flyblown trinkets always for sale and rarely sold. Here and there a front was buttressed to restrain it from collapse, the buttresses projecting into the street.

Crowds of villagers followed us, children begging for cents while young girls and women offered articles for sale; many rushed from the houses hoping to profit in some way by the visit of strangers. Scoffy bought a child's cap from a girl who pressed her wares on him; as Mater seemed interested, one woman, standing in the rain, sold her a cap right off a baby's head rather than lose the chance to earn some money. Near the center of the town rose a fine *standhuis* tower mutely eloquent of days gone by. But the worst sign of decay was grass in the streets; for grass growing up through the pavement in a Dutch village is, indeed, the token of a sorry fall from high estate. The place looked inexpressibly pathetic in its living death—sadder than any "Deserted Village" or any Pompeii suddenly cut off in the fulness of its years. We soon tired of keping Indian file in the middle of the street, along the narrow flags that stood for the medieval interpretation of a sidewalk and, striking across the cobbles, hastened our transit until it became a veritable rout. Withered hopes, undying despair, and who knows what old ghosts that stalked those crooked streets, seemed to drive us on. Our talk grew hushed, and it was with a feeling of positive relief we hurried

NEVER TOO YOUNG NOR TOO OLD TO POSE.

"VOLENDAM, BELOVED OF ALL ARTISTS." (*P.* 35.)

VOLENDAM.

aboard the yacht where we again dared raise our voices in idle chatter.

Soon a considerable stretch of water separated us from this spectre of the past and the boat headed for a fishing village up the coast of the Zuyder Zee. To the left, stretched the long low shore with occasional roofs, windmills, and spires breaking the monotonous outline, and presently a forest of masts, partly hiding an irregular background of gaily colored houses, disclosed itself as Volendam—beloved of all artists.

The landing was made inside a massive stone breakwater whence a crazy wooden footbridge brought us on shore once more. The sun, as if anxious each place should have its proper setting, decided to unveil his shining face again; the gay colors of native costumes and the bright touch of flowers in cottage windows enhanced the cheerful scene. Pretty girls, wearing dainty white lace caps with flaring ends like wings, strolled down to meet us. Their dark waists were relieved by square-cut white yokes edged with color, and their short skirts—one might almost call them kirtles—of bright blue or gray had a curious, broad, light-colored band below the waist. Swarthy fishermen in red jerseys and wide trousers—the noisy *sabot* on their feet—squatted on steps or lounged at street corners. Far from abashed by a stranger's scrutiny they seemed quite able to return a stare with interest, and we again received the impression that we were the "sights" and they the observers.

As before, the captain of our vessel assumed the position of guide, leading us along the principal streets as well as through winding back alleys which one could hardly dignify with the name of thoroughfare; up steps and down he went, around corners and over bridges, till we lost all sense of direction. It was

amusing to become acquainted with back-yards that boasted duck ponds, canals and drawbridges. The houses, so tiny as to suggest doll houses, were of the wooden clapboarding familiar to Americans, and were painted in the primary colors with their trim picked out in harmonious tints or in clear white. Nor did the captain fail to take us inside a house—a large one (!)—with two rooms on a floor; four people made a room seem crowded, and the ceiling was uncomfortably close. It was the usual small Dutch interior, the most prominent feature being, as always, the blue tiling of the fireplace. A shining copper kettle was singing on the hob; there were no pictures, the walls being covered with kitchen utensils and nice old china; the only furniture was some chairs, a table and a big clothes-chest; small, neatly-curtained bunks formed the sleeping quarters, for one bed would have filled the entire room.

Outdoors, the sun was shining brightly and cameras were busy. Evidently the fisher-folk had learned the purpose of a camera and knew what was expected of them, for they at once assumed obvious poses and waited for the shutter to click. When Mater essayed to photograph two women some one raised the cry of "Pictur', pictur'," and the little group was rapidly augmented from all the near-by houses.

"Scoffy," said Mater, "you give that woman something when I get through; I asked her to pose, and I guess that she expects it." Hardly was the camera closed when a dozen hands were outstretched and a dozen voices shouted, "Monee, monee!" Mater fled, laughing heartily at Scoffy's plight. He, poor man, gazed in confusion at the clamoring throng; it seemed as though each person must be waving at least two—if not three—hands close to his nose; so, singling out

a skinny claw that appeared to belong to one of the original old women, and dropping a ten cent piece in it, he hurriedly followed Mater's retreating figure.

"Gosh!" he panted, "I wonder if they will give that old woman a beating and put her to bed without supper, for interfering with the rights of the young and strong." "Never mind, Scoffy, you stood your ground nobly; I'll do as much for you some day." So she did, before the day was over. Poor Scoffy! At the very last street corner he was stopped by a bevy of pretty girls and, since nothing short of violence could have liberated him, he purchased one of the very ordinary lace caps the girls sell at a price worthy the fine ones which they wear. But he managed to square accounts by means of his camera.

We were all making for the boat, and two village girls (the most popular "subjects") were slowly strolling behind us, comparing notes on their ill-gotten gains. "Fine chance for a free picture," murmured Scoffy, "though it's pretty far off." So saying, he pressed the bulb. Far as it was, their sharp eyes spied him and with a shrill cry of "Monee!" they started in pursuit. On the sea wall he had a clear track, whereas the girls on the footbridge found their course impeded by pedestrians, and so, amid the cheers of his friends, the rash photographer gained the boat in safety. Just then the lines were cast off and we started for Marken.

The island of Marken is an unusually strange place; cut off from the main land in ancient times by an incursion of the Zuyder Zee, it has retained the manners and costumes of six centuries ago and for many years was an object of curiosity even to the Dutch. Despite its dikes the low land is still subject to inundations; in such an event the clusters of houses on their eleva-

tions are separated into several little colonies, and communication is then maintained by small boats. There is a church, a municipal hall, a schoolhouse, a cemetery; the pastor's house is the only stone dwelling and his garden boasts the only trees on the island. The population of one thousand consists entirely of natives, for no one, it is said, marries outside the island; they do conform to the demands of modern civilization to the extent of importing a pastor, a doctor and a schoolmaster, and besides the three R's the children are taught history.

As Marken is a fishing village the men set out for the fishing grounds on Sunday night, returning the following Saturday morning. They wear dark flannel shirts or jackets, generally gray, adorned with buttons in the shape of coins or medals handed down from father to son for many generations; their breeches are black or dark brown and, though very baggy, are gathered tight at the knee—thus resembling knickerbockers, while the trousers of Volendam men are more like long trousers cut off above the ankle. Black stockings, *sabots,* a bright handkerchief loosely knotted around the throat, and a felt or fur cap complete the costume.

The women's dress is extraordinary. They wear the same two-toned kirtle as the Volendam girls, but with this a sleeeveless waist or bodice of rich red elaborately embroidered in gold and colors, which, as it takes years to make, is also handed down from generation to generation. The lacking sleeves are supplied by those of a red-striped shirt or chemise, covering the arms to the elbow. Children's costumes are similar. Another interesting feature is the headdress, a lace turban completely covering the ears and often richly embroidered or edged in color; the hair is worn in two

VOLENDAM: CHURCH WITH DRAW-BRIDGE.

MARKEN: "CASEY." (*P.* 39.)

long, curled tresses which, hanging in front of the ears, fall down over the bosom, while a square-cut bang is brushed down flat to the eyebrows. As our boat made the landing a number of these strangely attired villagers approached.

"Aha!" quoth Pater, "the audience having arrived, the curtain goes up and the performance will begin."

"Land sakes alive!" cries Mater, "what queer looking critters."

"Yes," chimes in the Youth, "and to think of their buttons being a hundred years old! Gee! Just imagine, if you were to give your suspenders an extra hitch and one of your grandfather's life-saving medals popped off into the water."

"And, good gracious!" exclaimed one Young Lady, "just think of making a horrid spot on your great-grandmother's best stomacher without her knowledge and consent."

Amid the bustle of landing we heard a shrill voice ashore calling, "Casey, Casey!" "Everybody else keep back," said some one, "Casey's at the bat." Casey proved to be a four-year-old, proudly wearing a battered straw hat with his native costume; whatever "Casey" may have signified in Dutch, it certainly lent a very ludicrous touch to the situation and, I may say, "brought down the house."

Two little toddlers confidingly put their hands in Mater's as she walked towards the village, and one alongside Scoffy showed the same intention; but Scoffy resolutely kept his hands in his pockets and refused to be cajoled. "I'll bet those kids are trained to go holding hands like that," he remarked.

Judging by the absence of masts from the landscape, the fishing fleet was away, but there were a few men in native costume around and plenty of women and chil-

dren of all ages. Ahead of us, on the brick-paved path leading to a distant group of houses, were two boys carrying a young pig in a wicker basket, and we all wondered whether that, too, were only part of the show. Several miniature canals were crossed on planks and other frail bridges. Near one we saw a woman washing clothes at the water's edge—a simple means of attaining a laundry with running water; she looked so busy and so utterly unconscious of our presence that we decided she, at least, must be genuine. At our destination we found the usual house open for inspection; it was much like the one in Volendam, with perhaps even more china displayed on the walls—and every piece "an heirloom."

"I wonder if any of it is for sale," whispered one of the party.

"Of course not," was the reply, "they're heirlooms! But just the same, I'd hate to offer a dollar for one of those plates; I'm afraid I'd soon own the whole place."

Clothes-chests were opened, and when the family wedding dress—also handed down—was displayed for the edification of the ladies, the men made room by waiting in the street. No one inquired whether toll was taken after the show was over, for a subsequent incident set all doubt at rest. On the way back we passed a tiny girl sucking her thumb in the shadow of a corncrib; this necessitated a stop for another picture. "No! *it* wouldn't ask for money, would *it?*" cooed Mater, pinching the youngster's pink cheeks, "but it shall have it just the same!" and forthwith she corrupted the child forever by forcing a penny into its tiny fist.

At the boat landing Mater had occasion to rescue Scoffy as she had vowed to do. He stopped to take one more picture of the "little lambs" and his group

"ONE MORE PICTURE OF THE LITTLE LAMBS." (*P.* 40.)

"SUCKING HER THUMB IN THE SHADOW OF A CORNCRIB." (*P.* 40.)

"A BROOD OF LONGLEGGED HARPIES." (*P.* 41.)

MARKEN.

was, as usual, augmented by every child within hail; the picture taken, he was confronted by the customary financial crisis. He handed ten cents to the big girl, nickels to the little ones; the additional hands embarrassed him because some of their owners had no claim beyond the fact that they got there in time to collect, but he hoped to smooth his way to the boat by a rapid distribution of coppers. It was no use—"silber! silber!" they screamed; his "little lambs" were suddenly transformed into a brood of longlegged harpies fighting over their prey.

Meantime Mater rushed aboard the boat for help. "Pa," she cried, "throw a handful of silver on shore for those greedy things, before that poor boy has his clothes torn off his back." "Pa" responded promptly and, during the confused scramble for the elusive coins, Scoffy made his escape.

In the light of all the foregoing it is amusing to read what the Italian Amicis had to say of the people of Marken as he found them in 1874. "The greater part of them," he writes, "never see any other land than that of their dear little island. They are poor, but knowing nothing of any better condition and having no wants or desires that cannot be satisfied they are unconscious of their own poverty. Among them there is neither change of fortune nor distinction of class. Everybody works, nobody serves. The only events which vary the monotony of their lives, are births, marriages, deaths, an abundant catch of fish, the arrival of a stranger, the passage of a vessel, a tempest on the sea. They pray, they love, they fish. Such is their life; so generation succeeds to generation; preserving unaltered like a sacred heirloom, the innocence of their manners and their ignorance of the world."

A merry party gathered on deck for the return trip; our neighbors had odd experiences to tell and many jokes to relate. Purchases were compared and freely discussed; considerable comment was called forth by the children's caps Scoffy and Mater had purchased, and commiseration was expressed for children who had to wear at one time a linen hood edged with lace, a plain linen cap with black edging, a strip of red flannel to show off the lace on the third hood above, and finally, a bright red outside hood of a design like the old-time Cashmere shawl. "If those youngsters can survive all that," exclaimed one lady, "I don't wonder Dutch peasant women can wear thirteen petticoats at once with never a protest."

The gentleman lauded the practice of having a button atop a boy's cap. They thought it must prove a priceless boon to a bachelor, who is otherwise constantly exposed to the danger of having his hair pulled for calling a "him" a "her."

A sudden downpour of rain put an end to conversation and turned our thoughts to the queer and constant change of weather. This was as capricious and treacherous as the great Zuyder Zee has always been. At the beginning of the thirteenth century the province of North Holland adjoined Friesland, and the land now at the bottom of the sea was a fruitful country dotted with towns and small lakes. Then came the first ominous inroad of water from the north, and fifty years sufficed to change the map of Holland.

It is a long, gloomy tale of lives lost and cities destroyed. When the hungry waves seemed to have reached their limit the Hollander and the Frisian drew a breath of relief and, behind new-formed dikes and bulwarks, began to build new cities. But peace was not yet secured; though its waves were beaten back,

the sea laughed its victims to scorn and, marshalling its changing currents and shifting sands, blocked up the new ports and doomed them, one by one, to join the Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee.

As we sailed across the Zee's surface now, under the murky sky, the water turned a chilly, ominous steel-gray. A curious cruciform buoy swung on the waves, like a great iron cross marking the graves of those poor souls below, while its bell tolled a fitful requiem. At a distance, in the faint light, two fishing boats lay almost becalmed; against the gray water they showed black, even to their flapping sails, and looked for all the world like two big ravens slowly circling near. Yet as we gazed, golden patches of water and sunlit villages showed on the horizon; in a few minutes the clouds broke and we were bathed in a flood of sunshine. The water now turned a beautiful green; little waves, purple on their shadow side, raced across it; cool salt air blew in our faces, and our day regained all the dancing, quickening lure of the sea—that subtle lure fatal to those who yielded to the tempting voice and settled along this shore.

Drawing near home we passed many ungainly vessels at anchor. Their strange rigging, the tiny cabins with flowers and bird-cages in the curtained windows, the white or green trimmings of railings and deck-houses, and the curious green animals used as figure-heads—these all looked so attractive that we wished we could stop and go aboard.

As we passed a grim island-fort Pater figured out we must be right over the great Pampus sand bank that once threatened the port of Amsterdam with destruction, and caused the burghers to work in mad haste building dikes, locks, and jetties, and digging a canal westward to the North Sea. Soon the fantastic spires of Amsterdam loomed up before us.

CHAPTER IV.

HAARLEM, LEIDEN, UTRECHT, NAARDEN, AND CENTRAL HOLLAND: BY MOTORCAR.

THE ensuing evening was spent indoors, making plans for future campaigns. Our yachting trip had cost only three gulden ($1.20) apiece, exclusive of luncheon and of the highway robbery to which frequent use of the camera had subjected us. "But then, you know," Mater remarked, "a true 'artist' must expect to pay his models."

Meanwhile, Pater was interviewing his unfailing friend, the *portier,* and learned that we should have to begin our motor trip as early as seven-thirty, next morning.

Whatever a traveler would do without the hotel's *portier* is too serious a question to be lightly raised; the plainest inference is that he would do hardly anything at all. The *portier* is the original friend in need, if there ever was one; he is the universal interpreter, bank of exchange, "handy guide and city directory," arbiter of everyone's plans, routes and destinations—all embodied in one large gold-bound edition. Had he not been much indebted to this wearer of the gold-edged cap and resplendent uniform, Pater might have added that he is a born "jollier" and foresworn ally of the room clerk in making "third-floor-back" accommodations appear more desirable than those wired for on the "second-floor-front." I have never ceased to marvel at the lady who could twice address one of these dictators as *"portière"*—and live.

Objections to early rising did not prevent the ladies from appearing promptly next morning, when our handsome F. I. A. T. car drew up at the door. We were politely handed aboard by the chauffeur and solicitously tucked in beneath rugs and dust robes. With a cheery tarantara of the bugle, so different from the wail or croak of the customary auto-horn, we headed for the Haarlem road.

Our chauffeur, unlike the proverbial Dutchman, proved quite loquacious; his English was not the clearest, but close attention on our part and unabashed confidence on his made the conversation fairly intelligible. It was decidedly interesting.

He drew attention to the fact that we were crossing the Haarlemmer Polder—that vast reclaimed area, seventy-two square miles in extent, formerly Haarlem lake—and he spoke of the IJ Polder further north. He told of the sluice gates at Halfweg, passed on our way from Amsterdam; how these formerly kept the IJ's waters out of the Haarlemmer Polder, and how, if re-opened, they would even now flood the entire country from Amsterdam to Haarlem and, perhaps, as far south as Leiden (Leyden) and Utrecht.

He pointed out the pumping station, continually busy; and the water gauges (stuck in the canals like huge bath thermometers) used to aid pumping station engineers, lock-keepers and gatekeepers in various parts of the country, in maintaining the water at its proper level. No idle precaution, when one considers that vast, complicated system of water-highways and the many towns and farms below its level.

He spoke of plans, long under way, for reclaiming the Zuyder Zee—a tremendous undertaking, estimated to cost at least 125 million francs. Originally, the cofferdam was to cross the narrows from Medemblick to

Stavoren with provision for allowing the waters of the Yssel and Vecht to escape to sea; recently this plan has been modified, perhaps to avoid these two rivers, and the dam is to go from Enkhuizen to the island of Urk, thence to a spot just below Kampen.

So it appears that the Dutch, feeling that they have at last beaten old Father Ocean to a standstill, have decided to assume the aggressive and wrest from his watery grasp the lands seized seven centuries ago. Why not? Despite the death and destruction it caused, the Zuyder Zee is hardly over seventeen feet deep within the prescribed area.

Medemblick and Stavoren are both "dead cities." The latter, once the home of Frisian princes, was very rich and powerful, and they say its inhabitants carried ostentation to the extent of gilding the railings and doors of their houses, as well as many ordinary utensils. The popular legend of Stavoren's downfall is interesting; no "Mene, Tekel, Upharsin" appeared upon the walls, yet the mills of God ground so exceeding small that its doom was brought about by the idle whim of an ambitious woman. When one of her husband's ships was about to sail she instructed the captain to bring back for her, "the most precious thing in the world." The luckless mariner, interpreting this order according to his wholesome views, returned with a cargo of wheat from Danzig; furious that her visions of fine gold, priceless jewels and who knows what, were blighted, the woman ordered the entire cargo thrown overboard then and there. And, so the story goes, this grain took root and grew, and formed the nucleus of a great sand bar that stopped up the port of Stavoren and ended its prosperity. To this day, the bar is called the Vrouwen-sand.

What a chain of calamities—merited and unmerited,

according to tradition—forms the history of the Zuyder Zee; merited or not, the Dutch nation has suffered a scourge of fire and sword and sack sufficient to expiate any sin. Perhaps we shall live to see the day when the Zuyder Zee has been reclaimed, and its "dead cities"—revived and flourishing—have had their haunting ghosts laid forever.

"Landsakes!" said Mater, quite subdued by this flood of information, "to think we are below sea level half the time. Why, it gives me the creeps!"

"Yes, milady," answered the chauffeur, "there vas once a time ven a liddle insect dat ate de vood of de dikes made us more afraid den all the armees of Spain; ve Hollanders need to vork and vatch, for de sea never sleeps." After this bit of real eloquence, he was silent and thoughtful.

To get accustomed to the sight of boats with sails set, apparently crossing distant meadows, was difficult; but a country originally destined for the bottom of the sea might be expected to furnish nautical paradoxes. Our acquaintance with rounded bridges over canals was renewed in the course of this journey; the roadway went up a slight incline to the bridge level, then down the other side—giving the impression of a huge American thank-you-ma'am without its uncomfortable jolt.

We enjoyed the occasional bursts of high speed a clear path beside the fields permitted. While we were pausing to view some point of interest a big limousine passed; for a moment all felt mortified, but our chauffeur said, with an air of great contempt: "Oh, dat's only a 'Adler.' Ve soon catch up to heem."

"That's only an Adler," we echoed, with the air of one to the manner born. And, sure enough, we soon passed the despised Adler and left it far behind.

At first, nervousness about meeting horses bothered us, for we had been "the other fellow" too often not to dread the possibility of causing a runaway; but the actions of these sedate quadrupeds reassured us. Perhaps one would raise his nose a trifle higher, or another carry his high collar still more proudly and jingle his harness impatiently, as if to say, "you smelly, flyaway things may make a great to-do, but you'll never equal a real horse like me;" beyond this they took no notice of us. One Young Lady insists they actually smiled at us in a superior sort of way, but I should hardly care to carry my assertion that far.

Before long, ruins of an ancient fort came into sight. Then the towering nave and fine fantastic broachspire of St. Bavo loomed against the sky.

"Here is dear old Haarlem, at last," cried Mater, with the proprietary interest of one who had long looked forward to visiting a place.

"Huh, anybody would think you'd known it all your life," remarked the Youth.

"Maybe I haven't, but perhaps my ancestors did, and yours too, if I may say so."

For reasons of expediency our chauffeur did not take us through Spaarnewouder Poort, the only remaining city gate, but, after crossing the river Spaarne with its market quays, drove along a shady street where a flower market was in progress. Haarlem is the renowned city of flowers and, since we were too late for the gay fields of tulips, hyacinths, crocuses and so on, we were grateful to be given at least a glimpse of some of the flowers. "This is the home of 'Semper Augustus,' " remarked Pater, "and 'Admiral Liefkens.' "

In the seventeenth century, the Dutch began a tulip-bulb speculation that makes our Wall Street an inno-

cent playground by comparison; one speculator is said to have cleared 68,000 florins in a few months by the sale of bulbs or roots; one town, 10,000,000 florins in a year. Fabulous prices were paid for bulbs of rare varieties; a single Semper Augustus bulb brought 13,000 florins, and one of the Admiral Liefkens 4,500. Eventually the government intervened, and so the bubble burst, carrying many down to ruin.

Following a narrow, winding street and dodging drays and pushcarts, the auto emerged on the square in front of the town hall—originally a palace of the counts of Holland, dating from 1520; it is not comparable with the town halls at Leyden or Middleburg, for even the restoration, in 1620, did not make it very attractive, though the wing on the Zylestraat (added a few years later) is a quite commendable building. Access to the collections is not permitted before ten o'clock, so we set about exploring the town.

The Groote Markt is a good center for this purpose. Opposite the town hall rises St. Bavo (the Groote Kerk) which, while its design may be open to criticism, is certainly an imposing church, with a nave overshadowing the whole market place.

Near the middle of the square is a statue of Lorenz Coster (Laurence the Sexton) whom you will venerate—if you are Dutch—as the inventor of printing. Otherwise, you may allow the claim of Germany's Gutenberg to this same distinction; and if you chance to consult your guidebook, Coster's claim will vanish into thin air in the face of Baedeker's ponderous, crushing arguments. However, "here's to mesilf and the both of thim," as the Irishman said.

Opposite St. Bavo's is the Vleeschhal, or meat market, said to be the quaintest brick-and-stone building in all Holland. Certainly it is an admirable exponent

AMERSFOORT: KOPPEL PORT. (*P.* 70.)

HAARLEM: TOWN HALL. (*P.* 50.)

HAARLEM: VLEESCHHAL. (*P.* 50.)

of Dutch style. This structure owns to the age of three-hundred and six years and, in spite of the profusion and restlessness of ornamentation, is of strong design. Never, in anyone's wildest guess, would it have been a meat market; nor, indeed, should it have been.

St. Bavo has not yet been stripped of the little shops clustering along its side, like mud swallows' nests—if you will permit a simile upside down—under the eaves of a farmhouse; these shops, while detracting from its architecture, add charm and carry one back to the Middle Ages far faster than could a monumental environment. A visitor might almost imagine himself entering one of them when, after banging a brass knocker, he slips through a little, green door into the sacristan's house on the south side of the choir. The bare, whitewashed interior—frequent in Dutch churches and, in a measure, disappointing—imparts a grave, austere character, and emphasizes the height of the building; while the great, round columns carrying its vaulting add much to this dignity. Observing some recently uncovered, original color-decorations upon these pillars, one is inclined to think a place of worship as well off, perhaps, without such rich decorative schemes; though to include stained glass in this condemnation would be extreme, as it seems essentially structural and, when well executed, possesses individual solemnity. The fanciful details of the fine choir screen and stalls of St. Bavo's are very interesting, but the monuments, except one in memory of Conrad, engineer of the Katwyk locks, are not worth noticing. The Youth's sharp eyes discovered models of ships suspended from some of the arches—hung there in 1668 to replace even older models presented by the Dutch-Swedish Trading Company—and, for a country with Holland's history, they appeared appropriate even in a church. While

fully as odd, they seemed prettier and more artistic than the "sacred codfish" of the Boston tate House.

It transpired afterward that, for a fee of thirteen florins, we might have enjoyed a private organ recital. What a pity to have missed it! In that vast edifice it could hardly fail to produce a splendid and lasting impression.

Outside, in the merry sunshine, a valuable ally in provoking everyone to easy-going good humor, a trap was set for the unwary. A rummage sale was in progress along the curb, and most of the sidewalk was covered with old furniture, old china, andirons, brass candlesticks, warming-pans, and other artful accessories of a dealer in antiques. The ladies were enchanted, and even Scoffy and the Youth gave unmistakable signs of yielding to temptation; all Pater's hard-earned diplomacy was required to prevent the day's program from being completely ignored in the face of such tempting bait. This street leads past the Teyler Museum to the Kaas Markt on the banks of the Spaarne. The end house is the indispensable cheese weigh-house, a nice old building, though not unusually quaint. On the Groote Markt opposite the Vleeschhal is an old town hall, said to antedate the meat market—but it has been quite extensively remodeled.

We concluded our visit by inspecting the interior of the present town hall which contains a fine collection of paintings, notably those by Frans Hals, who is often considered, next to Rembrandt, the greatest Dutch painter. Frans Hals was of Haarlem parentage and lived and worked in Haarlem, though not born there.

Little exists to remind us of Haarlem's melancholy part in the Dutch war of independence; old ramparts have been leveled and converted into promenades and

only one city gate stands to recall her desperate, heroic, seven-months' defense against the flower of the Spanish army, and the horrible massacre that followed. Readers of Rider Haggard's "Lysbeth" will probably recall the story of this siege. Pater was on his good behavior, not once referring to New York's Harlem in Scoffy's presence, though his eye twitched spasmodically when the subject of Bloemendaal was broached; we had spoken of going north a few miles to the village of Bloemendaal, purely out of regard for our old village of Bloomingdale in New York City and in memory of the Boulevard, now Broadway, but once Bloomingdale Road. Bloemendaal, oddly enough, maintains a large lunatic asylum as did its New York cousin for many years, but as our guidebook promised nothing better than the ruins of the old Brederode château, we cut it out of our program and headed south toward Leiden (Leyden). Just beyond Haarlem is the Haarlemmer Hout, a piece of fine old forest with many beech and lime-tree avenues.

Holland justly boasts of having some of the most beautiful motor roads in the world; broad, shady avenues with never a rut nor a hole are paved with clinker brick on edge, which eliminate all dust or mud and, while perfectly smooth to ride upon, give a nonskidding grip to the tires in any weather. The way is almost invariably shady, even on the smaller dirt roads which, in lieu of pavement, have a narrow brick strip in the middle for horses to trot upon.

We all admired the trees and woods of this region, for our way was lined with many beautiful private parks. Cool, fragrant groves hid the houses and we longed to pause, cross the still dewy grass, and penetrate those mysterious, leafy bowers; feeling sure there would be no house at all, only a mischievous faun or

two, or a startled woodland nymph. Indeed, these groves are said to be part of the original forest; looking at the trees' huge moss-covered boles, one's mind traveled back easily to days when this smiling country was a huge "Dismal Swamp"—a tangled morass with but few spots of solid ground tenable for the wild beasts and wilder men; involuntarily came the thought of pagan rites, and Druid sacrifices, and the horrid blood-offerings of the Baddahuenna Wood on the shores of the vanished Lake Flevo, not many miles east.

Bound for Leyden, the car sped through Bennebroek, Hillegon, Lisse, and other villages. A peculiar phenomenon heralded the approach to every one—a veritable "snowstorm" of what seemed to be feathers. As noon arrived, our theory that the Dutch housewives were airing bedding became untenable; whether the season for beating and remaking feather-beds was at hand or whether live-goose feathers were ripe and being plucked, we could not determine; and our chauffeur's information or English seemed to fail him in this emergency.

The road now had a *trekvaart* alongside—a sort of steam tramway—which connects these small towns and brings them in touch with Haarlem and Leiden. The trains were cumbrous affairs, two or three cars with a dummy engine, and achieved no greater speed than ten or twelve miles per hour. To the evident disgust of the passengers, our automobile often left them behind, cutting across in front of the train with the nonchalance due to superior equipment. We passed many a train that day, heaping insult upon insult by the mocking call of our bugle and the smiles on our faces as we swept proudly onward. Later in the day the *trekvaart* took occasion to vent its accumulated spleen upon us in

one grand *coup de main,* as you shall see. We then felt duly humiliated, and "it," no doubt, correspondingly elated. The tracks of these tramways must be of standard gauge, for the regulation freight cars—small enough, to be sure, to American eyes—are run upon them. In several villages, merchants could be seen unloading freight brought from the main railroad to their very doors.

But the mode of traffic that afforded endless amusement was what Scoffy called the "dog express." You may see these dog wagons all over Holland—little three-wheeled vans shaped like a delivery boy's covered pushcart, usually drawn by two dogs resembling small mastiffs; the driver always sits on the cart, and as he is bowled along the smooth road behind his spanking trotters, the thought of cruelty to animals never occurs to you. It would seem that dogs do not answer to the rein nor even to the "haw" and "gee" to which oxen may be broken, for each cart is provided with guiding handles like those of a plow. At the first sound of our bugle the "dog man" hopped from his perch with great alacrity and guided his charges to the side of the road; maybe, simply fear of a runaway caused him to act so promptly. A runaway horse is trouble enough, but runaway dogs might seek the fields and be lost altogether; moreover, dogs not afraid of an auto might chase it—an equal calamity for the owner of canine steeds.

Tiny, gaily painted houses often lined the way. Where the road followed a small canal, houses lying on its further side had, each, a drawbridge like a feudal castle. Occupants leave their wooden shoes outside the door, and these rows of papa shoes, big-sister and little-baby shoes, etc., furnished mute announcement that their owners were within:—"Obviating the ne-

cessity of sending out at-home cards, and all that sort of rot, don't you know," said Scoffy.

It was gratifying to meet everywhere the peasant dress; not as distinctive as in Volendam and Marken, to be sure, but picturesque and instructive. The reserved men and neat, comely women, the grave, tow-headed youngsters—who occasionally broke into unexpected bursts of mischief—made a happy picture of the Hollanders' home life. Strange traffic on land and water, strange buildings, strange scenes and customs claimed our attention constantly. Without expatiating further, let me say that we were seeing the *real* Holland as never before—and as we had never before seen any foreign country.

Presently, another leg of our course was accomplished in the approach to Leyden. Entering from the north and traversing devious highways and byways—twice crossing the Rhine, which flows through the city in the guise of several canals—the chauffeur drove into Breede Straat, containing many of the principal points of interest.

There is the Museum Van Oudheden, housing extensive collections of Egyptian, Greek and Roman antiquities. There is the fine Gemeendlandshuis van Rijnland, attributed to the famous architect, Lieven de Key, but recently restored. A little further on comes the *stadhuis,* perhaps one of the finest examples of Dutch style at the close of the sixteenth century. Though on a narrow street, its stairway forms a rather good approach, and the fantastic gables remind one of England's Jacobean style without its crudeness and monotony of design. The side entrance, to the north, recalls the terrible siege of 1573-1574 in the following chronogram:

"Nae zWarte hVnger-noot
gebraCht had tot de toot
bInaest zes-dVIzent MensChen:
aL'st god den heer Verdroot
gaf hI Vns Weder broot
zo VeeL WI CVnsten WensChen."

This, freely translated, means—a black famine had brought death to most six thousand people, when God the Lord was grieved, and gave us bread again, as much as we could wish. In this writing (W's counted as two V's) the capitals record the date, and the number of letters, the number of days the uninterrupted siege lasted—one hundred and thirty-one. George Ebers, in "The Burgomaster's Wife," draws a rather mild picture. There *was* comparatively little fighting owing to the town's known lack of supplies, but on this account famine and pestilence were the more horrible. This siege was as cruel, heartbreaking and decimating as the siege of Haarlem, but had a happier ending; for William the Silent pierced the dikes, flooded the country and brought a fleet to rescue Leyden's gallant defenders—thus averting the impending sack and massacre.

At the beginning of things, so to speak, the Netherlands were the home of Celts (dwelling in what is now Belgium) and of various German tribes such as the Batavians and Frisians. Charlemagne, continuing the work of his predecessors, finally conquered them. When his empire was divided among his three grandsons, nearly all the Netherlands lay in the middle division that fell to Lothar (Lothaire); with the death of Lothar and of his sons this portion was divided between Lothar's brothers: King Ludwig, the German, taking Friesland and Lotharingia (Lorraine), and King Charles the Bald, Burgundy and Provence.

The duke of Lotharingia's power declined, and thus there arose in his domain various strong counties and duchies such as Flanders, Guelders, Brabant, Holland, Zeeland, Hainault, and the bishopric of Utrecht. As Lotharingia waned Burgundy waxed powerful until, in the fifteenth century, its duke, Charles the Bold, was one of the leading princes of Europe; bit by bit—by purchase, by inheritance, and in devious other convenient ways—the bulk of those northern lands was acquired by Burgundy, and when Maximilian of Austria married the heiress of Charles the Bold, the Netherlands went to the house of Hapsburg. This interesting match forms the basis of Charles Major's "Yolanda."

Maximilian of Hapsburg, archduke of Austria, was elected emperor of the Holy Roman Empire; his son Philip, duke of Burgundy, married the heiress of Ferdinand and Isabella, and their son, Charles I of Spain, was elected to the imperial throne as Charles V. Through the original Lotharingia being part of the empire, through Burgundy as subsequent owner, and finally as elected emperor—Charles V certainly united in his person all claims to the Netherlands. Indeed, he was born here—in Ghent—and always had a strong liking for the people.

Nevertheless Charles V was really the first to plant the Inquisition in the Netherlands, and to re-establish the Council of Mechlin to override civic rights. It irritated him to have so many separate towns, counties, provinces, and the like, each obstinately insisting upon special charters and privileges, each claiming sufficient religious freedom to be dabbling in strange philosophies and beliefs; to grind down the Netherlands into a homogeneous whole he designed these two terrible weapons against religious and political liberty. Charles

was not a fanatic; ruler of unusually great possessions, he was striving to weld together an empire mightier than Charlemagne's. Though the Church claimed many thousand victims and punishment for any resistance was swift and severe, he was far too busy to give subjection of the Netherlands undivided personal attention so long as her millions of revenue flowed into his coffers with comparative steadiness. Ceding the Netherlands to his son (Philip II of Spain) put a very different face upon the matter. Not only was Philip a fanatic sworn to uphold the Church and the Inquisition, but disappointment in failing to receive the entire empire from his father determined him to exploit the financial resources of the Netherlands to the very limit. His chosen instrument for attaining these ends was the duke of Alva, whom he appointed "captain-general."

This war of the Inquisition against Dutch independence was a titanic struggle—a record of murder, sack, rapine, massacre. The list of innocent, unarmed people deliberately slaughtered stands almost unequaled in the annals of history.

When condemning and killing heretics by hundreds did not further the plans of bloody Alva with the wished-for speed, he decided to waste no more time on individual condemnation proceedings and, through his royal master, laid the matter before the Inquisition. The Holy Office declared all the inhabitants of the Netherlands condemned to death as heretics. That the extermination of this entire people was not accomplished, once seemed to hinge, one might almost say, on the mere fact that the prisons would not hold them all and that the arms of the executioners were subject to the limitations of physical endurance.

On occasions where the Dutch found opportunity to entrench and defend themselves, the struggle made the

proverb "When Greek meets Greek" seem pointless. Alva mustered the pick of the Spanish army; hardened veterans, and professional fighters—men who loved fighting for fighting's sake, who would forego meat, drink and sleep rather than be cheated of a battle; perfectly armed and equipped, they were apparently invincible. Against this the Dutch mustered an unusual natural resource, an indomitable grit, and an irrepressible disinclination to stay beaten no matter what the odds or how great the reverse. They were fighting for their homes, for their wives and children. The women—active, strong, courageous, and by no means to be despised as adversaries—fought side by side with the men; moreover, all were caught like rats in a trap and, foredoomed, faced the plain alternative of a quick death of their own choosing, as against the torture and atrocities of their enemies' devising. Yet the odds would have been against them but for one fact never suspected by the enemy until he learned it to his cost. The Hollanders came of a race that for untold centuries had been engaged in sustaining a precarious existence by endless battle with the sea; their lifelong training in cheerfully subsisting in the face of instant destruction, and the tireless energy and unfailing ingenuity necessary to this unequal struggle, had bred a remarkable resource and a power to surmount all obstacles.

The sea never eats nor drinks nor sleeps nor tires. To them it proved a ruthless enemy yet an unfailing teacher. When you consider that most of Holland was wrested from the grasp of the sea, and that the Dutch—surpassing Canute—was the only nation to call a halt to the "resistless" waters and say, "thus far shalt thou come and no farther," you get an inkling of the vital strength which enabled them to survive even the full force of the Inquisition.

The Spaniards fought with the usual arms and in most approved fashion. The Dutch fought with tar and pitch, scalding water and boiling oil; fought half-dead with hunger, half-fainting with fatigue; they fought in ships on their lakes and seas, fought underground in mines and countermines; they fought in water up to their necks, and on the ice on skates. When none of these resources would avail to drive the Spaniards out they fell back on their last, great resource—they broke the dikes and loosed the floods of that watery monster which had required centuries to bind. The Spanish soldiery had persisted in the face of all this unusual warfare and unprecedented opposition, but breaking the dikes was the last straw, and when, to cap this climax, a new Spanish leader made a few vital mistakes regarding "no pay" and "short rations," they relinquished Alva's great fight and began foraging for themselves along the lines of least resistance. The sea raised Leyden's siege, and the threat of letting loose the sea raised the siege of Alkmaar, north of Haarlem. These events, following the seizure of Briel by the "water-beggars" and the naval victory over Admiral Bossu, determined the downfall of the Spanish invaders and the independence of the Dutch.

Such are the dark pages in the history of this sunny, smiling country. No wonder the men look serious and preoccupied; no wonder even little children often seem grave and thoughtful.

It was in memory of the gallant defense of Leyden, some say as a reward therefor, that the university of Leyden was founded. Neither handsome nor picturesque in appearance, those buildings of the old Jacobin nunnery have had a memorable history, for some of the greatest scholars of bygone days either studied or

taught there; even now its schools of medicine and natural science are of more than national repute.

Van der Werf Park in the southern part of the town occupies a section devastated, in 1807, by the explosion of a powder-ship, and contains a statue of Burgomaster Van der Werf who led the gallant defenders in that memorable siege of 1574. Almost directly behind the *stadhuis* is De Burcht (the Castle), a curious old structure of a foundation antedating the tenth century, while the mound upon which it is erected is said to be the work of Hengist.

We did not linger in Leyden. The ride in the fresh air, and our mental and bodily activities had provoked a rousing appetite that urged us to push on to Utrecht, the stop selected for our midday meal.

Eastward out of Leyden the road followed what appeared to be a great canal, which our chauffeur said was nothing else than the Old Rhine. Had he traveled west instead of east, a few miles would have brought us to Katwyk-an-Zee, where the Old Rhine once sought a desultory exit to the North Sea; beaten back at high tide it was wont to flood the countryside for miles around. In the ninth century a great storm closed the outlet entirely, but Engineer Conrad installed pumps to drain the marshes, confined the river with dikes, and built great locks that keep out the sea at high tide yet allow the river's waters to escape when the tide is low.

The trip along the Rhine was ideal. Queer craft upon the water drew our eyes on one side, while life ashore as persistently demanded our attention on the other. Some of the towns are beautifully situated, and their fine trees called forth unending admiration. Several villages were gaily decorated with flags and bunting, "in honor of our visit," Pater declared. We learned that it was for some church festival.

The old town of Woerden on the Rijn (Rhine) was twice cruelly plundered by the French, and twice re-occupied by the Dutch; at its entrance stand remains of a castle, once the seat of the lords of Woerden and now a warehouse. The fortifications have been leveled.

Near Harmelen two stylish turnouts approached us, drawn by spirited horses that cut a few capers at the sight of our car. Pater wondered whether, by any chance, they hailed from the ancient château Ter Haar, near by, which has recently been rebuilt by some rich baron. In the pleasure of the ride, hunger was forgotten and with surprise we saw the venerable town of Utrecht rise before us.

" 'Friends, Romans, countrymen,' and all others present," declaimed Pater, " 'lend me your ears.' Here is what remains of ancient, powerful Utrecht—the Roman Trajectum ad Rhenum (ford of the Rhine) and great 'City of Churches' of the Middle Ages; Dagobert, king of the Franks, founded Utrecht's first church twelve centuries ago, and today this is the last stronghold of the Dutch Catholics. The archbishops of Utrecht were among the most powerful prelates of the Middle Ages—powerful, in a temporal sense, and they had their fingers in many pies they would have to eschew, nowadays, as of earth entirely too earthly.

"At Utrecht was signed the declaration of independence, so to speak, of the Netherland provinces of Holland, Zeeland, Utrecht, Guelders, Over-Issel, Friesland and Groningen. It was drafted in the hall of the Academy of Utrecht in the presence of Count John of Nassau—brother of poor William the Silent, that Washington of Dutch independence who might have seen the fruition of his life's long struggle had not the hand of an assassin laid him low. These northern provinces

of the Netherlands form the Holland of today, and the southern provinces (such as Flanders and Brabant) which had not achieved independence, eventually became modern Belgium. The states-general assembled at Utrecht until the seat of government was transferred to The Hague; in 1713 was signed the peace which closed the War of the Spanish Succession. Do any of you recall the peace of Utrecht? Children, you should know these things; do none of you learn history nowadays?"

All felt the implied rebuke.

"Yes, yes," said Scoffy, the incorrigible. "The name has a familiar sound. I remember—" and, having won his audience, he slyly continued, "I remember *New* Utrecht, out on Long Island beyond the Flatbush section of Brooklyn. Often when a boy, I wandered there past fertile fields and old Dutch farmhouses. Since then, bold speculators have cut up those fair fields into building lots, and enterprising wights have covered them with cheap houses. Mea culpa, mea culpa!" The laughter greeting Pater's surprise at this sally almost caused the chauffeur to drive into the Stads Buiten *gracht,* but we crossed the bridge, safely, into Utrecht.

It is interesting to note that although Brooklyn's name appears on some old English surveys as Brooklands—rather than Breukelen, the Dutch name many would ascribe to it—the settlement was, in many ways, more typically Dutch than either Harlem or Bloomingdale. Anyone who, like the author, was born and brought up in Brooklyn and lived there many years, will testify that here is a city preserving much of the serene, unchanging atmosphere Americans admire so greatly in Holland, though they decry it at home—a city where it is possible to live in peace and comfort and

even to know one's neighbors. A recent visit to the place of the author's birth showed that its environment had remained absolutely unchanged for more than a generation, and one member of the family, having no taste for the noise and dirt and bustle of Manhattan, moved back near the old home and was able to renew the associations and friendships of childhood's days. Only a few years ago, admirers of Holland might have seen an old Dutch farmhouse standing on Fulton Street opposite Arlington Place, in the very center of Brooklyn; in fact, it is there today, though lost to sight behind a modern store-front.

Our chauffeur had calculated on cutting across the Vredenburg—the site of the castle built by Emperor Charles V when he obtained the temporal power of Utrecht—but the way was barred, so he had to retrace his course and drive completely around the square. A horsefair, or horse market, was in progress, and it was necessary to drive quite gingerly to avoid the crowds of bidders and the many young horses. Finally he gained the upper Oude-gracht which contains two interesting structures: the Huis Oudaen—now a home for the aged—a fine patrician dwelling of the fourteenth century, and the Rijks Munt, almost opposite, where all the money for Holland and her East Indian colonies is coined. Following the Oude-gracht as far as the *stadhuis,* the way was again blocked, this time by street repairs; so our driver was obliged to cross the *gracht* and make his way to the Hotel Pays-Bas by quite a circuitous route.

"It's a good thing that our chauffeur knows his way," said Mater, "else we might waste an hour in driving through these curly streets."

The hotel is charmingly located on the side of a square called St. Jan's Kerkhof, in the middle of which

stands, embowered in trees, the old Romanesque St. Jan's Kerk with its late Gothic choir. This was our first example of two greatly contrasting styles of architecture in one building. From the name of the square we judged it might have been the original cemetery. Doubtless many a cherished churchyard, obliged to give way before the press of growing life in these old towns, has thus, though lost to sight in a modern square, continued to live in the memory of the people.

Of the many strange churches we saw, the *Dom* (cathedral) of St. Martin's in Utrecht was perhaps the strangest. It has no nave; there is a fine old choir, and a lofty tower, and between them a gap—a gap as conspicuous and irritating as one caused by missing front teeth in the mouth of a pretty girl. No temporary gap either, this of St. Martin's; for it consists of a square adorned with a statue of Count John of Nassau, and a thriving trolley-line runs between the choir and the tower. Carlisle cathedral in England has no nave, beyond a Norman fragment, but is at least a continuous building.

Going in quest of the sacristan, Pater led us through the old cloisters which form a public thoroughfare. No one visiting Utrecht should miss them, for they are very handsome and as venerable in appearance, if not as extensive, as those of Canterbury cathedral. We could not find the sacristan so, being assured the church was open, we began the inspection of its interior without a guide; stationary pews, in place of chairs, may be a source of comfort to the congregation, but they impede the movements of the sightseer. The choir of St. Martin's proved this, for one may, here, no longer stroll about at will, nose in the air and eyes busy with roofs, capitals, monuments and windows. Nor was it easy to find in the stone floor, the eagles marking the

resting place of the hearts of Emperors Conrad II and Henry V who died in Utrecht. The fourteenth century tomb of Bishop Guy of Hainault was duly inspected, as were several others, but by that time our narrow circuitous paths among the pews were dampening all enthusiasm, and by common consent we made for the exit.

"This was once one of the largest and finest churches in the Netherlands," said Pater, "and its tower affords a view of nearly all Holland and much of Guelders and North Brabant." The tower, in course of renovation, was covered with scaffolding and, as this added to the customary difficulties of such an ascent, we decided to rest content with seeing all Holland from our own proper sphere rather than from the bird's point of view. Adjoining the cloisters on the south stands the university; its aula was originally the chapter-house of the cathedral.

The Archiepiscopal Museum held no special attraction since none of us was in the mood for early religious art. But we did wish to see the Lodge of the Teutonic Order, across the way; which pleasure, for lack of previous written application to the secretary, we were obliged to forego.

Having given the Youth due time for the serious question of selecting souvenir postcards, and finding our car in readiness, there was no reason to delay resumption of the journey. Thanks to unusual dexterity, our chauffeur managed to take us past the old "pope's house" and thence out on to the Maliebaan.

The Young Ladies were looking for a Germanic sacrificial stone, said to have been thrown by the devil across a newly dug canal in derision of its width. Their informant vouchsafed the further information that the stone is now chained to a house—an unwise

precaution, since his sulphurous majesty might be tempted to throw it back again, house and all, in derision of the chain. But, though we subjected even the most respectable looking houses to close scrutiny we got no glimpse of a chained stone nor of any other deviltry.

Crossing the Singel Gracht we noted its sharp projecting angles indicative, like the Singels of Amsterdam and Leyden, of former bastions. The ramparts, according to prevailing custom, have been leveled and converted into pleasant promenades.

The Maliebaan, that celebrated triple avenue of lime trees, spared at the express command of Louis XIV when the French troops were devastating Utrecht, was a disappointment. As in the parades of some Grand Army Posts, where boys carry the trappings of their parents, there was too much young growth to render the sight impressive. Louis might have saved himself the trouble. But perhaps he was wise, and sought to avert an unpleasant prospect such as confronted French prisoners of 1870, in Berlin, when they were directed to replant the Grunewald cut down by Napoleon I.

After this detour we were soon back upon the road to Amersfoort. The Old Rhine branches at Utrecht, the north branch being known as Vecht. Our road took us northeast, while the Rhine followed a southflows westward, almost parallel with the Neder Rijn, At Wyk there is another division, the main river (above and to the east of Wyk), being called the Neder Rijn, while below Wyk, to the west, it becomes the Lek which flows into the Maas near Rotterdam. If you follow the Neder Rijn eastward upstream, to the point where it becomes the real "father" Rhine, you find another division, and the branch which

flows westward, almost parallel with the Neder Rijn, is the Waal. The Waal has the ill luck, further downstream, to join the Maas, whereupon the joint river immediately becomes the Merwede. But this is by no means final, as the stream divides again and becomes respectively the Maas and Oude Maas. Indeed, the Maas and the Waal came perilously near joining once before, just east of the town of Bommell. Had that happened, the complicated relationship in the Rhine family could probably be solved only by differential calculus.

Such a fuss and pother to inflict upon a quiet, well-behaved river which has come all the way from Lake Constance and, having done its plain duty in supplying falls and rapids, in turning mill wheels, and carrying pleasure-craft and cargoes, desires nothing better than to get to sea as quickly and quietly as possible. It requires no great stretch of imagination to believe that only an expert can tell the name of a stream in Holland; or, having determined it is a river and not some canal, can affirm it really is that river—not some other masquerading under a new name.

The way to Amersfoort was enlivened by the sight of many peasants driving home with led horses purchased at the horsefair. These young and skittish creatures, their tails tied up in bright red wrappings, still carried conspicuous numbers upon their glossy backs. Our chauffeur gave them a wide berth, having no wish to receive the imprint of iron-shod hoofs either on his person or on the varnish of his car, but nothing untoward happened and the farmers contemplated his extreme caution with a smile of good-natured irony.

Amersfoort is noted principally for its medieval gates and for its fine old tower of St. Mary's, which

remained intact when, towards the end of the eighteenth century, a powder explosion destroyed the church. We got a very pleasing view of it across a *gracht*—or was it, perhaps, the river Eem; no expert was present to decide the question. We were not sufficiently fortunate to hear the carillon, reputed to be very sweet.

The town gates, especially the water gate (Koppel-Poort), proved interesting enough although, as Pater remarked, there was "too much plain, clean, brick wall" about the latter to permit of its looking picturesque.

Beyond Utrecht the country had appeared bare and uninteresting, but near Amersfoort we could actually see hills in the distance. Hills in Holland! Think of it! "Huh, I'd rather live here than in the 'flats,' even if I were a Dutchman, and I guess that other people would, too," remarked the Youth. Nor was he wrong in his conjecture, for both Baarn and Hilversum abound in handsome villas of rich city people; Baarnsche Bosch, near by, is a fine piece of woods and the surrounding drives are attractive.

Nearing a crossroad partially obscured by trees our chauffeur slowed down, took the crossing rather carefully, and answered the interrogation on our faces by pointing out a monument at the roadside where a man was killed in a motor crash. Pater thought it might have a beneficial effect were this idea followed in the United States, though people slowed down only to admire the monument.

Soestdyke, a palace belonging to the crown, situated near the Baarnsche Bosch, was presented by the Diet of 1816 to the Prince of Orange in appreciation of his gallant conduct at the battle of Waterloo. The flag indicated the presence of royalty, but we did not

stop to "leave cards," as Mater suggested, nor even to go through the park, open to the public. The cross-roads in Baarn again called for praise of the beautiful trees, shading the green like the great old elms of a New England village. Further along, we passed a road labeled "closed to motors"—the first of its kind we had met. Presently the car was running alongside a huge dike and, through occasional gaps giving access to the fields beyond, we could see a large *polder* and catch a glimpse of the Zuyder Zee.

Hilversum has a castle at the end of a wooded ridge, a situation that must afford a clear sweep across the sea and much of the surrounding country; whether the structure should be classed as ancient or modern was not apparent—a lack of certainty sorely trying to the Young Ladies, who jealously saved their admiration for buildings having undeniable claims to antiquity.

Naarden, an old fortified town preserved on ancient lines, is very interesting, for the outer moat, outer defenses, the inner moat and inner line of defenses, the old city gates, and both ramparts remain; moreover, it is still a military post. These structures as they stand today are not part of the original Naarden, which was practically razed in 1572. The whole history of Spanish oppression holds scarcely a single instance to equal the sack of Naarden—I hardly care to call it this, for sack, from long usage in connection with the capture of a town, has grown to suggest some idea of previous resistance. There was no resistance here; the townspeople invited their prospective murderers to table and served them with their best.

It appears Naarden had received a summons to surrender and had turned back the Spanish emissaries with a proud refusal. Unfortunately, a lunatic dis-

charged a culverin at the departing Spaniards and when these carried back a report of the matter to Don Frederic, son of bloody Alva, he resolved to make an example of Naarden. Knowing the fiendish cruelty exercised in ordinary operations for the subjection of Holland, you may imagine what 'making an example" might imply. Meantime, in response to repeated promises of immunity, the town hastened to surrender, hoping by lavish hospitality to placate the enemy and condone the lunatic's offense; but the Spaniards, with cunning, treachery, and a devilish ferocity that makes our red aborigines appear saints by contrast, proceeded with their program immediately after rising from the sumptuous repast. The chronicle of the torture, outrage, and butchery that followed, beggars description; suffice it to say, that there was no pause until Naarden and its inhabitants had ceased to exist.

The Youth is an inveterate collector of picture postcards; views he has seen, those he expects to see, those he has never seen and never expects to see; all is fish that comes to his net, and he never tires of fishing. Perhaps, stops for postcards, palms itching for unearned gratuities, and Scoffy's hints that "it must be long past lunch time" comprised the greatest trials of Pater's "personally conducted" tour.

At all events, the idea of passing through Naarden without stopping for cards appeared, to certain youthful eyes, little short of inhuman; so the motorcar ceased its sport of dodging and winding through narrow streets and paused at the door of a likely-looking shop. These few minutes' delay contributed to the humiliation in store for us. We had entered through the outer and the inner town gates without incident, had threaded the intricate maze of streets, passed the first gate going out, and were just spinning

over the narrow bridge to make our exit through the last gate into the open country when there came a decided setback.

A *trekvaart* train loomed in front, occupying the whole road and bearing down upon us, Our sensations may be best described in the words of one of the ladies: "I felt as I did one night while learning to ride a wheel, when I glanced up suddenly to find myself looking into the face of a horse. Why, I just fell right off into the gutter." This simple expedient was denied us, and for one wild moment it looked as though our chauffeur intended to dispute the passage with the Dutch engine-driver; with one Dutchman pitted against another, total annihilation would have been inevitable. But calmer judgment prevailed; our driver threw on his brake and then backed up grudgingly until a bend in the road offered a chance to turn out. Meanwhile, engine-driver and fireman, leaning from the cab of the slowly advancing locomotive, joined the guards and the passengers in one grand, howling chorus, until they had exhausted the conversational possibilities of the occasion—as regards gibes and jeers—to the very dregs.

The *trekvaart* had "got even with us" at last! "Got even, good and plenty," the Youth complained. With chastened spirits we resumed our journey.

Now the country was again perfectly flat. In the fresh green lands of the Naarder Meer Polder, fine roads, straight as a die for miles, presented an opportunity for making time, and it was not many minutes before the exhilarating ride had revived our spirits. The little town of Muiden formed the only break in the journey; it, too, has earthworks and a moat, neither of them comparable with those of Naarden.

Near by, to the east, lies the old château Muider-Slot overlooking the Zuyder Zee.

At a few tiny booths refreshments were on sale for those who travel the highway. The conspicuous placard "Melkbier" taxed our ingenuity for some time, but we eventually decided it must mean draught beer.

The Watergrafsmeer Polder, and others, stretched away for miles on either hand. A canal along the road made its presence felt when our chauffeur had to slow down for bridges as the road crossed from one side to the other. Amsterdam's sky line showed on the horizon. Dusk was falling. The afterglow of a gorgeous sunset threw purple tones across the meadows and turned the canals and ditches into ribbons of gold. A slow-moving boat appeared in the foreground, with a woman and two children in harness on the towpath and the skipper at the tiller, contentedly puffing his pipe.

"What a picture!" "Isn't it perfect?" "Could anything be more beautiful?" Such were the enthusiastic comments.

"Yes, yes," admitted Scoffy, "it's fine. There is no use talking, it's fine! And," he added, pointing to the comfortable figure at the helm, "I see, as usual, 'everybody works but father!'"

At the journey's end our feelings must have approximated those of the traveler of coaching days when he drew near his hostelry at nightfall. The bugle's cheery notes heralded our approach to the hotel; grooms sprang to the horses' heads—no! my fancy runs away! —the *portier* sprang to the door of our car and, attended by the usual audience of gamins, grocer-boys and idlers, we descended, vastly pleased and richer by a fine experience; for we had seen the heart of Holland in every sense of the word.

CHAPTER V.

MOTOR TALK: GOOD-BY, DEAR HOLLAND.

OUR hired automobile was an unqualified success. It cost seventy-five florins (thirty dollars) for the trip; with the car at its normal capacity of six passengers this amounted to five dollars apiece. Though we carried no odometer it would be safe to say that we had traveled one-hundred and forty miles. Taking the railroad mileage of one-hundred and twenty (to include these same towns) at the very reasonable rate of six and one-half cents (Dutch) per mile for second-class fare, you spend seven and eight-tenths florins (three dollars and twelve cents) per person for railroad fares alone. This includes fourteen miles for an extra *trekvaart* trip to Muiden and Naarden, neither of which lies on the railroad. It would really be twenty-eight miles; but I split this amount to allow for lower fares on the *trekvaart;* a dozen other towns not on the railroad have not been included, and we may assume that—failing to use a motor—you would never see them.

Traveling by rail, you cannot hope to make our tour in less than two days, perhaps three; therefore, besides seven and eight-tenths florins for railroad fares you would have to add at least one day's hotel bills, to say nothing of hack fares in the cities, porters' fees and many general tips—which amounts, in all, to fully thirteen florins more. In other words, we pay about

half as much for our trip as you do going by rail; we see twice as much of both town and country and save one day, maybe two, over your allotted schedule. In addition, we are not bound by railroad time-tables, are our own masters in every respect, and are free from the petty cares and annoyances of travel.†

A car accommodating two or three people would cost about $20.00 a day in Holland. With only two to share the expense they might still make a saving over railway and hack travel, considering how much more they would be able to see in less time. Going abroad alone you are at a disadvantage, but one always is in such a case, being obliged to share staterooms and railway compartments with strangers, as well as to spend proportionately more for rooms, cabs, boats, guides, tips, etc.*

Rates for motorcars in France and Germany are about the same as in Holland; in England they are a trifle higher—some $25.00 for a small car, large ones in proportion. All these include chauffeurs' services and gasoline. You are expected to pay the chauffeur's board and lodging, but the cost is always reasonable, being charged at servants' rates, and in one-day trips there is only his lunch to provide. Of course, you must drive your own bargain carefully at each garage. Be sure you have a clear understanding as to the length of a day's run; Continental garages are likely to assume this as 100 kilometers, which is very low. We found 100 miles to be about the average of a comfortable day's trip, which seldom varies more than twenty-five miles either way from this distance; so it would

*The only safe way is to make up a party of four or five, either before sailing or among the many congenial travelers one always meets on the steamer.

†See Appendix, p. 350.

be wise to insist on an allowance of at least 150 kilometres as an average run.

It has been stated that motorists pay more at hotels than other guests. While there has been a tendency in this direction it is due principally to the fact that in the past motorists have demanded the best of everything. Where you hire a car after arriving at a hotel no such question should arise. If, in other cases, you ask the price of rooms beforehand, stating that you do not want the best in the house, and inquire about garage charges in case the hotel has a garage, you should have no trouble on this score. In fact, a reaction is setting it; many inns and hotels give reduced rates to members of certain automobile clubs. The "Guide-Michelin" and the "Guide-Routière Continental" which cover various European countries, are issued by the manufacturers of Michelin and Continental tires and are sensible hotel guides carefully compiled with an eye to fair prices and good service. It is advisable to telegraph ahead for accommodations, particularly in the case of small towns. Telegrams cost very little, abroad.

An open car gives the best view of the scenery but, unless you are accustomed to being in the sun all day, I should advise a car with a top of some sort for July and August. The top keeps out much dust, as well, and is desirable in case of sudden showers.

Where baggage is concerned, the party hiring a motorcar is much better off than one covering a long tour in a private car. The former may leave trunks and the like at a central base, taking only a minimum of light hand-baggage; the latter is often obliged to carry a suitcase for each person, which, assuming a large party, is excessive in weight and bulk and no end of trouble. It is wise to carry a "roll-up" with extra

wraps, raincoats, and a spare steamer rug or two. We frequently found such additional protection by no means superfluous in England, and quite necessary everywhere in case of rain. Don't forget dusters, goggles, caps, and motor-veils for the ladies.

Amsterdam, because of its location, its good garages, and for other reasons evident from my story, is the best center for Holland. We omitted Delft, The Hague, and Scheveningen, having recently seen them; but we could have included these and other interesting towns at the expense of one more day's motoring. I shall suggest favorable touring-centers in other countries. Even a moderately small town may, if it lies in the line of motor traffic, possess a good garage with a suitable car for hire. The location of such places may be obtained abroad at the local hotel, at city garages, at American newspaper offices, or through friends who are members of motor clubs. Files of domestic and foreign motor magazines, recent foreign hotel guides, and similar publications give, in both text and advertisements, many hints that may be useful in first planning your tour.

You must be the best judge of ways and means. Nor should you feel cast down if unable to find accommodation wherever you choose to go. The idea of this mode of travel is still new, and so the demand for machines may easily exceed the supply. You cannot see all Europe in one summer's trip, anyway, and very likely a later visit will show the effect of the growing demand for automobiles. Of the great nations, Germany is, perhaps, most backward in the general use of motorcars, but she is improving rapidly and cities like Frankfort are building up an immense motor industry.

The most satisfactory way of all may be to apply to

an automobile-tour agency, which not only insures your finding a car awaiting you anywhere in Europe, but also aids in choosing routes—even supplying a car with a courier-chauffeur, if desired.

It is time we said good-by to Holland. Of her people and their ways and customs, and the strong appeal they make to us of old Manhattan, I have perhaps said enough—of her history, her art, her culture and industries, I would not presume to speak. Her mode of agriculture may strike the traveler as curious, yet it is by no means unique. Our western deserts, in regions where soil is good but rainfall at a minimum, have been transformed into blooming gardens by just such a method. Whether one drains the soil by ditches and pumps the water out, or pumps water in and irrigates by ditches, involves the same principle. In one case you build canals and flumes to fetch your water; in the other, you build canals and dikes to keep it out. A simple method, though quite painstaking and arduous; but, in any event, pregnant with results.

Dutch architecture is unique and, excepting canals, *polders* and windmills, is the most characteristic thing in Holland. It is primarily a domestic architecture; excepting the English country-house (half-timbered, and otherwise) and our own Colonial, it is the one truly domestic style. It may be applied to modest town halls and the like, but even the Dutch realize its limitations and turn to the Classic in their more pretentious buildings. Dutch houses possess a certain quietness, and at the same time a picturesqueness and variety, which is very satisfying; they are not necessarily, fantastic or restless, and I cannot help wishing that we might see more of them in America.

The Germans have attempted to incorporate the somewhat similar gables of the German Renaissance into their public buildings, as in the new Leipzig Rathaus, with with poor success. In their rare incursions into Gothic and Renaissance architecture, the Hollanders have displayed a courage in dropping their old convictions that often demonstrates, and always promises, capacity for good design.

With the second return to Amsterdam our happy days in Holland were virtually at an end. A few more trips around town to pick up stray threads of sightseeing, dropped in favor of our excursions, a few hurried purchases of souvenirs and necessities, and we were fully prepared—though by no means anxious—to depart. It seemed as if we had spent a month in Holland, instead of a few days, so well had we learned to know and like it.

"Oh, dear! I feel as though I were saying good-by forever to all my ancestors," sighed Mater, as we settled ourselves in the train.

The whistle squeaked and the train got under way; watching for Hilversum and Amersfoort entertained us for a time. With Apeldoorn behind us, the German frontier was no longer far off.

"Children, that may be your last Dutch windmill," said Pater.

"Good-by," cried the ladies crowding to the windows.

"Good-by, good-by," they cried, throwing kisses to a group of astonished cows standing knee-deep in the grass.

"Good-by, dear Holland," called one Young Lady. Waving a last adieu to those green fields, she declaimed with spirit:

"Dear Holland, 'many thoughts are wed to thee
As hearts are wed.
Nor shall they fail, till to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed!' "

BOOK II.

The True Germany

CHAPTER I.

A NEW VIEW OF GERMANY AND A STOP-OVER AT OSNABRUCK.

WERE we to believe implicitly all we read, to assimilate it without the proverbial grain of salt, what a strange idea we should get of people and their ways. Newspapers and periodicals have, for years, given us a diverting caricature of Germany. They picture it as the land of the absent-minded professor, the stolid beer-drinking student, the commonplace housewife, the unimaginative law-ridden citizen. They leave us with the impression of a prosaic, consequential community, devoid of humor, and restricted in free thought and personal liberty to the last degree.

This total lack of romance and freedom they rashly impute to a great land of song and story; one unusually rich in folklore and folksongs, a home of the fairy tale, and scene of legends reaching back, age by age, until they are mythology,—a mythology more picturesque than that of the Greeks and Romans. Which country was it, I ask you, first recognized

the danger of overmuch learning and asceticism—recognized it to a degree that provoked the saying, "Who loves not wine, woman and song, remains a fool his whole life long?" And, lest I defeat my argument by seeming too serious, let me ask, what country boasts a witty eccentric to equal Till Eulenspiegel, or a droll sprite like Rübezahl, or a champion liar to equal Baron Münchhausen; what other country has decorated its tavern walls, for centuries, with a complete "Rubaiyat" of proverbs sparkling with happy humor and lacking entirely the fatalism of Omar's philosophy?

There are no so-called blue laws in Germany. It seems to me that we poor Americans (especially New Yorkers)—unable to buy a drink on Sunday or to make a bet at the races, unable to smoke on a street car platform or to demand a seat in exchange for our fare—should, above all things, beware of throwing stones lest we bring glass houses down about our ears.

Such laws as exist, the Germans naturally expect to enforce. German officials are always courteous when treated with courtesy, even affable, in most cases; but this does not prevent their remembering that they uphold the majesty of the law. Should you, failing to realize that the guard on a railroad train is a government officer, treat him and his suggestions with contempt, the mistake is yours. Just tell an American policeman to mind his own business when he asks you to move on, and you'll soon see what happens when you run counter to officialdom in any land.

Not even the Kaiser would employ that phrase, "the public be damned," so freely used and often so truly applicable in America. The German people say what they please and think what they please about the Kaiser. Of course, if a man is unusually offensive, or is an

anarchist or other dangerous political agitator, or a prominent person who, because of the very extent of his influence, should be more careful, he is apt to be quite promptly and properly clapped into jail for any lese majesty. Of their own volition, the Germans surround the person of their ruler with a certain unassailable dignity. If we in the United States did likewise, the recipient of our nation's greatest honor would perhaps sustain the dignity of the office of chief magistrate more carefully than has sometimes been the case; I believe we are also beginning to learn that unqualified fredom of speech is not always desirable, especially in cases where educated—and, presumably, enlightened—persons attempt to inflame the masses.

The Germany I learned to know was delightful and quite the reverse of the one usually pictured.

Of the great European countries which, should you think, extends the most cordial welcome to the English-speaking traveler from over seas? "England," you say at once. No, not England. Whether they still harbor 1776 or 1812 against us, or are jealous of our growing power, or whether they are simply displaying the fundamental coolness of the English manner is an open question; but certainly they are not cordial to us in England. "Well, then, France, the sister republic." No, not France, either; but Germany.

It is in Germany you find the welcoming greeting of frank hospitality. The sunny smile, the song upon the lips, the eager, painstaking courtesy, the ever ready wit—these things show that the Germans delight in the joy of living, and desire the traveler, whoever he may be, to share it with them. In Germany the innkeeper still clings to the old-fashioned custom of welcoming his guest, of personally looking after his welfare, and wishing him God-speed. Obviously glad to

see you, he makes you feel that he would be glad to see you again. In England the innkeeper acts as if he were doing you the greatest favor to take you under his roof at all, and appears not one whit concerned whether you come or go. This view of England is corroborated by the published statement of two of New York's leading hotel men who recently studied hotel life abroad.

So far as the quaint and the picturesque are concerned, you will meet them in Germany wherever you turn. No need to visit celebrated towns such as Nuremberg, Dantzic, or Rothenburg-on-the-Tauber. Generally speaking, the German village makes the average French village look bare, squalid and ugly—the average English village modern, hard and unattractive. There are exceptions in both countries, to be sure. England, for example, has certain well-known specimens of thatched cottage, certain carefully treasured relics of half-timber construction. Yet in Germany the most insignificant villages abound in these types of building, and in one day's run through the countryside you may see half a dozen half-timbered villages, to say nothing of many individual examples. It proved a complete surprise to me, as it may, perhaps, be to you.

This revelation of the true Germany makes me feel doubly fortunate in having been able to study the country from intimate view-point of the automobile. I had the privilege of riding in a private touring-car. Recalling the extent to which I have lauded the hired car, in a trip through Holland, you may be inclined to question the sincerity of my motives when I enlarge upon a trip taken by private motor. But a moment's reflection will prove that I could advance no more conclusive argument than by describing just such a trip and illustrating the thousand and one tasks and annoy-

ances to which the owner of the private car may be subjected. You have no doubt already made the deduction that my remarks pertain only to the owner of the car. Traveling as a guest in a private car is quite another matter—the acme of felicity, one might easily say.

My companions on these succeeding tours will be designated as they were in Holland, adding Bobbie, the chauffeur, whom we shall call by his Christian name notwithstanding all ethics of British "good form." I shall introduce Bobbie as the wearer of a smile which assumes an expression of injured innocence when a policeman inquires why we were going twenty-five miles an hour, but disappears in favor of a determined lower jaw when some fellow wants the whole road, or some teamster ignores universal custom and written law by declining to give way to a faster-moving vehicle.

We entered Germany, as we had Holland, by rail. The reason for this was directly due to the first series of difficulties confronting the owner of a car brought from America. Every country requires you to register your car, purchase a license, demonstrate or otherwise prove the efficiency of your chauffeur, and make a deposit sufficient to cover the duty due should you chance to sell your car instead of taking it home again. These requirements vary in different countries, but are generally as enumerated. Adding to all this red tape the expense of buying road maps, the bother of studying them, the uncertainty of finding a good garage at the landing place, the probability of being without the car for several days (if not a week) after landing, etc., it seemed hardly worth while to view Holland from our own car. We would have had time to see the whole country while waiting to get the car, since it would take but a few days to make a tour of Holland, and on

entering Germany we should have been confronted with much of the same sort of trouble. So the car was shipped to Hamburg, while we sailed on a Dutch boat and made our tour of Holland in a hired automobile.

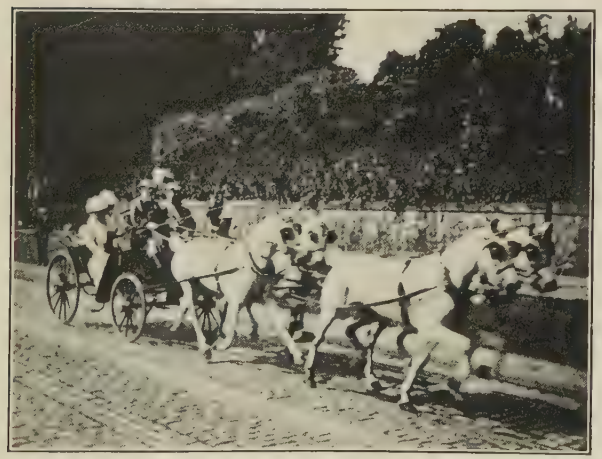
Pater, a member of the Automobile Club of America, could have enjoyed the courtesy of the Royal Automobile Club of London, which extends not only advice regarding ways and means and routes in England and on the Continent, but also issues a certificate of deposit to cover foreign customhouse requirements. But as England was not our first objective, he made application for membership in the Touring Club of France, whose triptyques simplify touring in both France and Germany.*

Having thus avoided red tape and delay in Holland, we found ourselves in the compartment of a German railway train. To break the ten hours' journey from Amsterdam to Hamburg, a stop-over of several hours was made at Osnabrück. The slight stop near the border for the customs inspection hardly afforded much of a rest, so quickly and politely did the officials pass our baggage; they opened only two out of fourteen pieces.

Though a flourishing town of fifty-one thousand inhabitants the prevailing note Osnabrück sounds for the visitor is that of antiquity. Once in the center of the town, we hardly needed Pater's admonition, "Please remember the bishopric of Osnabrück was founded by Charlemagne in 785," to make us realize the great age of the place. Presumably a ford or bridge of the Hase in the dim past, it grew to be an important fortress in the Middle Ages and a town of considerable size. Our cabmen drove for fully an hour through

*See Appendix, p. 350.

OSNABRÜCK: IN THIS RATHAUS THE PEACE OF WESTPHALIA WAS SIGNED. (*P.* 89.)



HAMBURG: "WHEN THE KAISER REALLY CAME." (*P.* 105.)

squares and crooked, narrow streets, lined with gabled houses centuries old.

Many dwellings had driveways leading to interior courts, the entrance being barred by huge wooden gates. Narrow thoroughfares paved with cobbles and frequently quite innocent of any sidewalk, crazy roofs and leaning fronts, overhanging gables, low stories and tiny windows (and, withal, the fact that the houses were in good repair and tenanted) gave a more vivid impression of a medieval town than we had heretofore received. The picture needed but a few gossiping housewives in old-time dress, a gay halberdier in leather jerkin, doublet and hose, flirting with a flaxen-haired *Fräulein,* and maybe the town crier announcing the next public execution—to take us back bodily some five hundred years. On second thought I should add dirty streets and a few bad smells to my inventory of requirements.

A sign *"Eingang zum Bischoflichen Palais,"* located the ancient palace of the archbishops. The high-roofed Gothic Rathaus (town hall) with its row of German emperors in canopied niches along the front, spoke for itself, as did the venerable cathedral with quaint towers and green copper roofs—a church too old to afford much display of architectural beauty, yet possessing quite a little fine, crumbling, Gothic tracery. In this very Rathaus was signed the peace of Westphalia, which put an end to the Thirty Years' War, one memorable August day of 1648; giving the whole of central Europe, laid waste by fire and sword, a passing chance to recuperate.

Down a fine vista of the Hase, with arching bridges and overhanging trees, we saw the Hasetor. Next we passed a hoary, gray, stone tower, an old landmark

converted, with its surrounding terrace, into that popular German institution, a coffee garden.

Our carriage turned into a broad avenue following the line of a pretty little park—the promenade on the site of the old fortifications—and presently we came to a piece of the city wall kept intact to preserve a memorial gate. Of far greater interest than the gate, was the adjacent section of the wall, carrying an enormous oak whose branches threw shade over a goodly space of ground. Loving hands had railed it off and propped up its giant limbs. How many generations it may have sheltered we can only conjecture, but certainly it was a more magnificent specimen than any we chanced upon afterward in England's New Forest or Sherwood Forest. Mater voiced the tenor of our thoughts, as she quoted:

"Woodman, spare that tree;
Touch not a single bough.
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand" ——

"Oh no, Mater," interrupted Scoffy. "All Holland is yours, and as much of France as you think necessary to qualify for your *'de,'* but we'll not allow you ancestors everywhere."

Traversing Grabengasse on the site of its sometime moat, we came upon the palace, a desolate looking building on a narrow street. It was not as old as we had expected; but, goodness knows! it looked decrepit enough across the bare courtyard, and very forlorn, as it stood there hemmed in by unwonted surroundings. Given human attributes, it must be pondering sadly on the ephemeral qualities of earthly

splendor, and the strangely eccentric march of human progress.

"Another 'palace without a king,' " said Mater. "I don't like them; they are entirely too mournful. Let's go back."

Most of the half-timbered houses had the whole front painted, beams and plaster alike, the wood generally picked out in a darker tint. While disappointing, I suppose it was a necessary sop to the modern life of the town. There were some exceptions, however, that showed the real thing. Notably three fine old Renaissance houses in Bierstrasse,* with carved fronts entirely of wood or with the plaster panels richly decorated in color; the wood had weathered till it was almost black and was quite on a par with that of the famous "Mahogany House" in Frankfort.

We were glad to have seen Osnabrück, for its own sake and for the sake of historical facts it called to mind. For example, the fact that Charlemagne, shortly after his coronation as emperor in the year 800, conquered and Christianized the Saxons, explained, in a measure, the surprising number of statues of Roland we afterward saw in the towns of western Germany. Few novels deal with the great man of the Dark Ages: "Passe Rose," by A. S. Hardy, a charming love story of Charlemagne's court, gives us but a meagre introduction to the emperor; on the other hand, Felix Dahn's "Bis zum Tode Getreu" (True unto Death) which draws a fine picture of the great emperor and of the early Saxons at home, has, I believe, never been translated.

Of men who have been accorded that supremely honored "great," Charlemagne presents the most heroic

*Strasse—street.

figure; statesman, soldier, scholar, judge, and teacher, general of fifty-three campaigns in less than forty years, he retained till death his majestic presence—seven feet of indefatigable, upright manhood—as well as the fire of those remarkable blue eyes whose glance, in anger, not many could endure.

RATHAUS.

ENTRANCE TO FREE PORT. (*P.* 93.)

HAMBURG.

CHAPTER II.

HAMBURG.

THE SECOND CITY OF GERMANY.

THE imperial city of Hamburg is a monument of modern commercial prosperity. Though destined from the first to become a great seaport, owing to her location at the mouth of the Elbe, that water highway for middle Europe, she experienced many trying vicissitudes. Her present supremacy dates from the establishment of steamer connection with America. The old Hamburg was a free city; the Hamburg of today is virtually a little republic, making her own laws and coining her own money. The governing body consists of eighteen senators elected for life, and one-hundred and sixty representatives having a tenure of six years, and from its own members the Senate selects two burgomasters for each year. The city is an independent member of the German empire, represented in the Bundesrath. After London and New York, Hamburg is perhaps the most important commercial city in the world; upwards of fourteen thousand seagoing vessels are said to enter its port in a year, the river Elbe contributing an additional nineteen thousand bottoms.* The free port with its huge wharves, docks, and stores, separated from the rest of the city by a customs line, is one of the great sights of Germany.

In the face of all this material excellence it is diffi-

*Statistics of the year 1900.

cult for the American traveler, hungry for evidences of antiquity or of historical import, to delve beneath the modern veneer for old Hamburg. This difficulty is considerably increased owing to the fire of 1842, which swept the city for three days, destroying practically all the oldest part; but once you get on the track of old sites and stray landmarks the search proves interesting. An awe inspiring phenomenon connected with the great fire was the ringing of church bells in the midst of the flames—attributed by some to curious physical causes, by others to the hand of an old sexton hemmed in by the fire.

Charlemagne, in the busy years succeeding his coronation, established a fort on the tongue of land between the Alster and the Elbe as a check to the Wends, those unpleasant barbarians who could not be tamed and refused to be chastened, and in 811 he erected the Hammaburg about where the Petri Church and the Johanneum stand today. At the time William the Norman was invading England, Hamburg boasted three castles:—that of the Saxon Duke Bernhard II, which replaced the old Hammaburg; a second one, to the southeast, about where Hopfensack Strasse runs, belonging to the archbishop of Hamburg; and a third, built by Duke Arnulf to offset the archbishop's power, on the spot where the present Nikolai Church stands. The street or square adjoining this church is called the Neuberg (new castle) to this day. Enclosing the triangular space thus formed ran the city wall, with a great wall tower on each of the sides. These are the three towers displayed on Hamburg's coat of arms.

The fashion set by William the Norman evidently found favor elsewhere, for Waldemar, king of the Danes, set out in search of conquests and laid siege to Hamburg for the purpose of exacting tribute. Think-

ing the movement would pay, he calmly built a castle just outside the city walls and proceeded to levy toll on the cargoes and trains of the good Hamburgers; his castle on the Feendsberg (enemies' hill) now corrupted into Venusberg, stood where Venusberg Street runs.

It was not the only quarter from which danger threatened, as a prosperous community of those days invited attack from all directions. The Vikings, for example, those dread North Sea pirates, never overlooked Hamburg in their marauding expeditions; and old records have it that the former meadows, now occupied by the Grasbrook section of the free port, were often dotted with the bleaching skulls of those daring Norsemen.

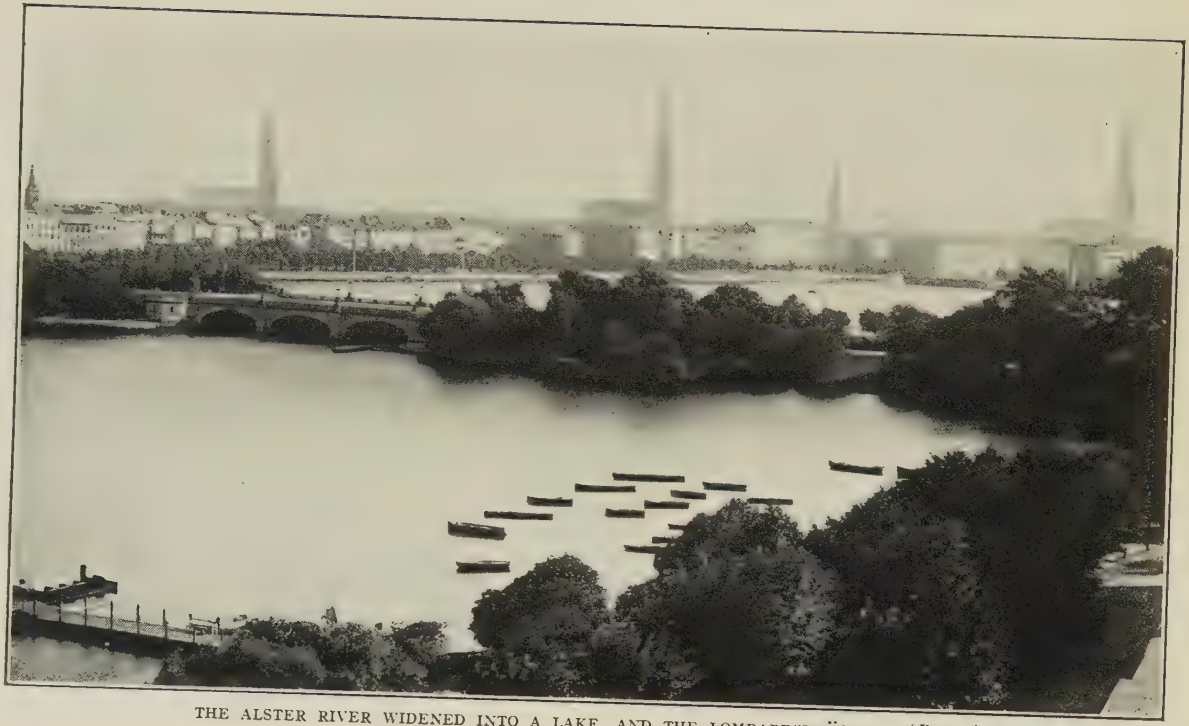
The suburb of St. Pauli was first settled by a colony of whalers and whale oil refiners, and the present church of St. Pauli was founded as a parish church to look after their religious needs.

The Danish castle at Feendsberg, however irksome it must have been, eventually made for the lasting profit of Hamburg, whose citizens succeeded in buying off the Danes; and this precious independence was subsequently acknowledged by neighboring potentates. In 1241 the Hanseatic League was formed (an offensive and defensive league entered into by the trading cities to protect themselves from the rapacity of neighboring powers) with Hamburg and Lübeck as the prime movers. In 1510 Hamburg, at last universally recognized as a free, imperial city, became the *Freie und Hansestadt* Hamburg and was enabled to enjoy some of the fruits of her ceaseless struggles. The wonder is that trade ever survived those dark ages and that the marauding nobles did not effectually kill the goose that laid the golden eggs.

The boundary of city walls was continually enlarged until it reached the line of the present circle of parks extending from the Bismarck monument, through the Botanical Garden, over the Lombardsbrücke to the Haupt Bahnhof, thence down to the Elbe. Later on the old walls were converted into streets, but may still be traced by their names, such as, Neuer Wall (new ramparts), Kurze Mühren (short walls), Lange Mühren and Bei Den Mühren. Along the park circle you can easily determine the names and locations of the various city gates by the names of the cross streets, such as Hafentor, Millerntor, Holstentor, Damtor, Ferdinandstor, etc., etc.,—the termination "tor" signifying gate.

That the city remained unscathed by the Thirty Years' War was due not to good fortune, but to good defenses. However, while annexed to France at the beginning of the nineteenth century, she suffered greatly at the hands of Marshal Davout when thousands of proscribed citizens, driven out of the town in bitter winter weather, perished of famine or exposure in the Heiligen Geist field and other environs. Facing the street between the cemeteries back of the Botanical Gardens stands a monument which marks the resting place of hundreds of these unfortunates, whose remains were gathered up and buried in one grave.

The names of the various market squares are interesting: Meat Market, Fish Market, Pig Market, Hop Market, Horse Market, Goose Market, etc. In the Goose Market (Gänsemarkt) stands a monument erected to Lessing in recognition of his activity in developing the early German opera and drama. Near by, at No. 27 Königstrasse, reached from the Gänsemarkt by an alley called Shirtsleeve (Hemdsärmel), stands the house where Klopstock, the famous



THE ALSTER RIVER WIDENED INTO A LAKE, AND THE LOMBARDSBRÜCKE. (*P.* 97.)

HAMBURG.

poet and satirist, lived many years. Not far away at No. 60 Speckstrasse is an old half-timbered dwelling, now a tenement, standing in the back court, and here the composer Brahms was born. Mendelssohn's birthplace, at Michaelis Strasse 56, is further south toward the Elbe. Hamburgers of old needed no trades' directory, as the queer names of the streets will testify; Baker's Street, Mill Street, Brewer's Street, Hopsack Street, Wheelwright's Way, Corn Carrier's Way, Coalyard Street—these are some of the characteristic appellations. Their like may be found in most German towns and cities. At Kugelsort (Cannon-ball Place) are some old timbered houses with carved inscriptions; Cat's Court (Katzenhof) is eloquent of the nightly trials of suffering humanity, and Adulterer's Way (Ehebrecher, now Ebräer-Gang) suggests old-time scandals. Steinstrasse is said to have been the first paved street in Germany, and was so known to the journeymen of the Middle Ages, though not sufficiently droll to be used as their characteristic sign for Hamburg. Instead, they used an old gravestone—formerly in the old cathedral and now in the basement of the Johanneum—which displays the picture of a donkey playing the bagpipes; its inscription, to the effect that "the world is topsy-turvy, that is why I, poor donkey, have learned to pipe," suggests, that as early as 1516, fashions and ideas had already begun to change too rapidly and unaccountably to suit some poor soul who employed this unique method of registering his protest.

So much for old Hamburg. Modern Hamburg is an attractive city; not only does the ring of parks add to its natural beauty, but the Alster river, widened into

a lake, makes a veritable park of the heart of the city. At the lower shore lies the business section which extends up the sides, in the guise of big hotels and fine office buildings, as far as Lombardsbrücke. Beyond this the lake is lined with handsome private houses (mostly detached), each adding its quota of garden and fine trees to the embellishment of the scene, and where the ferry crosses the upper end of the lake, is the Uhlenhorst section with its fine casino, a popular resort. Tiny steamers, making a round trip of the Alster, offer not only a pleasant outing but an effective means of traveling from one part of town to another, and the river affords opportunity for swimming, rowing, sailing and skating. Hamburg possesses strong attraction for the tourist in the shape of many arcades with small shops.

What concerned us most of all in Hamburg was getting possession of Pater's car. He had handed it over to a shipping agent in New York and had not seen it since; it is not necessary to employ a shipping agent,* but the possibility of being obliged to use a special crane because of the car's weight induced Pater to place the responsibility upon more experienced shoulders. Accordingly we had only to call on this agent's representative and ask for news of the big bundle which, shipped on the President Lincoln, had arrived before we did. But, though we had been in town several days, the "Spediteur," as the Hamburg agent was called, could only promise the car for Friday or Saturday. Finally Pater's big box was located in the hold and promised positively for Saturday morning, so you see it required nearly a week's time to unload.

---

*See Appendix, p. 351.

THE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS — THE PATRON SAINT OF SAILORS AND TRAVELERS.
HAMBURG.

Nobody was more anxious to get the auto than Bobbie who, most of the time, had wandered around like a lost soul.

"Having a good time, Robert?" Pater would say. "Like foreign countries?"

"Yes, Mr. Pater, they are all very fetching; but if I could only lay hands on that car of mine again, I'd be happy."

Scoffy and the Youth, nothing loth to see the free port again, had seven o'clock breakfast with Pater on Saturday morning. The agent sent his handy-man up to the hotel, armed with cotton waste, oil and gasoline, and, with Bobbie, we set out in a cab for the docks. Once through the customs line, we alighted at a little ferry slip, whence the boat took us to our particular *Hafen*. The handy-man, valuable just as a guide in that vast region of stores and shipping, carried the gasoline can in a sack for reasons readily imagined. At last the President Lincoln towered before us and, walking carefully to avoid the ton weights great cranes were lightly swinging from hold to pier, we soon spied a huge box labeled "THE ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY OF NEW YORK," "MORRIS' EUROPEAN EXPRESS." Whee! but it was good to see that name, Adams Express Company, after being away from all things American for nearly a month. We felt like giving it a cheer. The box stood on rollers, and a dozen longshoremen with bars soon pinched it down to the end of the raised platform, where a traveling crane set it on the ground. Then came the unpacking. Willing hands assisted, and the agent carefully saved every nut and bolt, for the sections of the box were to go to Southampton, whence the car would be shipped for home. Each side was a section, and they soon had the beauty out, spick and

span and ready for the road, with just a little dust upon her.

"I hope she go," remarked the agent; "so many foreign motors don't go right away."

"Well, you can bet a forty-dollar dog this one will go," retorted Bobbie, flushing at the insult to his favorite. The lubricating oil, which was very thick and dirty, demanded much straining and more swearing. "Well, if that's the —— oil they get over here, I don't wonder some cars don't go," quoth Bobbie; but it didn't take him long to fill the gasoline tank and get the motor humming.

Just as we finished unpacking, a guide came along with a following of open-mouthed "trippers" seeing the marvels of the Hamburg docks. The guide sidled up to Pater, asked a few hurried questions in a whisper, and then, turning to his audience, waved his cane and resumed his oration with great nonchalance.

"And this, ladies and gentlemen, is an American automobile, manufactured in the midst of *Amerika,* and just brought over from *Neu York* at incrrrrredible expense." The incredible expense, you may be interested to learn, was four hundred dollars for boxing, handling, and freight both ways.*

The next step was passing the double customs line. We whizzed along to the first one, picked up an officer who guided us to the second, where he left us to interview one of the chief inspectors of the port.

Pater gave his pedigree, presented his credentials and triptyques, and launched a few jokes suitable to the occasion, the inspector responding amiably, while his secretary made copious entries. Pater paid for his three-weeks license. The inspector came out to record

*See Appendix, p. 351.

a general description of the car, the maker's name, the factory number, the number of the motor, the horsepower, and the number of cylinders. Then he said:

"Here is your number tag. Put it on the back; a visiting car need not carry any in front. But fasten it on tight, for we will not give you another on this license, and you will have to surrender it when you cross the border." He playfully poked a package of cotton waste. "No liquors or cigars in here, hein? Nor any diamonds? Well, I'll say good-by. Take care of yourselves and have a good time." And with that we were through with the "dread German official" for good and all.

A day after our arrival the city resounded with the cry, 'Der Kaiser kommt! Der Kaiser kommt!" Everywhere men were busy decorating the streets and otherwise preparing for the imperial visit. He arrived by automobile and, one morning, Pater found that section of the best garage, where he had fondly hoped to locate, occupied by four white cars with the imperial monogram on their doors and little gold crowns surmounting the lamps. Pater felt huffed, but both the owner of the garage and the chauffeurs wearing the imperial maroon livery expressed their regret at ousting him. The latter invited him to inspect their cars, and permitted the Youth to test the softness of the cushions, that he might say he had sat in the Kaiser's car; and so our chief grew mollified, and remarked, maybe Rockefeller or Morgan would have put him out with less ceremony. We received a fair location in another part of the garage, though it was too crowded to suit us.

There being no palace in this "republic" the imperial yacht Hohenzollern, anchored off the St. Pauli landing stage, served as the Emperor's hotel. The

day passed in official visits, but for the ensuing evening a water fête and a grand reception to the Kaiser at the Uhlenhorst Casino were planned. The shores of the Alster Basin had been strung for miles with festoons of electric lamps in Japanese lanterns, and the parade of gaily illuminated boats, the red fire and the rockets furnished a fine spectacle.

Pater's friends had secured an invitation for him and the "gnädige Frau." Accordingly Mater donned her best gown and the elegant new hat she had immediately purchased on this pretext; and Pater dug his swallowtail out of the trunk. A honk at the door told that the motor was waiting. We all rushed downstairs to speed the departing guests and hurl our last jokes at them. Bobbie, the chauffeur, widened his happy smile by several degrees as he let in the clutch on his beloved car, and sent her along to her first imperial reception.

Hamburg has often been at loggerheads with the Kaiser. As often, perhaps, if not as irrationally as was the Prince of Reuss with old Emperor William; so this was the Kaiser's first visit in many years. We were, therefore, exceedingly curious to learn the issue. As a matter of fact it was a perfect love feast; expressions of mutual regard and good fellowship everywhere. In the absence of the Empress, ladies are not presented. Accordingly, only men were permitted to ascend to the gallery where the Kaiser was entertaining his friends, though the ladies obtained a very good view of him from the terrace below, as he stepped out upon a balcony to greet them; they were very enthusiastic, and stood on tables and chairs to get a close look. The daughter of one of Pater's friends eyed the Kaiser so sharply from her perch on a table, that he shook his finger at her, saying: "Young lady, if you

look at me like that my wife will be jealous." Pater, giving his version of the evening's entertainment, declared it a most informal affair. "I hung around Billie's elbow as long as I decently could, and yet give his best friends any show at all. Then I wandered over to the punch bowl, had a few smiles with my own friends and a sandwich or two, and strolled back again to hear a few more words of imperial wisdom."

And this, some American newspapers would have us believe, was the meeting of an arrogant, arbitrary despot and his servile, oppressed people. Who would be as gullible as the American public?

Next day Pater had a lot to say about "Me and the Emperor." Nothing serious, however, and scarcely worth Scoffy's gibe, "As my friend Prince Fuji Jama would say, 'Never were such very honorable ribs so close to sagacious forefinger which punctuates venerable joke.'" "Never mind, Scoffy," rejoined Pater, "Me and the Emperor *are* getting pretty close, nowadays, aren't we?" and then he began humming his fafavorite air from "Pinafore":—

"When I was a lad, I served a term,
As office boy to an attorney's firm,
I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor,
And polished up the handle of the big front door."

"And polished up the handle of the big front door," he repeated with gusto, as if it were true and he relished the recollection.

Sunday was race-day at the Horner track, not far from town. The Kaiser was expected to attend the races, and the Kaiserin was coming for this express purpose. She was a patroness, having donated the Auguste Victoria prize for officers, a steeplechase prize worth some thousands of dollars. The Crownprince

and the Crownprincess, as well as Prince Eitel Friedrich with his wife, were in town, stopping at the hotel next door to ours.

As the Empress was late in arriving, the Emperor, awaiting her at the station, was also delayed. Some of Pater's friends were driven to the track first and when the motor returned for us it had grown pretty late and the streets were crowded. We resorted to side streets as far as possible, but finally were obliged to turn towards the only highway; along this street, held open for the Kaiser, an army of police was busy keeping back the masses of waiting spectators. A despairing wail of our horn brought a dozen policemen to the spot and they good-naturedly let us in through the crowd.

"Go as fast as you like," admonished the captain, "only, get out of the way."

As we swung into that broad, empty roadway, and started off at a twenty-mile pace, the people, expecting their ruler *en automobile* and seeing little more than the glittering front of our big Packard, imagined the Kaiser was approaching. A group of school children raised the first shout, which swelled into a tremendous roar as it swept along the line; handkerchiefs waved, caps flew into the air, people craned their necks and split their throats in a royal welcome. And so, for a scant ten minutes, we rode between lines of cheering thousands, enjoying the rousing greeting accorded a ruling sovereign. Pater enjoyed it right down to the ground, as the saying goes; bowing right and left, gravely touching his cap in military salute, he needed all his strength of will to suppress the grin that threatened his dignity. I think he had about five years' fun in five minutes' time. As we drew up at the end of the line near the race track and the cheers had died

away, his eyes sparkled with indescribable merriment, and he murmured softly, "I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor, and I polished up the handle of the big front door."

Here we were stalled to await the arrival of their majesties. When the Kaiser really came it was in a carriage drawn by four white horses. Scoffy stood on a carriage-block and "snapped" him—at least, as much of him as was possible, between an effort to avoid the interposition of the Kaiserin's big hat, and anxiety to include all four horses.

The races were run on a turf track, a pretty setting for the interesting holiday crowd. The presence of royalty had brought out a galaxy of beauty very handsomely gowned, and the usual collection of military uniforms was augmented by the appearance of many officers of high rank. The officers' races and the sight of many officers entered in other races with professional jockeys, proved a special attraction to us.

During intermissions occupants of the grand-stand promenaded the track in front of the imperial box, and many gathered there, coolly inspecting the royalties and their suites through lorgnettes and opera glasses, to which rather marked scrutiny the Emperor and the others seemed politely indifferent. We had a very good view of all the great personages, both during the races and afterwards while they were departing. The Kaiserin is a fine-looking woman, and her hair, almost entirely gray, adds to the dignity of her appearance. The Crownprincess has a pretty, vivacious face, which seldom lacks a rather mischievous and very attractive smile; extremely popular with all classes, the people speak of her affectionately as "our" Crownprincess, rather than "the" Crownprincess.

The returning traffic was admirably handled. Police-

men stationed barely a hundred feet apart, kept every one moving steadily if slowly, and prevented any blockade. Noticing our impatience to get ahead of slower vehicles, policemen twice pointed out avenues of escape, but not in time for us to turn; had we known the city better we would doubtless have been able to seek side streets at once.

Some of our friends thought that the delusion of the populace regarding our identity earlier in the day, was largely increased by the car's lacking the customary local number on the front.

We saw a great deal of our friends and they made our stay most pleasant. Besides, Hamburg looked very beautiful from the balcony of our sitting-room on Neue Jungfernstieg, and the hotel was modern and comfortable. But Pater urged the resumption of the journey, so on the morning of the 23rd of June, accompanied by a bell-boy to show the shortest way out of town and get us headed along the proper road, we turned our backs on Hamburg. This unusual plan of giving dates is adopted for the benefit of those who might wish to make practical use of this book in planning a motor-tour.

Our plan was to strike south via Lüneburg and spend the night at Brunswick. This was no specially long run, but we had determined to see things comfortably and rationally and not let the speeding-fever get into our blood. Long before sailing from America we had purchased a set of Ravenstein's maps of Germany* and the routes chosen, as well as the daily stints, proved easily accomplished.

Before dismissing Hamburg entirely I wish to mention an amusing incident that occurred on our arrival. Having reached the city a day sooner than expected,

*See Appendix, p. 351.

OUR HOTEL ON THE ALSTER. (*P.* 106.)

THERE ARE MANY ARCADES WITH SMALL SHOPS. (*P.* 98.)

HAMBURG.

we were obliged to take rooms in a hotel on Alte Jungfernstieg. This street proved very noisy and Pater importuned the hotel keeper of whom he had ordered rooms, to let us have them as soon as possible. He was "willing to do all that could be done," but regretted that "the presence of a Japanese prince precluded the occupancy of two of the apartments."

"What!" exclaimed Scoffy, "my friend Prince Fuji Jama in town, and I didn't know it? I must try to see him at once."

But we got no sight of his highness, nor any trace of him. Though at first we believed him to be Scoffy's Japanese acquaintance of Amsterdam, we finally decided to class him as a picturesque example from the handy repertoire of myths hotel men employ to furnish plausible excuses. But when Mater was about to retire for the night, she found at the foot of her bed a pair of bright red, oriental slippers, much the worse for wear—a reproachful witness to our maligned landlord's truthfulness.

"Too bad we are not going to Berlin," commented Scoffy. "It would have been quite exciting to trace his highness' progress by his forgotten wearing apparel. With luck we might have found his diary, which I am sure he would write in 'Ingleese.' "

CHAPTER III.

HAMBURG TO BRUNSWICK.

JUNE 23RD—110 MILES.

LEAVING our hotel in Hamburg at nine a. m., we crossed the great bridge over the Elbe to the island of Wilhelmsburg, which lies between the Norder and the Süder Elbe, and is protected against floods by dikes. Here we left our bell-boy guide. We could undoubtedly have found our way alone, but Pater declared he would rather waste an hour in the country than lose ten minutes amid city traffic. Crossing the bridge into Harburg we had to pay toll; about forty pfennigs, I think—at all events no exorbitant sum.

Harburg, as old as Hamburg, owes its origin to the same source and to analogous reasons. Had Charlemagne presented a church and a castle to his fortress on the Süder Elbe instead of to the one on the Norder Elbe, probably today Harburg would be the world-renowned city of more than 800,000 inhabitants, and Hamburg, the manufacturing town of less than 60,000. On the other hand, the Black Hills of Harburg, properly fortified, might have forced King Waldemar to whistle for his tribute, in which event there would have been no purchased freedom, no proud, free city insisting on her rights; only a miserable town done to death by various would-be owners among the petty princes. Upon such slender threads have hung the scales inclining to present greatness.

We pushed on via Sinsdorf, Jehrden and Stelle to the little town of Winsen on the Luhe. Our road skirted a canal which, with the low country reclaimed from the Elbe, reminded us of Holland's *polders*. Beyond Winsen the country grew higher and we began to find pine woods on either hand. Soon we passed the forestry of Habichtshorst. Wherever the ruthless axe had bitten sections out of the forest, stood carefully planted fields of young growth, like a countless collection of miniature Christmas trees; their pretty, blue-green needles hid the scar on the landscape, while their sturdy aspect gave promise of closing the gap entirely some years hence. We noticed wood-cutters at work felling new sections, and all along the road met huge, bare poles on their way to sawmills, or to spots where rafts are built for a voyage down the river. Often, to economize labor, one driver of a four-in-hand moved a train of two or three big logs. Notwithstanding this heavy trucking, the roads were in splendid condition.

A sudden turn brought us on a sextet of mounted army officers. They drew aside to let the car pass, and though they tried to do their bounden duty in scrutinizing the ladies, the antics of their spirited horses interfered. As the automobile swept past, up the hill, our last glimpse showed the agonizing spectacle of their leader trying to fix a monocle in his eye while his restive thoroughbred danced on its hind legs.

We whizzed through the fragrant forest which raised its tall trunks in perfect alignment at either side. No trace of underbrush impaired the park-like appearance; neither mark nor blemish marred the absolute uniformity except, here and there, a blaze indicating a section to be cut. Now and again a broad fire lane crossed the road at right angles and van-

ished downhill, giving a fleeting glimpse of distant country. These pine woods extended nearly to Bardowieck; and from exclamations of surprise, Scoffy resorted to caustic remarks about a congressional committee which, going abroad to inspect the German work of forest culture, returned only to report that it was all very fine—but there was, as yet, no need of taking such trouble in America.

Bardowieck, once a great trading city, was destroyed by Henry the Lion in 1189, in the very year Hamburg was pleading with Emperor Fredrich Barbarossa (the grand old man among emperors of the Holy Roman Empire) for special privileges of self-government; these, though once purchased at a heavy price from the marauding king of the Danes, had saved her from Bardowieck's fate.

The town of Brunswick (Braunschweig) toward which we were heading, first became known as the stronghold of this same Duke Henry the Lion of Saxony, one of the Guelfs—a high-handed, quarrelsome fellow who caused Barbarossa no end of trouble and was finally impeached, in the Diet, by Conrad of Hohenzollern. Conrad was burgave of Nuremberg, one of Barbarossa's right-hand men, and the pioneer of that house of Hohenzollern whose descendant is now king of Prussia and German emperor. Kaiser Friedrich Barbarossa grew tired of Henry's machinations and overthrew him in 1180, which put an end to the powerful duchy of Saxony; though it did not, apparently, do more than clip Henry's wings and confine his warlike proclivities to a limited area. It seems strange that descendants of Henry and of Conrad are now cousins, and respectively king of England and ruler of the German empire.

Approaching Lüneburg we crossed a portion of the

well-known Lüneburger Heide (moor). It was too early for the purple heather to be abloom, and though the Young Ladies sang "Röslein, Röslein, Röslein roth, Röslein auf der Heide" in most fetching tones, not a single wild rose came to view. But there were flowers galore in Germany; wherever we traveled the scarlet poppy and the blue cornflower grew by the wayside in profusion. Among the stalks of yellow grain they twinkled as far as the eye could penetrate and, where the wheat was short or sparse, whole fields were red or blue with them, or both red and blue. Neither France nor England showed their equal. They lend to the landscape a bright, happy charm not easily described. It is a wonder to me that the German national colors are not red, blue and yellow.

A pretty picture, too, the women make as they work in the fields with the men. Anywhere between the ages of six and sixty you may find them engaged in agricultural pursuits. The younger ones are generally pretty. They go barefooted as a rule, and had they worn shoes their skirts would scarcely have reached their shoe-tops; their fine throats, and firm round arms exposed to the elbow, show the summer's tan, but sunbonnets protect their rosy cheeks, and from this shelter red lips and flashing teeth, dimples and merry blue eyes show at their best. "Maud Mullers," Mater dubbed them, as they paused in their work to lean upon a rake and watch us, or to wave or call a cheery greeting.

"Yes, yes, boys," remarked Pater, "this is beautiful, picturesque Germany. Now, if I were a young man like you scamps, the —— er" —— catching sight of Mater's expectant face, he concluded, "the auto wouldn't go so fast; that's all I can say."

Lüneburg is a quaint old town with many gabled

houses in which each story, supported on curiously carved brackets, projects beyond the one beneath. We passed the Nikolaikirche and got a glimpse of the towering spire of the Johanniskirche, and of the Rathaus with its odd, buttressed Renaissance front and hipped roof surmounted by a belfry. The Youth tarried so long for postcards that Pater vetoed a stop to look at the medieval paintings and carvings treasured in the Rathaus. Lüneburg, later a Hansestadt (Hanseatic city), was, with its dependencies, one of the ancient inheritances of the Welf, or Guelf, family.

Departing southward we again traversed a section of the *Heide,* and the ladies, at this early season, once more scanned the heath fruitlessly for *Heidenröslein.* But the "horrid men" discovered something they declared more interesting, and that was peat-cutting; in many boggy places neat squares of peat had been cut and piled up to dry. At Melbeck we branched to the left and followed the Ilmenau river as far as Bienenbüttel. Here we took the wrong turn, crossing the river on one of those queer stone bridges that rise high in the middle of the span, forming an actual hill. The poor condition of the road made us suspect an error, and inquiries proved we were off the highway, so, back went the car, over the hilly bridge—to the round-eyed amazement of a barefoot *Gänseliesel* who had much ado to keep her geese in order in the face of such a monster.

"Liesel, liebes Liesel, was raschelt im Stroh?
Sind die kleinen Gänschen, sie ha'n keine Schuh,
Schuster hat's Leder, kein' Leisten dazu,
D'rum kann er dem Gänschen auch machen kein' Schuh."

One of the Young Ladies hummed this old German lullaby with which Humperdinck begins his opera

"Hänsel und Gretel." "I think it's so comical," she added, "to impute the wearing of shoes to geese when the little girls who tend them probably never owned a pair." In "Koenigskinder," Humperdinck makes us acquainted with the goose girl and with the lovable character and idol of the children, *Spielmann*—the village fiddler—living representative of the minstrel of old, once idolized by grown-up children. The Castles discovered *Spielmann* for us years ago, but he is not necessarily the *old* man they depict.

Passing through Jelmsdorf, Taeterdorf, and Kirchweihe, we drew into Uelzen. "Aha!" cries Pater, "well figured, eh, Bobbie? Uelzen and lunch time. Besides, the trumpeter is anxious to wet his whistle." And he raised his horn for a long blast with an extra flourish.

He had, as you may gather, purchased a horn somewhat similar to the one we had seen in Holland, and it proved very useful. A peasant driving a rattling cart often failed to hear the usual deep-toned honk of an auto-horn, but with our bugle we could "fetch" him over half a mile away. Pater had become quite expert at working the four tubes and two pistons, and his efforts elicited the small boy's applause everywhere.

At Uelzen we drove to the Stadt Hamburg, a large, well-kept inn; its plain exterior is redeemed by tables along the wall, each in an alcove of trellised ivy. A step through the hospitable portal discloses a spacious staircase, with landing and double, upper flights, leading to a ballroom on the second floor. One is reminded not only of stairs in colonial mansions of Virginia, but also that our old roadhouses often boasted ballrooms patronized by the neighboring gentry. On the ground floor is a large taproom whose dais has tables where the *Stammgäste* (original or long-stand-

THE OLD MILL.

HOTEL STADT HAMBURG. (*P.* 114.)

UELZEN.

ing patrons) may quaff their potations in envied and undisturbed complacency. Further back, is a series of alcoves in one of which we enjoyed a simple, but excellent, repast; potatoes and kale done to a turn, sugar peas, delicious roast vension, fine coffee and good local beer. Well-known German wines were at our disposal; even real icewater appeared by special request. Often, in cathedral towns of England, was there occasion to regret the distance separating us from the good, appetizing fare provided in most insignificant German towns.

The one regret at Uelzen was that our idea of lunch time, noon, did not agree with mine host's by a good three-quarters of an hour; we might have profitably employed this interval at Lüneburg, admiring the treasures in the Rathaus. The time was not quite wasted, however, for the ladies had a chance to look over the house as well as furbish up their dusty plumage, while Pater quizzed mine host and two motorists (General Somebody and his secretary Herr von Somebody Else) regarding roads and routes, and received much information, courteously given. Scoffy and the Youth amused themselves diving into quaint alleys and queer driveways, which never betrayed the slightest indication where they would emerge.

As an aid to digestion, a walk about town was undertaken, which resulted in the discovery of a little twelfth century church, seldom visited by strangers, shown to us by the pastor himself, and containing a number of interesting antiquities. Every street displayed examples of venerable gabled houses, whose timberwork was often covered with carved inscriptions commemorating special events in the owner's life, accompanied by Biblical and religious allusions, and seldom failing to ask a blessing on the home. In-

deed, all through Germany, such inscriptions abound, in town and country, on house and barn alike. Of the few examples in England, perhaps the God's Providence House, in Chester, will be best known to the reader; and this is not as quaintly personal and ingenuous as most of those.

From Uelzen a splendid road led via Holdenstedt, Sprackensehl and Gross Oesingen, to Gifhorn. It carried us through fine forests—Forst Breitehees and the Maseler Wald—and through the moors of Brutlags Heide. Gifhorn is a little old place slumbering peacefully where the Ilse flows into the Aller; a weatherbeaten castle overlooked the jumble of tile roofs and timbered gables, and as we approached, the rusty vane on its one square tower would have been the only moving object in sight had not its creaking revolutions started up some rooks from the eaves below.

The town looked like a section of old Nuremberg or of Rothenburg-on-the-Tauber, gone astray and fallen asleep at this scheduled spot. We did meet a few people in the streets at first, but when we had lost our way—having made a detour on account of street repairs—there was not a soul in sight, and we had to inquire at a house. A barefoot boy, who came rushing out at the sight of the stopping car, conquered his astonishment long enough to point out the *"Chaussée nach Braunschweig,"* and an old crone who happened along, drawing an enormous load of brush and fagots, confirmed the child's directions. The lad appeared to regard her with suspicion, seeming more afraid of her ugly wrinkled face than of the huge car with its roaring motor. As this was the land of Grimm he may have thought himself in the midst of a fairy tale, for his wide-open mouth and wondering eyes seemed to

INSCRIPTION ON HOUSE AT UELZEN. (*P.* 115.)

"Even though the face of Heaven and all nature change, he will not be forsaken who trusts in God the Lord.

"In prosperity do not exalt thyself, in adversity do not despair; for good is the man who can bear all misfortune."

express a query which of us would vanish first, and *how;* would the car, with the ogres in goggles and the fairy princesses becomingly veiled, fade into thin air, or would the old hag suddenly fly away on a broomstick after the manner of all well-behaved village witches? When we started off with a honk and a rush he scuttled back into the house.

It is quite evident that the older generation of peasants regards an automobile with some superstition—an omen of bad luck, if nothing worse; many may be seen to cross themselves, or spit in the road, or throw a stick or stone over the shoulder. This is not surprising when one considers the light in which even well-informed people of other days regarded the steam railroad for some years after its introduction. Some of our relatives abroad could not be bribed to ride in an automobile; and many people remember great-aunts and grandmothers who would not for the world have ridden in those early railroad trains, and who were not ashamed to admit it.

Not so with the younger generation; I fear you could abduct any youth or maid in all Germany with the lure of an "out-o" ride, as they call it. The famous Pied Piper would have had a much easier task and a more expeditious fulfilment of it, had he possessed an automobile large enough to accommodate the children of Hamelin.

Shortly beyond Gifhorn our road crossed the Aller Canal and the railroad to Hanover. Crossroads now become very frequent, but by keeping straight ahead we had no trouble in making Brunswick, arriving at about four-thirty after a pleasant run of one-hundred and ten miles' actual travel, the map mileage being one-hundred and eight.

CHAPTER IV.

BRUNSWICK.

JUNE 23RD.

SOME fortunate people there are who, by a dispensation of Providence, seem elected protegés of Clio; to them the wonderfully and fearfully made tablets of the world's history are clear as day; facts, figures, dates, descents, epoch-making events and interminable pedigrees, roll from their tongues as easily and unaffectedly as one might say who Richard Mansfield was, or state the record for the hundred-yard dash. They will tell you who was crowned king of a certain country hundreds of years ago, and when and why and where, as readily as you or I could announce that June is the month of roses, or that oysters should be eschewed between April and September.

We others, ordinary mortals, are guiltless of anything save a vague recollection of facts relentlessly drummed into us at school but soon forgotten; in us, fair Clio hardly inspires even a little curiosity. But when she points her finger at Brunswick the most unmindful displays a certain amount of interest; granting you are indifferent to the fact that Henry the Lion (whose history is inseparable from that of the city and duchy of Brunswick) is one of the forebears of the present reigning house of England, still another test awaits you.

Probably your first pilgrimage in this town of Welfs will lead to the venerable cathedral. Burg Dankwarderode's striking tower is visible at quite a distance; its overhanging gallery, directly below the peaked roof, carries you back at a bound to the Middle Ages because of its sinister purpose—to enable the besieged to pour hot tar, scalding water, boiling oil or molten lead upon the heads of the besiegers. Dankwarderode is now but a fragment of the castle erected, in 1180, by Henry the Lion to replace the original *Burg* (castle) said to have been founded in 861 by Dankwart, son of Duke Ludolf of Saxony. Passing around the end of the *Burg* you enter the Burgplatz,* appropriately framed on two other sides by the cathedral and a group of fine, old, timbered buildings; of these latter, the Gildehaus (Huneborstel Haus) dating from 1536, is remarkable for its florid color decoration. The strangest feature of the square is on the grass-grown triangle in its center—the bronze statue of a lion, erected by Henry the Lion in 1166 as a symbol of his supremacy. Viewed face to face it resembles some strange bird rather than a quadruped; of what species, it would be hard to say, yet undoubtedly a bird of prey and, as such, singularly characteristic of Henry as well as of many other "rulers by the grace of God" during these parlous times.

You are now free to devote attention to the cathedral of St. Blasius. The sacristan's little daughter unlocks a door in the west portal with a huge iron key, preceding you into a dark, damp vestibule under the organ loft. As you pause for a moment to accustom your eyes to the gloom, a dank, crypt-like odor assails your nostrils, a chill strikes to your very bones

*Platz—square.

CENOTAPH ON SIDE OF CATHEDRAL. (*P.* 130.)

"BURGPLATZ, FRAMED BY FINE OLD TIMBERED BUILDINGS." (*P.* 120.)

BRUNSWICK.

and you feel as though you had inadvertently stepped into a tomb. The church is an epitome of everything medievally German: the defunct Holy Roman Empire claims it for its own. The Romanesque vaulted nave, borne on columns, dates from the twelfth century; the double Gothic south aisle was added in the fourteenth century; the north aisle (also double) with its curious twisted columns suggestive of Lombard influence, in the fifteenth. The south transept, the choir, and the apse show the original Romanesque mural painting of the beginning of the thirteenth century.

In monuments and relics the church has also furnished important contributions to the history of art. The monument to its founder (Henry the Lion) and his consort Matilda, is a Romanesque work from the middle of the thirteenth century, the remarkable altar being a gift of Matilda's and the strange seven-branched candelabrum a present from Henry. The south transept contains curious, carved wood figures, a drinking-horn of Henry's, a crozier, Gothic monstrances, etc.; the north transept has a stone sarcophagus (that of Henry's grandmother) and more wood carvings—crucifixes and passion pillars, with figures displaying grotesque postures or horrid, gaping wounds—strange, ghastly, horrible. Yet the antiquary and the archaeologist might gloat over them. With a feeling of relief you escape the clutch of that dead empire and descend into the crypt where the collection of modern coffins looks positively cheerful by contrast.

The coffin with the glass tube and indicator, pointed out as belonging to a duke who was afraid of being buried alive, seems quite "human" and modern and far less gruesome than some of those crude, barbarous figures above. It must not be inferred that the dukes

of Brunswick were afraid of death; among the forty-five persons entombed here, nine of the men fell on the field of battle. The recitation of their guttural names and of the places where they fell becomes monotonous, so you turn for a reinspection of the huge double coffin containing the remains of Frederick the Great's parents-in-law, and mentally vote it an unpleasantly conspicuous display of the panoply of death.

Perhaps at this juncture the little guide will lisp some words about the "queen who died of a broken heart." Ha! what's that? Here is something for your money. Who died of a broken heart, and why? You approach the coffin indicated, and it gives you a start to read upon the plate, half hidden by withered wreaths and dead rose-leaves, the words "Caroline of Brunswick, wife of King George IV of England."

Right here, unless I fail miserably in my prediction, you begin to display a lively interest in history, and do not rest until you have found out all about poor, simple, ingenuous Caroline. Amid shouts, the blare of trumpets, and salvos of artillery, she left her home to become the bride of the "first gentleman of Europe." It was not a love match; but neither George, nor any other prince of the time had the right to expect one. She possessed no great beauty, nor even wit; but she was kindly and bright and generous, and she would have loved him—drunk as he was the very day he married her, and dissolute and faithless ever after. Though she resorted to follies and extravagances in retaliation of his desertion, no wrong has ever been justly imputed to her; and, certainly, the "first gentleman of Europe"—petted and spoiled beyond all reason and, apparently, out of all his own reason, by the English people—owed at least formal courtesy and considera-

tion to the Princess of Wales, his wife. When forcibly denied admission to the coronation ceremonies of her husband, the last straw was added to her burden and her heart gave way.

George's mother wished him to marry another cousin—beautiful Louise of Strelitz, famous later on as the unfortunate Queen Louise of Prussia—but financial considerations determined the choice. One is tempted to speculate whether Louise would have fared better or worse than Caroline. Reason says, "probably worse," for lack of unlimited money pinched George more than many another thing.

Moreover, beauty and wit did not always contribute to a happy solution of these complex situations. For example, another George (first of his name to rule England) married the great beauty, Sophia Dorothea of Zell; rich, witty, attractive and accomplished to a great degree, surely she should have been able to consort amiably with a husband who was shrewd, quiet, good-natured, and reasonably faithful as morals went in those days.

But no! She finds him cold and unsympathetic; declares she loathes him, yet is, at the same time, insanely jealous. What with her heartaches and exaggerated wrongs, she foolishly encourages an admirer of childhood days, Philip of Königsmarck, an engaging youth who had already figured as heavy villain on another stage. Repeated warnings from her quiet husband and his parents have no effect, and she carried her imprudence to the point of planning an elopement with young Königsmarck during her husband's absence. This was the end: the youthful villain, betrayed by another woman to whom he had been making love, is killed resisting the soldiers sent to arrest him; and beautiful Sophia, divorced by her husband, had to

spend glorious youth as well as the rest of her days, immured in the castle of Ahlden—thirty-two dreary years.

Not all these romantic tales are sad ones; George III, for instance, was more fortunate. They say he chose the little Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz simply because he admired a letter she had written; chose her, and promptly sent for her. She was playing in the gardens at Strelitz, so the story goes, discussing sweethearts with the other girls. "Who will take such a poor little princess as me?" she exclaimed. A postilion's horn sounded, and one of the girls cried, "There is the sweetheart!" And so it proved, for the messenger brought letters which stated that the king of England wanted her for his wife. Needless to say she agreed gladly, and they were the happiest couple there ever was.

Again, we have George II, who married Caroline of Anspach, a beauty renowned for wit and learning, who, for the sake of her Protestant religion, refused an archduke—a future emperor. She worshiped her husband and was a most faithful and devoted wife; and he, though anything but faithful, really admired and loved her very much, too, in his selfish way.

Ah, me! what stirring times of adventure and romance; what golden hours of love gone to waste for those who were too proud, too dull, too blind, to see and understand. "If Youth But Knew!" as the Castles so aptly phrased it. Have you ever read their charming tales of romantic Germany?

Had we made a slight detour, we might have come to Braunschweig via Zell (Celle) and seen there the ancestral home of the beautiful Sophia Dorothea—a former castle of the dukes of Brunswick-Lüneburg. She lies buried in the vault of the parish church at

Celle, which—strange coincidence!—also contains the remains of the Danish queen, Caroline Matilda. By birth an English princess, this queen ruined her life through indiscretions with a court physician and was, likewise, banished from her kingdom. Moreover, that gloomy palace in Osnabrück, that "palace without a king" which so depressed us, was where George I of England died. Perhaps Sophia Dorothea's ghost came there to vex him; perhaps it is stalking there yet—the true cause of the chill, distressing atmosphere which pervades the place.

Had we been blessed with Clio's favor and its attendant insight into things historical, we should undoubtedly have gone some two hours further out of our way, and have visited not only Celle, but also the town of Hanover, before driving to Brunswick. There we should have seen the palace and gardens of Herrenhausen—this miniature Versailles of manners and morals well-nigh incredible to our twentieth century ideas—where the electors of Hanover and the Georges of England aped prevailing fashions. The present province of Hanover, you see, runs all around the duchy, or state, of Brunswick, which resembles a little group of Brunswick islands in the corner of a big sea of Hanover.

What a fraud! you exclaim. The idea of taking us to Brunswick and then palming off on us the history of Hanover. Yet this very thing illustrates a point I am anxious to explain. The story of Germany, of the Holy Roman Empire, or of any part of it, is a dreadfully complex affair. One cannot undertake to tell any of it without putting the cart before the horse, and another horse in front of that cart, and so on, till you have a complete circle of them. The hardest puzzle ever devised does not offer half the difficulty. It

reminds me of the well-known puzzle "pigs in clover": you chase one pig into the pen and the others get away; then you go after the others, and the first one escapes you. The name, too, seems ludicrously appropriate, at least in many instances; though it hardly applies to the earlier princes who were, rather, wolves in the sheepfold. As such, they held no sinecure either for there were other wolves galore, and the whole game was played to the rule of "might is right."

English history is child's play in comparison. But then, the story of the Holy Roman Empire was, one might almost say, the history of the civilized world for many long years after Charlemagne—England being an insignificant little place beyond the pale of society.*

However, let us summon up courage and make a start somewhere in the history of the Welfs; being dukes of Bavaria they were very big wolves in the fold, as were the dukes of Saxony. A certain Welf (Henry the Proud) married the daughter of Lothar of Saxony. Now this duke of Saxony was a candidate for the imperial throne, and his son-in-law helped him to get it. What more natural, than that Lothar should present the now vacant duchy of Saxony to his useful son-in-law? Thus the Welfs first came to Saxony and Brunswick.

Lothar had a continuous fight against the rest of the big wolf pack, to hold his throne. When he died, the opposition elected their emperor, who at once put

*For a long time the duke of Normandy (a small person compared with a Holy Roman emperor) held a much more powerful and desirable position in the world than the king of England. Indeed, it was not till the time of Edward III's victories in France that England was favored with general notice—not till long after these, that she really became a world-power.

Henry the Proud under the ban, and presented Saxony and Bavaria to some of his own adherents—provided they could take possession. A foxy strain, you see, in some of these old wolves. During the struggle Henry died, leaving a ten-year-old son, Henry the Lion. The senior Henry's widow married again; this formed a basis of adjustment: her second husband getting Bavaria, and her son the duchy of Saxony. So far, so good. But young Henry the Lion, son of a "proud" father, would not rest content; having made conquests and gained adherents, he began to consider himself bigger than the emperor. Unfortunately for Henry, the emperor was now the great red wolf, Barbarossa, master of them all. Barbarossa had inaugurated courts of justice, a novelty in those days, and had displayed a certain amount of consideration for the small wolves—nay, for the very sheep. Consequently, when he marched on Henry, the latter's friends fell away, and "the lion" had to bow to his master.

Saxony, taken from him, was divided; he retained only Brunswick and Lüneburg. In search of support and aggrandizement, he married Matilda, the daughter of Henry II of England, and from this union sprang several sons, one of whom was named William. William's son Otto was the first duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg; Celle and Hanover were added to this duchy and her rulers afterward became electors of Hanover. Thus it is that the English house of Hanover were Welfs and first came from Brunswick. Eventually another line, Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, reigned over Brunswick.

George I was even closer to England, as his mother, electress of Hanover, was a granddaughter of James I. Being the nearest eligible Protestant in the succession, George was called from his electorate of Hanover

to the throne of England. A German king, unable to speak a word of English, who roared his sonorous German—God save the mark!—in the palace of St. James; truth to tell, it was good German, the Hanoverians being noted for the purest diction and pronunciation in all Germany. Poor England! with her Normans, Welsh, Scotch, Dutch, and Germans—how long it is since she has had an English king!

A truce to these dry tales. After all, we entered Brunswick, not as students, but as tourists out for a holiday, and such let us remain. A bridge over the moat at the Wendenthor brought us into the town. This moat is really a branch of the Oker river which has been divided and, after encircling the town, is permitted to reunite and go on its way rejoicing; water was once of greater importance strategically than it now is commercially. We followed the trolley-tracks to the Hagenmarkt and not seeing our hotel, the "Deutsches Haus," pushed on to the next square, where we found it. This was our usual mode of entering or passing through most of the larger towns, and it is a good one; when you see a trolley-track, follow it; it will almost invariably lead to the market place.

On the market place, or near it, you will generally find the principal sights and the best hotels or, in small places, the only ones. Of course, this plan does not apply so well in large cities, but even here it pays to follow the trolleys, as they usually lead to the center of the town. On the Markt (market place) or on the main street, you will always find policemen or citizens to direct you. Should you desire to pass *through* a fairly large town or a small city it is always advisable to find your way to the market or the city hall, first of all. Once there, ask for the street leading to the next

town *en route*. It is best to inquire repeatedly, for similar names and landmarks, or your failure to recognize landmarks given, may mislead you.

The "Deutsches Haus" is centrally located and has many windows overlooking the Burgplatz. A hatrack garnished with swords and belts and many-colored military caps first called our attention to its army patronage. This alone is, in Germany, a sign of excellence, as the best hotel is none too good for the officers. A few years ago we should have seen, across the square, the old buildings of the Pauline convene; but they have been razed, and we could only trace the outline of arch and vaulting on the walls of the adjacent structures. The débris was covered, not —as you might conjecture—with a growth of weeds, but with a beautiful, purplish mantle of flowers, reminiscent of the buried cloister garden.

Braunschweig is a treasure house of half-timbered buildings, surpassing Osnabrück in this respect. Certain vistas of its tiled roofs with crazy gables, dormers, eyelets, and chimney-pots, in endless variety, recall the famous views over the roofs of Nuremberg and of Meissen. Scoffy and the Youth took great delight in losing themselves among narrow, winding streets and alleys overshadowed by venerable gables and queer, leaning, timbered walls. They managed to escape from the maze only with the aid of various church towers, and of the post-office, always an easily recognized landmark because of its crowning framework to which all the telegraph wires in town converge.

With this wealth of medieval dwellings adorned by many an old motto, it is perhaps natural the citizens should have preserved a decidedly "Gothic" turn of mind; travelers who have had the opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted, assert that the towns-

folk's firm belief in fairies, witches and goblins, in omens, proverbs, and quaint superstitious customs is remarkable. At the same time, a frank, innate humor and mother-wit make their superstition appear almost convincing. Indeed, the Lüneburg district just traversed has contributed largely to fairy and folk lore, being specially noted for its *Heinzelmännchen*—a kind of brownie or friendly house-goblin—who secretly perform a deal of work about one's home, but sharply resent criticism or observation; they often foretell events and give friendly warnings. An authentic *Heinzchen* appeared, from 1584-88, in castle Hudenmühlen on the Aller, and in the neighboring castle of Ahlden.

Memorials to great men and prominent characters abound not only in the public squares, but on the sides of buildings and in other unexpected places. A column in the Stadtpark* commemorates General Olfermann, who led the Brunswick troops at Waterloo. In St. Leonhard's Platz is a monument to Schill, the Prussian officer who tried to create a popular uprising against Napoleon; receiving little support and being surrounded by Napoleon's Dutch and Westphalian allies at Stralsund, he and most of his adherents fell, fighting. Eleven officers were taken and executed at Wesel by Napoleon's command; fourteen soldiers were shot in Brunswick, and their bodies (together with Schill's head) were interred at the spot now marked by his monument. The year 1809 was "a year full of glory and disaster," so the inscription states.

An interesting monument is the Till Eulenspiegel *Brunnen* (fountain). Its odd conceit (Till Eulenspiegel talking to an audience of monkeys and owls) refers

*Stadt—city.

to the forms of cakes he baked while a journeyman but, to my mind, it also cleverly symbolizes his monkeyshines which always had a very substantial basis of shrewdness and wisdom.

Venerable buildings are so numerous one can hardly mention all; of these, the old weigh-house (Alte Wage), the Gewandhaus, the old L-shaped Rathaus (with its two-story Gothic arcade), the Vaterländische Museum, and a dozen or more patrician dwellings are truly gems. Nor is it possible to adequately describe the fine old churches—several, originally Romanesque basilicas—filled with treasures of art.

There is a peculiar charm about these churches, bare and angular though they be. At sundown, go stand on the Hagenmarkt, opposite the narrow, sparingly ornamented front of the Katherinenkirche; look up to the great Gothic bell-chamber window embraced by the towers; look still higher, to where doves are circling round the spires silhouetted against the evening sky, and you will agree that it is a rarely impressive sight. The longer you look the more you will be impressed, until, as you gaze, the voices of children on the square fade away in the hush of evening, and your thoughts travel back through ages, pondering on the strange scenes and startling changes those gaunt gray towers have witnessed. They alone have survived that varicolored, ever-shifting picture on the square; now they frown on you, outlandish pigmy, standing on this German Markt where the rush of life has gone surging by for near a thousand years. Food for reflection this certainly affords, and an unusual insight into the "faith that makes faithful", suggested by the lines, "This world is all a fleeting show, For man's illusion given." Meanwhile night has fallen and a fitful, wavering light flickers on the corner house of Wenden

Strasse. You are almost convinced it is cast by the lanthorn of the "night watch" whom you momentarily expect to see striking his staff upon the stones and crying,

"Listen, my friends, and let me tell you,
The clock's struck nine, and it were well you
Covered your fire and prayed to the Lord;
For He alone brings the morrow."

But the light quickly grows into a steady glare, a bell clangs, and the noisy trolley-car sweeping into the Markt startles you from your reverie.

Among Brunswick's legends the most remarkable concerns Henry the Lion. His absence in foreign climes exceeded even the seven years' limit set by himself. After unusual hardships and adventures he reached home to learn that his wife, having given him up for lost, was about to marry a young noble; and the wedding festivities had already begun when Henry, in pilgrim's guise, reached the castle gate and requested a beaker of wine poured by the duchess' hand. She could not refuse the request of a holy pilgrim on the eve of her marriage. Dropping his seal ring into the gold beaker, Henry returned it; whereupon the duchess hurried out to hear what news this pilgrim might bring. Of course—or shall we say, fortunately—she was overjoyed to see her lost spouse, and her prospective bridegroom was wedded to Henry's ward, a rich Frankish princess. Henry was accompanied by a lion he had saved from death, and which had, in turn, saved him from starvation by going hunting while he lay sick. Some say the carved lion at the foot of Henry's effigy, as well as the curious bronze statue on the square, commemorates this faithful beast.

The origin of the name Welf (whelp) is explained

in several ingenuous stories, all somewhat similar. A countess of Bavaria's Ravensprung line grew very much exercised when the stork brought triplets to the wife of a retainer, and said, very plainly, she considered it an evidence of faithlessness and thought the mother should be drowned—the penalty paid by unfaithful wives. But Heaven vindicated the happy mother; for the countess gave birth to twelve boys at one time and thus stood condemned out of her own mouth should her lord concur in her previous opinion. He was absent at this time, so the countess persuaded an aged tirewoman to take away eleven of the babes, with a view to drowning them. The count chanced to meet the woman and inquired what her burden was; she replied, "Only eleven little whelps for drowning." In spite of her protestations he insisted upon looking at the puppies, and, at sight of eleven tiny boys, soon got her confession of the whole story. The count was wroth, but confined his revenge to secretly raising the children and then confronting his wife with them, at the same time decreeing that his descendants should bear the name Welf.

You must not be alarmed at a tale of twelve children; the old German chroniclers were comparatively moderate. From the village of Leusden, near The Hague, comes a story of a noblewoman (some say a countess of Henneberg) who entertained similar suspicions of a beggar woman just because she carried twins in her arms; the woman turned on the countess with a curse, saying "May you give birth to as many children as there are days in the year." This did occur, in the year of our Lord, 1270, and Bishop Guido of Utrecht baptized the 365, naming the boys John and the girls Elizabeth. The countess and her children died, but the local church treasured the brass basins in

which "zyn alle deze kinderen gedoopt,"* and the church at Delft erected a tablet commemorating this marvel.

It would hardly be fair to leave Braunschweig without mentioning the present ducal palace, a large Renaissance structure with a great quadriga above its central portico. Quite a remarkable quadriga, cleverly constructed by Howaldt out of sheets of copper lest its weight prove too heavy for the foundations. Pater declared the palace "an old barracks," but he was probably annoyed, like the rest of us, to find that it did not harmonize with picturesque Brunswick. A friend, who spent school days in this charming town, inquired had we seen the palace and the quadriga; I assured him that the quadriga was still driving westward over Brunswick, though—since it is symbolical of modern progress riding roughshod over beloved antiquities—I added *sotto voce,* that it had not advanced an inch and I hoped it never would.

That night an important "diet" was held, not in the House of the Diet near the Altstadt-Rathaus, but in a sitting-room of the Deutsches Haus. It concerned the progress of our little American colony; and advocates of this or that plan made earnest speeches to carry their point. The condition of roads and the steepness of their grades were weighed and balanced; lengths of runs were computed in kilometers, reduced to miles, and then to running time. Questions of meal hours, daylight, gasoline, the choice of hotels, the relative importance of sights and the time required to see them had to be considered; it was well toward midnight when our quandaries had been settled. The owner of a private car, as you begin to see, must, by continual

*All these children were baptized.

inquiry and by constant study of his maps and guides, thresh out matters that a local chauffeur would have at his fingers' ends.

At ten o'clock next morning, we started for Hildesheim, leaving grim, immutable St. Catherine's still watching o'er the square, and the quadriga still steadfastly heading westward.

CHAPTER V.

BRUNSWICK TO GOSLAR VIA HILDESHEIM.

JUNE 24TH, MORNING—64 MILES.

YEARS ago I listened to a comic song that caricatured our German immigrants; the burden of its chorus was, "the fatherland, the dear old fatherland, never sees them any more." These words kept recurring to me long after the rest of the song was forgotten, and I often wondered what that "fatherland" they could so readily leave might be like; not big cities nor stretches viewed from trains, but its towns, villages, and integral sections of country. Now that I have learned to know this "fatherland" and find it eminently lovable and livable, I stand amazed. What irrepressible imagination and love of adventure its sons must have possessed to be lured from sunny Germany to a strange and distant land; or, in many instances, what depths of simplicity and gullibility, to accept literally the figure of speech, "one can pick up a fortune on the streets of New York."

The country in Germany, as in most of Europe, still illustrates feudal days, in that the peasants' houses are gathered in villages while their farms lie round about the village or, occasionally, at quite a distance. Morning and evening you may meet wagonloads of peasants going to and from the fields, laughing, chattering and singing, or you may pass little groups trudging along, carrying rake and hoe and dinner-pail. German fields look good to American eyes. The landscape is

bright and diversified without seeming depressingly small and confined, as in England; it presents fine reaches and perspectives without arousing the feeling of desolation inspired by the vast fields of northern France, which stretch for miles without chick or child or any living presence.

The hamlets of France are, more often than not, bare and uninteresting; a wide street runs straight through them. With a whizz and a rush they are passed and you are among boundless fields once more. Should you slow down for caution's sake or for directions, you find the plain, square, stuccoed houses far from pleasing, while a disagreeable air of slovenliness is imparted to the main street by manure heaps and old wagons that, in a barnyard, would help to make a picturesque ensemble.

German hamlets are a delight to the tourist. The eccentric meanderings to which the main street is often subject, forbid other than slow, careful driving; but the crooked, narrow way, the occasional cobblestone pavement and the unexpected gullies or gutters are paid for a hundredfold in the intimate view of these entertaining little places.

Here we find strange half-timbered structures of brick or stucco with tiled or thatched roofs mossy with age, quaint little shops, houses with haylofts above—their owners laboriously tossing hay over the front door into the attic; and more pretentious domiciles where house and barns enclose a courtyard—proud structures, with enormous tile roofs often boasting two superposed rows of eyelet windows, the walls displaying in rusty iron numerals the date of their erection one or two hundred years ago. Maybe they will bear inscriptions stating how Hans, son of Heinrich So-and-So erected this building to replace the home-

"GERMAN FIELDS LOOK GOOD TO AMERICAN EYES; THE LANDSCAPE IS BRIGHT AND DIVERSIFIED." (*P.* 137.)

THE ELBE.

stead destroyed in the terrible fire of such a date, with a few remarks to the effect that "had the Lord not given He could not have taken away," that Hans' faith remained unshaken, etc., etc.

Did you ever chance to read the history of Continental towns? Fire was their worst enemy. Excepting those that lay in the path of war, the tale is a monotonous chronicle of a murder or two, a few robberies, contagious diseases and cattle plagues, factional quarrels, marriages, deaths, droughts, conscriptions, and what not, until you reach one of their fires: then you get a lurid, terrifying calamity. Very few have not suffered three or four terrible conflagrations that left the town, or a great part of it, smouldering ruins.

Almost every village displays a *Warnung* (warning) tablet requesting the drivers of *Kraftfahrzeuge* (power-vehicles) to slow down to 10 or 12 km. per hour. As there is no knowing what unexpected turns or blockades of vehicles may be ahead, it is advisable for a motorist to obey these directions; except in sleepy old Gifhorn, most village streets were pretty busy.

The picture of foreign life was enjoyed by all, barring Bobbie, who I suspect, clung to the idea of covering as much ground as possible and deplored all slowing down. He derived a certain grim amusement from the consternation called forth by the sudden appearance of a motorcar. Women shrieked in real, though good-humored excitement; fat burghers having the air of gouty councilmen, forgot to use their canes and skipped nimbly from side to side to avoid the car which appeared about to run upon the sidewalk. I cannot altogether blame them, either, for it took me years to realize what a very short turn a big touring-car may make.

Once, while passing through a village beyond Cob-

lenz, Bobbie made a sudden stop to allow some children their favorite pastime of running across our path instead of stepping on to the nearest sidewalk. We were immediately treated to a real, old-fashioned, blood-curdling curse. Some grandmother with superstition and dread written all over her, witnessing what she doubtless considered a miraculous escape, stepped up and cursed us; not in temper, but with a real, pious, medieval curse—involving past, present and future generations—so well-rounded and complete that it would have made her fortune in the melodrama. We all, especially Bobbie, laughed and enjoyed it; but when we got our first blowout shortly afterward, Pater exclaimed:

"There! Robert, now you see what a well-sped curse will do."

We judged that it would make for both safe and expeditious travel if our chauffeur did not have to bother his head about the route; on strange roads in a strange country, he had best keep his eyes on the roadway and approaching traffic to the exclusion of all other things, depending on us to give him his direction. It was decided that, at night, he should overhaul his car first of all; if he then had time and opportunity to inquire about routes and roads, well and good. We have since congratulated ourselves on this arrangement, for in a trip covering some 4500 miles we met with no accidents—running down but one dog and one chicken—and had no mechanical breakdown whatever.

One of our party read the maps and announced in advance the turns to right and left, the railroad crossings, danger points, etc., as well as landmarks and facts of general interest; meantime, guidebooks were busily conned by others. The names of towns on either hand had to be learned, so that the signpost at each cross-

road would verify our position; all towns ahead were noted, that no unexpected name should throw us off our bearings. Not an easy job, reading a map, provided you wish to keep informed of your location and of things historical and geographical along the route. Signboards in Germany are so numerous that one may drive about without any maps whatever, if not interested in knowing the countryside.

To Pater, sitting on the front seat, was deputed the task of making inquiries when necessary, and of blowing the bugle when drivers failed to heed the honk of our regular horn. Probably a siren or a shrill whistle on the exhaust would have done the work of warning better; but a whistle might be taken for a near-by locomotive signal, and the siren might have made too many horses bolt to suit either our inclination or our safety.

I fear Pater used unbecoming language regarding loads of hay. From behind, the driver of a load of hay proved very hard to warn and could not be passed unless he turned out; had he occupied a seat on top of the load our task would have been easy, but he almost invariably sat, half-buried in hay, directly back of the horses. It was haying season in Germany, and this caused as much of a strain on Pater's feelings as did the countless flocks of sheep we met in England. The most primitive "hay wagon" in Germany is a man or a woman, hidden to view, plodding briskly along under a load of hay some eight or nine feet high and six feet wide; there are also little carts, drawn by hand, carrying what we considered twice their legitimate burden; the real wagons are drawn by oxen, horses, or cows, sometimes by a horse and a cow harnessed side by side in ludicrous yet amiable partnership.

It is hard to leave these amusing scenes and inci-

dents, but Hildesheim is near and, even as I write, I feel again the eager curiosity that stirred us as we approached its gates.

We had been loth to leave Brunswick; in the very hour of departure, while baggage was being packed on roof and rack of the automobile—a work of no little skill on Bobbie's part—Pater and Mater jumped into a hack and took another fleeting look at the old place. The Youth felt it a cruel privation to be denied one last, parting plunge into the maze of crooked streets which speak so eloquently of days of long ago.

Brunswick is said to be the most livable of ancient German towns; but we were desirous of living in the past, not in the present, and as we entered the capital of the famous old bishopric, Brunswick's fascination faded rapidly before the charm of Hildesheim.

Picture to yourself a steep street, tall gables overhanging so far that you instinctively glance up to make sure they do not meet overhead. Everywhere about you hums a quaint, yet homely life. Old wives gossip at the corners; pedestrians, swarming on the roadway, jostle each other good-naturedly in attempts to get out of the path of the motorcar; dogs are underfoot and cats (perched on points of vantage, safe from both dog and small boy) wash their faces leisurely or stare with solemn yellow eyes. On the cellar steps leading to his workshop, a cobbler in leather apron, great horn spectacles on his nose, sits reading a little red book. His appearance immediately recalls Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet. A boy wearing a baker's cap, is making faces at the cobbler, egged on by a lanky companion whose long blue apron reaches almost to his feet, which are insecurely shod in heel-less slippers. A passerby, moved to sympathy with the person whose dinner reposes in the blue one's basket, gives this boy's

ear a tweak, creating such a sudden return of business activity that one slipper is left behind. Indeed, we often wondered how many dinners we were delaying while a dozen butcher- and grocer-boys and their ilk, gravely watched our arrival, or departure, in front of some hotel.

With mudguards apparently threatening to sweep the narrow sidewalk, Bobbie swung into a street leading to the Markt. The giggles and shrieks of rosy-cheeked Gretchens were renewed when he found the street marked *GESPERRT* (closed) and had to back out again, but the next cross street was also marked *GESPERRT* as were all others leading to our goal. Finally it dawned on our comprehension that the market was in progress and that, consequently, we could not drive in at all; so in a twist of Hohe Weg, which actually afforded space for our car to stand without blocking the single trolley-track, we dismounted. Across a little court surrounded by odd print shops and curio shops, some steps led up to a passageway beneath a building; from this strange tunnel we emerged on the market place and gazed upon a scene familiar to many generations of Hildesheimers. The market was indeed under way, and the whole square was covered with fruit and vegetable stands. The vendors were nearly all women, old and young; such as were not volubly praising their goods were busy knitting, or calling jokes and bits of gossip to one another. Round about them towered buildings of their forefathers' day, each bearing the mark of a distinct period of antiquity, and all, expressive of civic pride and prosperity.

As early as 814 , Hildesheim was a bishopric. That notable figure Bishop Bernward—churchman, soldier, scholar and patron of the fine arts—made his see the

most important center of Romanesque art in Germany; his work here began in 993, very close to that fatal year 1000 which was popularly expected to bring the end of this world. Perhaps the general scramble to get within the fold of the church and placate her shepherds with gifts in return for a passport to the next world, accounts in a measure for the amazing growth of ecclesiastical institutions in both wealth and influence. Be that as it may, there dawned golden days for Hildesheim which lasted during the rule of four bishops. Despite the impending termination of all earthly affairs, the bishops built well; not for their time alone, but for all time. They built in solid masonry and wrought in time-defying bronze; masons, artists, artisans, craftsmen, lay brothers and monks were exceedingly busy. Some decorative works are ascribed to Bernward himself, though this seems impossible—not for lack of ability, but for lack of leisure. With all sincere respect for those who did so much to promote civilization, I have often wondered whether that end-of-the-world spectre was not cleverly raised and sustained for the good of the church.

However, those early works in Hildesheim (preserved almost intact by reason of subsequent hard times inimical to building, or by the conservatism of the Teuton, slow to graft Gothic upon the empire's imposing style) form today, in buildings and objects of art, a priceless addition to examples of that period. It is fortunate that, somewhere, the feudal spirit waxed so strong and died so hard that buildings remain which give an idea of complete Romanesque exteriors. In England, they have so largely been lost in Gothic that you catch yourself wondering how the outside of a cathedral like Gloucester, Durham or Peterborough looked in its original conception.

But Bishop Bernward's day was not the only golden era for Hildesheim. In the twelfth century she shook off the power of prelate and prince, became a *Hansestadt* and great trading city, her coffers overflowing with the just dues of commercial prosperity; eventually her buildings showed the imprint of the most florid German Renaissance. This atmosphere of old-time burgher prosperity pervades the town today. A more cheerful atmosphere than that of Brunswick; though no less strongly reminiscent of the Middle Ages, for all its Renaissance. Patrician houses in Brunswick are largely of the earlier variety of timber construction, with plain, stuccoed surfaces forming panels between the great oaken beams of the frame, and with the ornamentation usually confined to the structural members. On Hildesheim's finer buildings stucco panels disappear and the fronts are literally covered with rows of windows, story upon story, their mullions as well as the panels beneath them, being profusely ornamented with carving, paneling, medallions and mottoes, often picked out in rich color.

The Knochenhauer Amthaus* (butchers' guildhall), whose huge four-story gable faces the market place, is one of the most famous timber structures of the German Renaissance and displays beautiful carvings. The Wedekind house, on another side of this square, presents the broad side of its steep roof, broken by a huge dormer between the gabled tops of two bay windows; the house is covered with allegorical figures. Round about are examples of plain half-timbered construction. There is also the fourteenth century Rathaus, a picturesque stone structure displaying several styles, early Gothic predominating; its wooden, corner tower of

*Since burned down.

the sixteenth century is an odd feature, as is the main staircase within the arcade of the front. The Templar Haus, with the air of a feudal castle, also dates from the fourteenth century, though its handsome, profusely carved bay window is a sixteenth century addition.

In the centre of the square, a stone Roland surmounts the basin of a fine old fountain and watches o'er the market place, as he does in many a German town. But the gable of the timber guildhall dominates the square, just as the spirit of the good old burgher days, long gone, seems to dominate the whole of civic Hildesheim. Approaching Andreas Platz via Rathaus Strasse you pass an old apothecary shop—an overhanging, timber structure upon a first story of stone—which displays Hildesheim's coat of arms and the date 1656; a Latin inscription repeated in German, tells of the building's destruction by fire on Bartholomew's Day (August 24) and its re-erection by Christmastide. The apothecary is advertised above a small door, once devoted to the use of councilmen, by a sign stating:

Wilst du Arzny oder süssen Wein
So geh dar die zu finden sein.
Zwo ander' Thür dir offen stan,
Zu Rath hier geht der Oldermann.

That is,

If you seek medicine or sweet wine,
Then go where such things you will fin'—
Where two other doors wide open stan';
To council, this leads the Alderman.

Andreas Platz, alone, has five houses ranging from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century, which display elaborate carving and (more or less legible) inscriptions. The façade of one shows a fine example

of the characteristic German "writing on the wall;" freely translated it means:—God! how it comes to pass that they hate me, against whom I raise no hand —that they give me nothing, concede nothing, yet must suffer me to live. If they think I am crushed let them look to themselves, for I trust in God and despair not, and to those that merit it good luck comes every day.

A house near by has quaint carvings of people riding in odd vehicles, or bestriding birds and monsters. Hildesheim abounds in these fine old mansions—hundreds of them. Oster Strasse boasts the Deutsches Haus, now an inn, which presents a very interesting arrangement of projecting gables and bay windows and an abundance of carving, ornamental brackets and panels. Carved figures show the four elements and many planets, while one group, representing the ages of man, pictures the child holding an hourglass appropriately inscribed, in Latin, "Today is mine, tomorrow thine."

This wealth of imagery, expended in France on great cathedrals and other Gothic structures, was, in Germany, lavished on buildings of the Renaissance; rich and delicate carvings, panels, medallions, symbolical figures, statues, consoles, shields, coats of arms, mottoes, proverbs, and their like, occur in endless profusion. The abstract virtues are frequently pictured, sometimes bearing their Latin names; German proverbs and Latin homilies abound and, occasionally, ingenuous expressions of sentiment by the original owner of the house. Anecdote and humor (pictorial and otherwise) occur frequently and are a trifle broad, as was general not only then but as late as the beginning of the nineteenth century. On many buildings the carvings were indicative of the trade of the owner or occupant.

Like most German towns, Hildesheim has its legends; from the miraculous discovery of the "thousand-year rosebush" by Emperor Louis the Pious, in 814, to the story of the Turn-again Tower and the Maid of Hildesheim now gracing the apex of the Rathaus gable, they run the gamut of delightful improbability. I could not begin to tell them.

The famous Kaiserhaus on Langer Hagen, while interesting for its odd sculpture and the portraits of forty-seven emperors, is of a disjointed, misfit design. One might wander through Hildesheim's streets for days, finding new bits of interest at every turn, and even then not see all there is to be seen. Thus there is produced a strong impression of picturesque medieval life, manifest even in detail; a life deeply religious yet strangely imaginative and superstitious; wild, fantastic and vulgar—yet, withal, hearty, homely and homelike to an unusual degree. The memory of it will remain for many a prosaic after-year and, at sight of a picture or of the printed word, "Hildesheim," will spring into life as at the touch of a magic wand.

An interesting picture of social life in great trading cities is given by George Ebers' "In the Fire of the Forge" and by his "Margery" (German, "Gred"); both introduce noted patrician families of Nuremberg, showing their vast sphere of influence, and their intense pride which has risen to the height of declining patents of nobility. There's a proud class for you! Ebers, like Dahn and Freytag, was professor and past master of his subject before becoming a novelist; so we may trust any of these men for a faithful picture of Germany. "Welt-Untergang," a bright little story by Felix Dahn, is based on the widespread belief that the year 1000 would bring the end of the world; unfortunately, no English translation has been published.

The churches of St. Michael and of St. Godehard (admired of architects and archaeologists) are unusual examples of the truly national development of the Romanesque in Germany; even distant New York has, in its Metropolitan Museum, plaster models of their fine capitals. Some characteristic innovations of the German Romanesque were a raised choir (to admit of the vaulted crypt below), a triple eastern apse, an eastern and a western apse at one and the same time, and finally a large number of well-grouped towers (often four or six) which relieved the somewhat bare exteriors. Bare these were, of a surety, but dignified and impressive.

St. Michael's and St. Godehard's are basilicas; they have flat wooden roofs, and their plan lacks not only the true Gothic transepts, but also the great choir and ambulatory which, in the Pointed Style, stretched beyond the crossing and rivaled the nave; their clerestory walls are carried on piers alternating with two columns, which gives a pleasing sense of variety. Certainly these churches and others of their family in Cologne, Mainz, Bonn and Laach surpass, in grace and dignity, all contemporary structures of this class and form a fitting, pleasing memorial of the great empire that fostered them.

You will probably be glad to refresh your memory regarding the origin of this Holy Roman Empire, for it is impossible to obtain an intelligent idea of ancient Germany without knowing the status of its emperors.

As the Roman empire tottered to its fall, it could scarcely be called pagan, so widespread was the introduction of Christianity. When the seat of empire was moved from Rome to Byzantium (Constantinople) and Emperor Constantine was baptized, his was virtually a "holy" empire. But as this empire of the East

declined in power, the popes at Rome grew eager to revive the empire of the West. No occasion seemed so favorable as the rise of Charlemagne, that Christian king whose power and possessions promised to equal those of old imperial Rome, and who had twice saved the papal throne. Accordingly Pope Leo III crowned him kaiser (caesar) of the Holy Roman Empire—to be its temporal head while the pope remained its spiritual head.

For a time this proved an admirable arrangement. But after the Moslems had been decisively beaten back, after the western heathen had been subdued and converted, after the boundaries of the temporal empire became fixed and the influence of the church extended even beyond them—the interdependence of pope and kaiser became less vital, and each chafed at the power of the other. The popes insisted unduly on the privilege of dictating in the kaisers' realm—even in the election of a kaiser; while the kings of Germany held they were Holy Roman emperors ex-officio, without requiring the sanction of the pope or his formal coronation. This bickering ended in active aggression, and each worked ceaselessly to undermine the power of the other.

It is a great pity German kings spent so much time and treasure in striving to attain the rather empty honor of being Holy Roman emperor; and it is a significant fact that, with few exceptions, kings like Henry the Fowler and Rudolph of Hapsburg—who were never crowned emperor and didn't care a rap about it—achieved greater power and did more for Germany than any other sovereigns.

We do not mention the cathedral in connection with Romanesque churches because it has been altered out of all resemblance to its original self. Mr. Baedeker

tartly remarks that its interior was entirely disfigured in 1724-30, adding that the western towers were rebuilt in 1839 without regard to their original form.

Confession, they say, is good for the soul; a fine, catholic precept whatever your creed—so we may as well confess. None of us had shown any desire to see famous churches of the Holy Roman Empire, but all were very eager to see a certain rosebush reputed to be fully a thousand years old. It would, perhaps, be no exaggeration to say that this venerable plant first drew us to Hildesheim, so we undertook the pilgrimage to the Domhof and its "entirely disfigured" *Dom,** with greatest fervor. O! irresponsible, unaccountable, *unspeakable tourist!* there you go again; the art of centuries, the fame of kings and emperors, the spiritual dawn of nations—all forgotten, overlooked, ignored, in the unconquerable desire to see a rosebush said to have been planted ten centuries ago. Yet, like pilgrims of old, of our own faith were we repaid; we approached in the proper spirit and were rewarded by receiving an impression that we fain would carry with us, always. The minute we pass under the great archway and enter the Domhof (cathedral close, or square) we seem to leave the town's turbulent, kaleidoscopic life far behind. Before us lies a quiet square shaded by fine old trees. Birds are singing and fluttering across the sun-flecked lawn, in the centre of which rises the ancient, bronze Bernward column. This gem of art, depicting twenty-eight scenes from the life of Christ, is also honored with a place in New York's Museum.

At a respectful distance beyond the square rises a line of encircling houses, simple and dignified in their

*Dom—Cathedral.

old timberwork; upon our right an imposing, graceful church with Romanesque detail and Renaissance lines —the *Dom.* In the shadow of a Renaissance crossing-tower we enter the cool porch of the northern "transept." We go down a step into its refreshing shade, pass an iron grille and then descend another step. It grows cooler and quieter and we seem to leave a century behind with every step; then more steps and more centuries, and we stand in the broad, cheerful nave with the stained sunlight falling upon us through the southern windows.

The sacristan wears a bright red cassock, gray hair around the tonsure adding dignity to his grave speech as he points out each treasure. Great brazen doors, a wonderful brazen font whose massive cover is suspended from the ceiling, the famous candelabrum, the rood loft, the gilded sarcophagus of St. Godehard, the gilded tomb of St. Epiphanius with the silver reliefs of the early eleventh century, a fifteen-foot bronze Easter column by Bishop Bernward, and I know not what other wonders. But we looked with half an eye and listened hardly at all, impatient to see our rosebush. At last the round of the church was made; a massive door unlocked, we went down more steps and back more centuries, and stood in the cloisters. Past crumbling cenotaphs we hasten, through an archway, and out into the sunlight of the cloister court.

Imagine a beautiful garden almost wild in the careless profusion of its vines and bushes, but nowise neglected. To the west the gray, semicircular apse of the *Dom;* on the other sides venerable two-story cloisters whose great first-story round arches, surmounted by delicate little Romanesques colonnades, are almost hidden under heavy vines—above, the huge red tile roofs with tiny dormers rising against the sunny German sky.

On the green are the graves of forgotten generations, marked by iron and stone crosses and slabs upon the ground; standing among them is a tiny Gothic chapel—the Annakapelle (chapel of St. Anne). And roses, roses everywhere; they grow on bushes among the graves, they cover the stone slabs in the grass, they nearly smother the front of the exquisite little chapel in the middle of the court. The hush of peace is over the place—the peace of centuries; the sorely needed, seldom gained, peace of those dark ages when human beasts of prey were abroad, and many a man or woman could find no peace at all save with the church. In places such as this, they found it. Here they were free to forget bloodshed and ruin and starvation, in the pursuit of the arts and crafts; or, scroll in hand, to pace the still cloisters amid the lingering scent of the roses. A veritable "rosary" for them, indeed. Do you know them, those rosaries? We have one at home—inherited from some great-aunt or other—a string of ivory beads thumbed dark brown by the fevered hands of many generations who told them round and round, seeking relief from trouble, and solutions for their hearts' problems—seeking, and not infrequently counting out the answer as on a wonderful, omniscient abacus.

Our guide wisely said no word; he stood gravely waiting, the breeze faintly stirring the folds of his red robe, while we looked our fill. Then he waved his hand westward and said, "The thousand-year-old rose-bush." From a stem not much thicker than one's arm the old plant springs and, spreading and climbing some thirty feet high on the walls that have carried it so long, half covers the gray stone apse with its soft green. We had hoped to find it all abloom; it was not, but, happily for us, there were a few modest, starlike

blossoms shining among the leaves. Our guide now waved his arm to include the whole scene, and remarked, "The most beautiful spot in Germany." He fell silent again, taking our agreement for granted; and, indeed, there was not one to gainsay him. We turned to the rosebush once more and learned there is documentary proof of its existence for fully 800 years, supported by the additional evidence of remains of walls built to protect it during alterations to the cathedral. Judging from this extreme care, there is reason to suppose that this is the bush known to have been planted two hundred years earlier by one of the bishops.

We stood and gazed and admired, each busy with thoughts of the strange and distant past, until rudely recalled to the present by Scoffy's exclamation, "Holy snifters! and I would have bet dollars to doughnuts that it was a crimson rambler."

We could not remain till three, the hour for seeing the truly noteworthy relics in the treasury of the cathedral. A long journey lay before us; moreover, the one Young Lady who had strained an ankle going down unexpected steps, would be more comfortable riding than sightseeing. So we tore ourselves away from those fascinating streets and from the wondrous "rosary" whose spell of silence bound us till we reached the Harz mountains, that had been beckoning to us all morning.

Bobbie drove southeast on the Goslarsche Strasse, past the Galgenberg (gallows' hill) where a fine set of silver vessels was recently unearthed; these, supposed to have belonged to the Roman general Varus, are now in the museum at Berlin.

Following the valley of the Innerste, which rivulet comes from the haunted Lautenthal of the Harz and

flows through Hildesheim, he pushed on via Heersam and Grasdorf to Salzgitter—a small town with salt baths; just before reaching here we could see, across the valley, the Barenberg,* near which Tilly of the Catholic party defeated Christian IV of Denmark in 1626. Hildesheim, as you may conjecture, did not altogether escape the Thirty Years' War, though it figured most prominently later, being taken by the Catholic general Pappenheim in 1632, and retaken by Duke Frederick Ulrich of Brunswick, in 1634, after a stubborn resistance of nearly a year.

The Thirty Years' War was a terrible example of the ruinous effects of internecine struggles. The population of Germany was reduced, according to various estimates, anywhere between twenty per cent. and fifty per cent.; the population of Bohemia, the center from which this war spread, was reduced from about four millions to the neighborhood of eight hundred thousand. Wallenstein, that haughty Bohemian noble with an ambition little short of Napoleon's, was a Napoleon not only in generalship but in his ruthless disregard of public welfare. Having raised his army single-handed, as agreed, he little cared that it subsisted entirely on the country, with the result that sections of Germany were reduced to a desert. It has been stated that only of recent years has the total number of horned cattle in Germany equalled the figures of 1618.

"Philip Rollo," by James Grant, tells of an early period of this war and shows us the Protestant king Christian IV of Denmark, his adversaries Wallenstein and Tilly, and the Merodeurs—those most terrible of hired troops. Stanley Weyman's "My Lady Rotha,"

*Berg—mountain.

which opens in Thuringia, also draws a dramatic picture of the war, though at a later period under the valiant Friederich Ulrich of Brunswick, the elector John George of Saxony, and the famous Protestant champion Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden.

But no book designed to make agreeable reading can fully depict those dreadful times. In England the Reformation set brother against brother and father against son, and while this was bad enough, at least they were all Englishmen. In Germany, where the struggle was carried on largely by hired troops whose interest lay in a protracted war; who carried with them for each force an equal army of women, wives, children and campfollowers; who were free to plunder and devastate a relatively foreign country—the horror of the situation cannot be described in a few measured sentences. The Danes and, later, the Swedes strove with more or less success to enforce a certain amount of discipline outside the battlefield, but the Imperialists made not even a pretense of any such measures. The French, always planning and plotting to weaken the empire and always bold as lions when the empire was in trouble, actually pushed this policy to the extent of sending an army against the Catholics, and ravaged Bavaria in unmitigated fashion.

Short of Spain's absolute fanaticism in the Netherlands—a repetition of which the intervening half-century's intellectual growth forbade—it is hard to find an example to show what most of Germany suffered during these thirty years.

Somewhere before Goslar we passed an old fortified farm, a highly interesting sight. There were the red-roofed structures—manor house, barns, outbuildings, all complete—set in a field surrounded by a big stone wall with corner towers; and the river meandering

past one corner of the quadrangle doubtless supplied water for the moat, in those strenuous days of long ago. I wish I could state its exact location, but memory plays me false and I made no memoranda during the trip. Moral: use a notebook; for its record may aid you in bringing to mind something you very much wish to recall. Mere man rises superior to suggestions about keeping a diary, but it is a handy thing to use afterward if only to locate the subject of an unmarked photograph.

CHAPTER VI.

GOSLAR, THE HARZ AND NORDHAUSEN.

JUNE 24TH, AFTERNOON—50 MILES.

GOSLAR was reached in time for lunch; entering the town we were at once attracted by the huge Paulsthurm, a survivor of the hundred and eighty-two towers of the ancient fortifications. It contained a restaurant and coffee garden where we should have liked to stop; but a hotel almost opposite provided better accommodation for an automobile and afforded a more agreeable view.

Founded in the tenth century, Goslar rapidly acquired prominence because of silver mines in the Rammelsberg* close by, and became a favorite residence of both Saxon and Salic emperors who maintained here one of their most important palaces. The Salic line reached the height of its glory with Henry III, but with his son, Henry IV, its fall approached. Henry IV was impetuous and weak—a bad combination. Perhaps not his fault, for he, poor thing, was crowned king at the age of four and succeeded to the empire two years later; virtually kidnapped by the ambitious Archbishop Hanno of Cologne on the pretense of guardianship, he finally escaped and took refuge with his chosen guardian, Adalbert, archbishop of Bremen. The powerful princes whom his mother, as regent, failed to control, banished Adalbert from

*Berg—mountain.

court and forced Henry to marry Bertha, daughter of the margrave of Turin, to whom his father had betrothed him; she proved a very worthy woman and soon won her husband's esteem.

Poor Henry! the sport of princes and shuttlecock of fate during the days of his youth, small wonder he continued to be a shuttlecock, for all the fierce, impetuous disposition he showed in manhood. The Saxons rebelled and drove him from Harzburg, though he finally defeated them. He quarreled with the pope and was promptly excommunicated; whereupon, deserted by his princes and suspended from office by the Diet, he yielded and, with wife and child, crossed the Alps in midwinter to do penance at the feet of Hildebrand (Gregory VII), who is said to have kept Henry waiting barefoot and bareheaded in the snow, for three days. This is perhaps the most famous excommunication in history. And Gregory VII was one of the most famous popes—a great man, truly, who left his mark; there is little doubt of the sincerity of his purpose though one may question his methods. He countenanced, some say instigated, William the Conqueror's invasion of England.

I fear this was almost a whole page of dry facts, but they show the age of Goslar and of its line of emperors, which was dying out when England's Norman house was coming in. The traveler, you know, finds little in England antedating the Normans save stone-circles, mounds, and Roman roads. Henry, by the way, finding most of his imperial privileges withheld notwithstanding his remarkable penance, flared up in his old fashion and was again excommunicated. Some of the princes, siding with Gregory, set up an anti-kaiser in the person of Rudolph of Swabia; but Henry was not to be caught twice at the same game, and this

time he fought it out. He set up an anti-pope (Clement III), killed Rudolph in battle and carried the war into Italy, taking Rome and besieging Gregory in the castle of St. Angelo. Gregory, who escaped only with the aid of a duke whom he had also once excommunicated, died next year. Henry was crowned by Clement III, and the princes, tiring of war, acquiesced. Strife enough for one life, don't you think? But this was not the end; Henry's own sons rebelled against him; he was taken prisoner, again excommunicated by a new pope, and forced to sign his abdication at Ingelheim. He died soon after and, pending the removal of the excommunication, his body lay four years in a stone coffin in an unconsecrated chapel at Spires. This last indignity no doubt troubled him little; one might expect it made him smile, even in his grave, considering how futile and foolish this one was compared with those heaped upon him during life. What the people thought of Henry—and they are often first to feel the vice or virtue of a ruler—may be inferred from the words once current, "God tolled the bells of Spires' cathedral when Kaiser Heinrich died." With his son Henry V, the Salic line of emperors died out and the Hohenstaufens came in. They ruled without a break except for Lothar of Saxony, and Otto IV (son of Henry the Lion) whose brother had married the granddaughter of a Hohenstaufen emperor. Otto destroyed Goslar and its palaces in 1206.

There! now you are almost as highly favored as the little girl who picked a magic flower on the Petersberg, and was thus brought face to face with all the old kaisers, in the bowels of this mountain; though I believe *she* got a silver dish as a keepsake, which you will hardly expect from me. Tradition ascribes the

discovery of silver in the Rammelsberg to one of Emperor Otto's huntsmen (named Ramm) whose horse, while tied to a tree, uncovered the vein with its stamping, scraping hoofs; the town is said to be named after Gosa, the huntsman's wife. Enough timber was used in the mines, so the story goes, to build Goslar and Brunswick; but, nevertheless, when Otto I unjustly executed a prince on the summit of the Rammelsberg, the mine collapsed—burying scores of workmen—and lay idle many years.

The Domcapelle is the north porch of Henry III's cathedral of St. Simon and St. Jude, once richer in relics of saints and apostles than a dozen cathedrals combined. Yet this church was the scene of great sacrilege; in the eleventh century Hezilio, bishop of Hildesheim, quarreled with the abbot of Fulda about a question of precedence and both sought to settle the matter by force of arms. No little blood was shed right in the church while the devil, who had poked a hole in the wall, looked on and held his sides for laughter. Much difficulty was experienced in filling up this hole, for as soon as the last stone was inserted the others fell out; finally the duke of Brunswick's master-mason came to the rescue by shutting in a black cat before he set the last stone, saying, "Stay, in the devil's name." This sufficed in a measure, though a slight crack remained until the demolition of the church in 1819.

The old Rathaus containing the "Biting Cat" for caging scolds or shrews, the Brusttuch house with grotesque carvings, Kaiserwörth, and the Baker's Guild House are worth a visit—though dating from a later period, when Goslar, grown up again, had joined the Hanseatic League. The Kaiserhaus, famous as the oldest secular building in Germany, is a restoration

of the ancient palace; having learned how extensive was this restoration of 1876, we skipped it and its pictures of Dornröschen—known to us as "Sleeping Beauty."

We left Goslar by the eastern gate (the Breitetor, with its circular towers and conical roofs) and pushed on to Bad Harzburg, passing the Okerthal, a picturesque valley worth visiting afoot if you have time to spare. Bad* Harzburg is a fashionable watering-place; of Henry IV's castle, which stood on the Burgberg south of the present town, scarcely a vestige remains, so thoroughly was it leveled by the angry Saxons in 1073.

Here the road ascends, and after we whizzed by the Curhaus and Eichen park (where guests were congregating for the afternoon concert) and had passed the roaring Radau waterfall, the beautiful broad roadway led directly into the heart of the Harz mountains. On we rode, and on, into the solitude—and up, and up; great fir-clad heights above us, precipitous valleys on either hand; not a house in sight, not a living soul; not a sound to be heard save the chug of our motor and the splash and tinkle of ice-cold mountain streams. Who can fitly describe it? Coleridge says:—

"Woods crowding upon woods, hills over hills,
A surging scene, and only limited
By the blue distance. * * * * * * * * *
Downward, * * * * fir groves evermore,
Where bright green moss heaves in sepulchral forms
Speckled with sunshine; and, but seldom heard,
The sweet bird's song became an hollow sound;
And the breeze, murmuring indivisibly,

*Bad—bath.

Preserved its solemn murmur most distinct
From many a note of many a waterfall,
And the brook's chatter; 'mid whose islet-stones
The dingy kidling with its tinkling bell
Leaped frolicsome" * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

And still we climbed; past Radauberg, past Abbenstein and Wolfswarte. Occasionally a cleft in the mountain cuts down into the forest at right angles, and we get a beautiful sunlit vista over hills and valleys, woods and fields and towns; then tall pines hedge us in again with cool, fragrant shadows.

Bobbie doesn't like the endless climb. Do we think his beloved car is a traction-engine or a cog-railway? At a convenient spot he stops to see how she is acting. Aha! the water is getting hot. "How much longer are we going up, Mr. Pater, and how much steeper? How much more of a run are we to make today? Running for miles on low speed consumes the juice pretty fast."

As the stop offers a fine chance to stretch one's legs, we all volunteer to find out. No living creature is in sight except 'a cunning little lizard" sunning itself on a stone. Amid feminine shrieks the "lizard" turns out to be a young snake, and is chased into the tall grass by the Youth with warhoops and a shower of stones; so our only local inhabitant is lost to view. The one Young Lady discovered a fine spring at which we quench our thirst, and Bobbie wonders whether the car had better have a drink, too. The proximity of snake and spring was an odd coincidence, and suggested the legend of the shepherd and the enchanted princess at the spring of Lichtenstein. She had been turned into a snake and could be released only after being kissed by a man; many a knight had declined the invitation, but the shepherd screwed his courage to the

sticking point and received the beautiful princess as his wife. Thus, you see, it is quite possible the Youth threw away, together with the stones, the greatest opportunity of a lifetime.

But see! A forester comes down the road. Mater and Scoffy go to meet him. A dapper young fellow, in a natty green suit, rifle slung over his shoulder and an eagle's feather in his alpine hat. Did those war-whoops bring him out on a tour of investigation? Who can tell? We interview this young "Robin Hood" as we erroneously dub him, and learn that we are "almost at the top of the grade;" it is only a "quarter of a mile to the *Gasthaus*" (tavern). And we have been doing exceedingly well; *"Ganz wunderbar,"* in fact. Only yesterday a big six-cylinder car came up the mountain with but half the load we are carrying, "and it was spouting a fountain of steam and hot water." He twists his incipient moustache quite fiercely, salutes and strides away resuming, at a respectful distance, his whistling of:

"Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck an meine grüne Seite,
I' hab' di' gar so gern, I' kann di' leide'."

So we plucked up courage and soon reached the *Gasthaus,* where all tumble out for a drink under the arbor; meanwhile Scoffy voices his conviction that the forester was whistling to keep up his spirits, because the sight of strange figures in dusters and goggles, picking up stones, "probably reminded him of his one-time predecessor, the forester of Scharzfels, who came upon the Three Venetians looking for gems and gold."

We had been running uphill for over nine miles and, in less than that distance, had risen more than two thousand feet; considering there were some fairly level stretches, you may well imagine we mounted pretty steep grades.

After rounding Quitschenberg there loomed up, three miles to our left, the Brocken—pride of the Harz—the Blocksberg of Goethe's Faust, the Mons Bructerus of the Romans. Had we made its more intimate acquaintance and enjoyed the splendid view, we should also have made acquaintance with the railroad that crawls up its venerable sides to discharge throngs of tourists on its summit. Its bald crown still rose sharply in full sunlight while the valleys and low hills were already fading into shadow; we could faintly distinguish the "devil's pulpit," but the flat space below the summit, where witches dance every year on St. Walpurgis' night, was quite distinct; and, in our mind's eye, we could conjure up the terrifying Spectre of the Brocken whose fame has penetrated even to American schoolbooks. There is hardly a peak in the Harz, hardly a cave or stream or spring or waterfall but has its legend.

For a moment we perceived, below and at our right, a dazzling flash of water—doubtless Oder Lake lying in its mountain bed 2,300 or more feet above sea level. With Rehberg is associated the story of an enthusiastic hunter whom even the Sabbath did not restrain; many a Sunday, notwithstanding the priest's remonstrance, did the hunt rush past a hillside chapel. On one such occasion this huntsman started a splendid white deer which he pursued till after nightfall. The deer sped to the Rehberg cliff with the hounds right at its heels; over the cliff leaped the spectral deer—and, alas! hounds and huntsman, too. Often, on a quiet Sunday night in October, you may hear the cry and clamor of the chase end in shrieks and groans that issue from the abyss where, far below the road, the Oder river murmurs. The mere thought of taking a turn too fast, at night, and going over the sheer drop into the

Oder from this side is enough to make one feel creepy. Rehberg is also a haunt of the *Berggeist*—the good spirit of the mountains and unfailing friend of unfortunate miners—who always appears in the shape of a benevolent old man, dressed in master-miner's apparel and bearing a miner's lamp of silver.

We left the heights and began to descend sharply in the evening shadows. Not a dwelling in that great solitude; only an occasional sod hut for the succor of unwary travelers in winter. The magnificent road led round and round, and down and down, with all bad curves and dangerous spots marked by rows of white-washed stone posts; more than a thousand feet in four-and-a-half miles, down into the village of Braunlage.

Poor Scoffy, confused between one signboard marked Sorge and another marked Zorge, announced sadly that he thought we were lost. Not a pleasant prospect at this late hour, especially in case the Wild Huntsman, Hackelnberg, were abroad, for he would undoubtedly play nasty tricks with an auto. This foolhardy soul bartered his place in heaven for the privilege of hunting till Judgment Day; and many a night, for hundreds of years, the howl of his chase has resounded over the Harz and throughout Thuringia. His name will survive that of king and kaiser; the circumstantial stories of people who have encountered him would fill a volume, and I doubt there is man, woman, or child in all Germany who has not heard of the "Wilde Jaeger." Several times, as our horn's honking awoke the forest echoes, we seemed to hear his cry, "Hu, hu!" but it may have been only the cry of the *Uhu* (owl) that hunts with him. This is Tut-Osel, or tooting Ursula, a nun from a Thuringian convent who disturbed all services by her discordant voice and, after death, haunted the convent until her ghost

was transformed into an owl by a monk from the Danube; since when, she accompanies this other nocturnal hunter, Hans von Hackelnberg. Sir Walter Scott's translation of Bürger's ballad will give you another version of "The Wild Huntsman."

We escaped an eerie ride in avoiding Zorge, the highest village in the mountains, for near it lies the Tanzteich (dance-pond), site of an ill-famed castle which the earth swallowed one night when dance and revelry were at their height. In the hollow thus formed lies this pond, from which weird music and heartrending cries occasionally emanate; as if to offset this culmination of tragedy, the other side of the Gaisberg overlooks St. Andreasberg, a village devoted to the culture of the famous Harz canaries.

Fortunately, all roads led to the main valley, and we finally came upon a delightful little hamlet with a picturesque half-timbered sawmill and, more to the point, a railroad station with a waiting train marked "Nordhausen." "Bobbie," exclaimed Pater, "stick to that railroad like grim death." He did, and it took us to Nordhausen, though we went astray once more on account of a broken signpost, the only defective one we saw in Germany. This detour carried us past a mountain bearing the ruined castle Hohnstein where the custom of giving philopena presents originated. The plain German name *Vielliebchen* has, according to Mr. Webster and other lexicographers, been given the stilted Greek-Latin turn, philopena. We regarded Hohnstein as a consolation for having missed the Needle's Eye near Ilfeld; this odd stone, standing by the wayside near the one-time abbey of Ilfeld, is supposed to date from prehistoric days. Every novice at woodcutting in this locality, is initiated by being obliged to crawl through a hole in the stone, to the

unpleasant accompaniment of lashes from the whips of his companions.

In Nordhausen two streets confronted us; one going invitingly downhill, the other sharply uphill.

"Which way, Mr. Pater," quoth our driver.

"Now, Bobbie, haven't I told you, when in doubt, always follow the trolley?"

So up went the car, along the narrow, crooked, hilly street which took us to the Markt. Our hostelry was on the Market at the corner of this very street or alley; as the automobile reached it, a man in uniform jumped forward and motioned frantically. Most of us had gloomy forebodings of the police court, but Pater only grinned delightedly, and remarked, "That's as rich as a play." It seems our rooms had been engaged by telephone and the hotel porter, troubled by our tardiness, was on the watch.

Nordhausen is a sleepy little place, frequented mainly by drummers and buyers of *schnapps* from its famous distilleries down the hill. Automobile parties, evidently, rarely stop there. I shouldn't have been surprised had that devoted porter thrown himself bodily under the wheels rather than let us get away. Probably, had we been much later, the whole town constabulary, armed with lanterns, would have been scouring the roads for us.

I suspect the "mountain dew" of this vicinity was famous during untold generations; at all events, drinking bouts were, and one in the town of Ellrich has become historic. An earl of Klettenberg—not the abbey builder—who bore off a golden chain as chief prize, was so elated that, despite his bibulous condition, he rode up and down the village street to exhibit his chain, finally spurring into the church of St. Nicholas and past the worshippers to the foot of the altar; the

horse's shoes flew off, and horse and rider sank to the ground. These four horseshoes, nailed to the church, remained as a warning to many generations and, after the church went to ruin, were kept in the parsonage. While they are not in evidence at the present day, you will find documentary proof of their existence in Ottmar's Volkssagen. Indeed, most of the legends I mention are a matter of record.

We arrived in Nordhausen at 8.30 p. m. after an actual day's run of 114 miles largely through hilly country, more than forty miles of it through the heart of the Harz mountains. Bobbie said he would like to add a few miles to the total, to account for the distance we had traveled up and down. The direct map mileage was 107½ which, with our detour of 3½ miles while lost, would make 111.

The close of our second day's run left us nothing but praise for Germany as a motoring country. The picturesque, diversified scenery, the interesting towns and villages, the fine roads, and the cordial attitude of the people, permitted no other verdict. The highroads were very good, and though they should be traversed with caution in villages, this is only occasionally due to poor paving; in the mountains, where one might expect bad roads, their surface was excellent. The ease with which one may find his way about is remarkable. In most towns the street leading to the next town of importance is named for this town, as is the highroad (*chaussée*) into which the street merges; for example, going from Harburg to Lüneburg we asked in Harburg for Lüneburger Strasse and, once upon this street, inquired for Lüneburger Chaussée. Generally, signs so designated gave this information and saved inquiries. At Brunswick, we entered on Hamburger Strasse and left on Celler Strasse—Celle

being the nearest large town—diverging later to the *chaussée* for Hildesheim. Hildesheim, we left on the Goslarsche Strasse. Of course there are exceptions, but so few as not to impair the usefulness of this nomenclature, which we found invaluable.

As these truly obliging Germans, even to little children, seem unusually familiar with local topography, there was little didculty in obtaining information.

The Römischer Kaiser, while it may be the best hotel in Nordhausen, is not a first-class hotel; yet, to the unspoiled traveler, is not only quite a passable place but very odd and interesting, and was doubtless a fine place in its day—the day of coaching, perchance. We derived much solace for slow service and fair cooking in the unexpected way halls and stairs wind around, in floors that occasionally slope like the deck of a ship, and in curious, musty, best bedrooms. The Young Ladies occupied this type of room—a huge chamber with astonishing furniture, and with beds hidden away in a little alcove closed by gorgeous, heavy hangings. What matter if the electric light is subject to chronic disorders, so long as your sofa resembles a throne! What matter though you need all the windows open to freshen your room, so long as these overlook the old Market where an iron Poseidon has listened to generations of gossiping *Marktfrauen* whose clacking tongues he is unable to quiet despite the imperative wave of his trident! I wonder how he came there, anyway. Mayhap, some of the good councilmen took him for a Roman kaiser of the original Latin variety.

We who had less pretentious rooms, deplored the use of electric light where furnishings cried out for candles in old brass candlesticks with snuffers and extinguishers, and we wrestled gleefully with the old-

fashioned German featherbed, a marvelous conception for bedclothes, and with bolsters and pillows piled so high one must be expected to sleep in a sitting posture. I have never yet mastered those old featherbeds; cover your feet and your chest is exposed; cover your chest and your feet get cold. The most successful treatment I know, is to place it on the bed diagonally, covering your neck and disposing your legs in diamond pattern (feet together and knees far apart) like a frog swimming; in any case the cover, elusive as a drop of quicksilver, is likely to roll off the bed and you finally lose the courage to haul it back. This awkward old article has undergone great evolution and, in the modern German hotel, has been tamed down into a nice silk comfortable, buttoned, if you please! to the sheet beneath so that it can no longer escape.

The room Scoffy and the Youth occupied faced that same little alley through which we had arrived. Leaning from the window, they were almost tempted to see whether they could touch the overhanging story of the old timbered house opposite. Traffic in the alley afforded no end of entertainment. A couple of fellows went by, arm in arm, singing to the tune of the tarentella,

"From the old tavern door I've just come out;
Oh, you poor wabbly street, what are you about?
Your right side's turned left side, and all's in a funk:
Street, I must really believe you are drunk."

The Germans are, in the main, a simple folk for all their profound science and great erudition. A glass of wine or beer, a song, a joke or two, witty argument or pointed speech, another song—and you have them happy as can be. Should I, perhaps, add a few more

NORTH TRANSEPT OF CATHEDRAL. (*P.* 152.)

HILDESHEIM.

STATUE OF ROLAND AT ONE CORNER OF RATHAUS. (*P.* 173.)

"THE OLD TIMBERED HOUSES OPPOSITE." (*P.* 172.)

NORDHAUSEN.

glasses of beer? Well, no matter; they can stand a lot of it, and beer is not as deadly as whiskey.

A few steps from the hotel are the *Dom* (a charming, unpretentious little Gothic structure) and the old Rathaus; at one corner of the Rathaus, under a canopy, stands a heroic statue of Roland which dates from 1717, replacing one much older. Roland is symbolical of civic liberty, and he usually carries in his left hand a shield blazoned with the imperial eagle, and in his right, a drawn sword.

The *Dom* boasts a twelfth century Romanesque crypt, for Nordhausen, you know, is a very old place and witnessed many a meeting of great princes in the Middle Ages; it was once a free imperial city. We refused to view the crypt, or be coaxed to the church of St. Blasius which contains two fine examples of the work of Lucas Cranach, for we had had enough of local antiquities for the nonce, and were eager to see more of the country.

At ten-thirty next morning, after strolling around town a bit, looking at old houses, old squares and narrow streets, we started for Leipsic by way of Eisleben and Halle.

CHAPTER VII.

NORDHAUSEN TO LEIPSIC VIA HALLE.

JUNE 25TH—78 MILES.

DRIVING out of Nordhausen the invaluable trolley-tracks again came into play. "Follow the tracks till they branch," said mine host, "then take the broad street to the left." Soon, a street-sign proved we were on the right road—Hallesche Strasse—which passes the Judenthurm, a remnant of the medieval fortifications. Why Judenthurm (Jews' Tower) I do not know, but it sounds unpleasantly suggestive of persecution; however, this sinister impression was effaced by the appearance of children from an adjoining school, dismissed for their morning recess. To and from school, small children always carry their belongings in knapsacks. Occasionally we also saw journeymen of the old type with knapsacks on their backs—bearing a staff cut from the woods and wearing a sprig of green in their hats; many carried their shoes, for who would wear uncomfortable footgear when he might walk barefoot along a sunny country road in summer? Several times, we met a schoolmaster afield with his class in botany; the youngsters were equipped with the inevitable green, tin canister for specimens, and each boy wore the cap of his school—a sight to carry many a graybeard back to boyhood days.

Our road led via Biehlen and Görsbach to Rossla, where we passed about two miles north of Kyffhäuser

mountain at the foot of which lies Sittendorf—the home of Rip Van Winkle's prototype, Peter Klaus. Every day, he drove his goats up the mountainside to graze; on the fateful occasion, he bowled with a party of jolly knights and had recourse once too often to their inexhaustible tankard. He slept twenty years, awoke to find his beard reaching to his waist, met his daughter and her children on the village street—all after the best manner of Washington Irving and of Joe Jefferson of beloved memory. The mountain is crowned by the Kyffhäuser Denkmal, one of the gigantic monuments so frequent in Germany. We saw four on this trip alone: Bismarck in Hamburg; the Kyffhäuser; the Germania opposite Bingen-on-the-Rhine; and the giant Emperor William I at Coblenz.

The Kyffhäuser monument stands like a sturdy, ornate, four-sided lighthouse, commanding the country for miles around. Starting from a series of elaborate masonry terraces which, with their great stairways, spring in turn from a huge semicircular plaza built upon the mountain top, its total height is over two hundred feet, and in a niche in the front of the tower is an equestrian statue (thirty-one feet high) of Emperor William I. A lower niche contains a statue of Emperor Frederick Barbarossa who, greater than Charlemagne in some ways, might have been greater in all ways had not Henry the Lion's defection crippled his power. Poor Redbeard—when quite an old man he joined the Third Crusade and never returned! No one knows where he died, or how, though of recent years it has been asserted he was swept away while crossing a river in Asia Minor and was, presumably, drowned. German folklore has it that he never died at all, but sits sleeping in the bowels of the Kyffhäuser directly under the ruins of the Hohenstaufen castle

behind the monument, and that in the hour of Germany's direst need he will reappear in all his old-time power and glory.

No idle fancy this, but a fact actually vouched for by a peasant who, in the depths of the great cavern in the south side of the mountain, came upon the kaiser sleeping there in a magnificent chamber; he was seated in an ivory chair, back of a marble table, and his red beard had grown right through the table. Unfortunately the peasant uttered an exclamation, whereupon, with a sound like thunder, the inner cavern closed; thus, succeeding generations have been denied this interesting sight. Of these marvels, many other legends are current; that of the piper who, knowing Kaiser Friedrich's love of music, rendered a song for him and was called into the mountain to be rewarded with a capful of gold; that of the musicians who played for him and were rewarded with poplar branches—disdainfully tossed away on their walk home, by all but one, who soon found it turning into solid gold. The concensus of these tales indicates that a mortal was admitted to Barbarossa's presence about once a century, and that the kaiser asked three questions—"Are the ravens still flying over the mountain? Are the dead trees still overhanging the cliff? Has the old woman awakened?" Being answered "Yes," "Yes," and "No," he remarks: "Then I shall have to sleep another hundred years."

The ravens were perhaps wont to follow him to many a hard-fought field, so their unvaried presence was indicative of no great change; the dead trees will blossom when he comes forth; and the "old woman" is presumably the giant druidess who confronted Drusus and prophesied disaster to the Romans, and who, too old to follow Wittekind's retreat, was buried by

him under a pile of stones, with the significant remark, "She will come back."

Many have quoted the statement that Barbarossa sleeps in the Unter-or Wunder-berg at Salzburg. But this is a mistake: it is really Charlemagne who rests in the Unterberg; why he should have moved away from his tomb at Aachen (Aix) is a mystery—unless he was annoyed that, during the 350 years he occupied this throne, he was twice disturbed. Emperor Otto III (called "wonder of the world" because of his learning) opened the tomb at Aachen in 1001, nearly two hundred years after Charlemagne's death, and found the body, splendidly preserved, seated on its throne in full regalia—the sceptre still firmly grasped and the gospels lying open on its knees. In 1165, Frederick I (Barbarossa) likewise opened the tomb. Charlemagne became king of the Franks in 771; so we may add to his remarkable history the unique record of a monarch known to have occupied a throne nearly four centuries. The marble throne (still in Aachen cathedral) forming his resting place for three and a half centuries, was used at the coronation of German emperors till 1558, after which the ceremony took place in Frankfort.

Barbarossa, as you know, was a Hohenstaufen—hence his reputed resting place under the ruins of this Hohenstaufen castle. While this line of emperors was dying out (about the middle of the thirteenth century), foreigners took a hand; William of Holland, Richard (son of John Lackland) of England, Alfonso of Castile; but none of them could get firm hold of the German throne, so Rudolph of Hapsburg was elected. The Hapsburgers lasted (barring a period during which they alternated with four Luxemburgers and several others) continuously until 1740, by which time the Holy Roman Empire had become decidedly weak and

curtailed; even then they did not definitely resign the title, but clung to it till Napoleon's time (1806). After he had mercifully deprived them of this empty honor, they became mere emperors of Austria. The house of Hapsburg, in the person of old Emperor Franz Josef, reigns over Austro-Hungary to this very day. Thus ended the old lines of German emperors.

The present line of German emperors is the Hohenzollern, one of whom, Friedrich—then burgrave of Nuremberg—helped Kaiser Rudolph to the throne long ago; the first of this new line was William I (1871-88), whose statue stands so proudly on the Kyffhäuser, above the so-called resting place of good old Barbarossa. This William was not "Emperor of Germany" at all, nor "Emperor of the Germans" either—to point a distinction on which Bavarians, Saxons, Wurtembergers and others are jealously insistent—but merely "German Emperor"; in other words, he was, as his grandson is today, merely "president" of the united German states (twenty-five in number), comprising four kingdoms, six grand duchies, five duchies, seven principalities, three free cities, and the imperial—i. e. government—territory of Alsace-Lorraine.

The "presidency" of this federation of German states is hereditary with the crown of Prussia, and the "president" is accorded the title "German Emperor." His executive capacity, especially in foreign affairs, is limited by the Bundesrath, composed of delegates from all the states, and his policy is conformable in a degree, to the action of the Reichstag, composed of delegates elected from the people by the people. Such matters as railroads, postal service, military service and foreign affairs are handled by the federal government, but to each state is left the management of its internal affairs, much as it is with us.

"Heavens and earth!" you exclaim, "more history? Bobbie, please put on a little more speed and get out of this."

But putting on speed is not an easy matter today for, sad to say, we have at last come upon a poor road in Germany. Not the roadmaker's fault, nor the roadmender's—simply the fault of heavy traffic which keeps the road worn out. Perhaps we were spoiled, for this was a broad highway and rather good in stretches, but from Eisleben to Halle and from Halle to Leipsic we did considerable grumbling. Though the rolling country lasted nearly to Leipsic, Pater glared with disgust at the many mining and manufacturing towns, and hummed, sadly, snatches of that fine song,

"Von meinem Bergli muss i scheiden," etc.

The town of Wallhausen, soon passed, contributes an interesting story concerning the origin of the noted counts von Mansfeld, one of whom was a Spanish governor in the Netherlands; another, a Protestant general in the Thirty Years' War. It seems, while one of the kaisers lay encamped here, a favorite knight asked the gift of as much land in this "golden valley" as he could sow with a bushel of barley; he sowed a line that enclosed the later county of Mansfeld, north of Eisleben. Envious knights cried "fraud," but the kaiser said, "A promise is a promise. That is the man's field" (des Mannes Feld).

Yankee ingenuity would be strained to keep pace with the shrewdness practiced in ancient Germany. The Saxons, though pledged to respect the borders, cast envious glances at Thuringia. One day, a Saxon warrior appeared in a Thuringian camp and boasted he had so much gold he didn't care *what* he spent it

for. A Thuringian—thinking to have a laugh at the Saxon's expense—sold him a mantle-ful of earth, for the gold. The Saxon scattered this earth, in fine dust, over a large area of Thuringian land; then he summoned his whole tribe to defend his "property," which they did with complete success.

Emperor Louis the Pious fell into a snare of this kind, at the time when he was using every opportunity to enlarge his roll of sworn retainers. His brother-in-law (Henry of Altdorf and Ravensprung), a very proud man, long resisted Louis' efforts to deprive him of his freeholds. Finally, for his sister's sake, Henry agreed to surrender his holdings to the crown and to receive them back as a fief—excepting only so much land as he could encircle with a golden plow in one morning. The emperor agreed, and crafty Henry—ordering relays of swift horses, and concealing a small gold plow in his clothes—leaped upon his favorite steed at daybreak and encircled a goodly portion of Bavaria before the time was up. Henry was one of the Welfs so closely connected, later on, with Saxony.

Even the poor Britons suffered at the hands of the Saxons they invited to their shores. One Saxon tribe demanded, for each warrior, as much land as a hide would measure; consent received, the hides were cut into threadlike strips and laid so as to include a large area, within which the Oxenburg was built.

Eisleben is rather picturesque. We had not counted on seeing many of its historical buildings but our unfailing friend, the trolley-track, guided us between the Andreas Kirche where Luther preached, and the house opposite, in which he died. A few steps further, was the Markt with the Luther monument. At the next square the tracks were being repaired, and a *Dienstmann* (public porter) frantically waved to us

and shouted that the street was *"gesperrt";* accordingly Bobbie veered south to gain the nearest parallel street, and drove past the house where Luther was born, in 1483. The side streets, here, became alleys. We drove into one blind alley and, several times trespassed on private courtyards, ere we regained our Hallesche Strasse and went our way rejoicing.

Just beyond Eisleben there is a pretty prospect where the road climbs the heights overlooking Süsse See, a lake some three miles long. At the end of the lake lies Seeburg, with a castle clinging to the side of a hill, and directly facing our road which had made a sharp turn to the north; apparently the castle was so located in order to command the road, which turned eastward again just below. Had it been in Luther's day, we would have proceeded in fear and trembling, with much loosening of swords and adjusting of shields by our escort—assuming we could afford one—lest a robber baron swoop down to despoil us.

Halle is an old town on the river Saale. Here Karl V (Charles V) brought his victorious army after having vanquished another rebellious duke of Saxony and his allies; brought, also, his exalted prisoners and made them do homage, after which (by some juggling of manuscripts, it is claimed) he denied them the privileges he had promised in return. A Catholic kaiser, still, but pretty much of a Protestant Saxony, which enlists your sympathy for the latter. And yet, I may be wrong in this disposition of your sympathies, especially if you have read "Barbara Blomberg," an interesting novel by George Ebers, which tells of Emperor Charles V and of his illustrious son, Don Juan of Austria, "hero of Lepanto"—Spain's ill-starred fourth governor in the Netherlands. I shall have more to say anon, about this same Kaiser Karl V, and I think you will be interested.

In Halle, fronting on a branch (the Mühlgraben) of the river, are the well-preserved remains of the Moritzburg, a castle of the fifteenth century. Further up the main river are the ruins of castle Giebichenstein where Ludwig, landgrave of Thuringia and builder of the Wartburg, was imprisoned; it is said he escaped by a daring leap into the river below, and so he has been known as "Ludwig der Springer."

Upon entering Halle, we followed the wrong tracks where the trolley-lines diverged. Just as Scoffy began to crow at having found the way back across town, the street suddenly turned into a huge flight of steps; much as Bobbie bragged of "his" car he did not care to attempt these, and so he had to turn around and drive to the Markt by a circuitous route.

The Markt is rather interesting. To the west is the Marien Kirche which has four towers, the two facing the market being connected, high in the air, by a flying bridge or buttress; almost opposite stands the old Rathaus—partly Gothic, partly Renaissance. In the middle of the square rises the Rothe Thurm (a clock tower 267 feet high) and near it a statue of friend Roland. There is also a statue of the composer Händel, the St. Cecilia depicted on its base being a portrait of Jennie Lind. An intermittent spring on the south side of the Rothe Thurm was dubbed "hunger spring" by the peasants, who judged by its flow whether fat or lean years were to be expected.

Halle's Markt has often been visited by nixies from the Saale, shopping for supplies. On such occasions these beautiful water-maidens dressed like the average young women of the town, and were never detected unless some one noticed that the edge of their skirts was damp. Consequently, many a youth indulged in lovemaking that caused his tragic death. Numerous

legends attest the fact that nearly every lake and stream has its nix or nixie. A nix, ashore, is generally a fine-looking chap; for the benefit of ingenuous maidens, I add that he always wears a green hat and may be positively identified by his green teeth.

South of the Markt is the twelfth century St. Moritz Kirche—near the saltworks, famous for centuries; this church is attended by the Halloren (the saltworkers) who, up to recent years, displayed so many striking characteristics as to be regarded as a distinct race.

The cathedral, not of very ancient foundation, and the old residence of the archbishops of Madgeburg lie on the Mühlgraben, a bit south of the Moritzburg. Halle has a seventeenth century university, whose schools of medicine and agriculture are popular today.

Owing to poor roads it required fully three hours to reach Halle, a pretty low average speed for fifty-two miles. Luncheon was taken at the Hotel Stadt Hamburg, where we saw some of the *art nouveau* interior decoration for which Germany is celebrated.

Fortunately Halle was an old story, for a report that the road to Leipsic was badly worn occasioned our early departure. We did not even visit the sixteenth century cemetery, unique in Germany for its enclosure of Renaissance arcades.

Shortly before five p. m., Bobbie headed down Leipziger Strasse and drove via Bruckdorf, Gröbers, Schkeuditz, Lützschena and Möckern to Leipsic. Though the run is only about twenty-two miles from market place to market place, it was quarter past six when we arrived; but it must be remembered that we met heavy traffic all the way, to say nothing of time lost entering this great commercial center of Germany, the second city in Saxony. A police trap in the suburbs provided some amusement. A temporary shelter

from which a telephone wire was stretched, formed the starting point of measured distance, and it would have escaped notice under ordinary circumstances. Our lack of a front number caused one operator to betray himself; for he stepped out to the roadside and strained his eyes so hard and so noticeably, in his effort to find the number which wasn't there, that our suspicions were aroused. Though not going very fast, we took the hint and slowed down—not knowing the local speed limit; when, about a kilometer further on, a policeman sauntered out from a garden and scanned us, he looked so disappointed we couldn't help laughing.

Halle is in the province of Saxony which belongs to Prussia. Between Modelwitz and Hänichen we crossed the border, and entered the kingdom of Saxony; this kingdom, the Saxony of today, is only 5787 square miles in extent as against the 134,463 of Prussia. Smallest of the four German kingdoms, it covers little more than an eighth the area of the state of New York and is a mere fragment of that great Saxony which, known as a tribe about the fourth century A. D., grew and spread westward till it harassed the shores of Britain; and which became so powerful (toward the close of the eighth century) that Charlemagne spent thirty-two years subduing it. Strictly speaking, the present Saxony is *not* part of the older one—merely a portion of Slavonic conquests made by the Saxons when they enlarged their holdings toward the east. Of that greater Saxony, dismembered at the time of the humiliation of Henry the Lion, the eastern portion (Thuringia and the Slavonic conquests) became the duchy and electorate of Saxony, going first to the house of Ascania and in course of time to the *Markgraf* (margrave) of Meissen. Joint heirs of the Meissen line divided it, Thuringia and the electorate going to one, Meissen and the eastern part to the

other. In 1547 the electoral vote and some territory was given to the Meissen branch, which prospered, increased its territory, and finally founded the present kingdom of Saxony. Thuringia, on the contrary, soon split into the petty states of Weimar, Gotha, Altenburg, Meiningen, etc., which gives rise to that confusing array of Saxon duchies: Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Saxe-Meiningen, and the grand duchy of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach. Besides these "dukeries" there are the principalities of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt (which contains the Kyffhäuser), Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, Reuss-Greiz, and Reuss-Gera-Schleiz.

Not undivided states—oh, dear no!—for seven of them have exclaves mixed up among the others; and a fine Joseph's coat they make of the map, I warrant you. Each is a state of the German empire, and a nice mess they make of our geography and of our attempts to read the foreign columns in the newspaper. However, it is some satisfaction to know where they are, how they got there, and that they lie all in one group. We drove straight through them on the way back from Dresden, and they looked very pretty and quite inoffensive. East of them lies the kingdom of Saxony; south of them, the kingdom of Bavaria—once that duchy of Bavaria Henry the Lion tried to retain, but that was taken from him and handed to the Wittelsbachs, in which dynasty it remains today. North and west of these "dukeries" lies Prussia; great, overgrown Prussia which, in Henry the Lion's day, consisted merely of Brandenburg (then newly wrested from the Wends and barely tenable) and of the original Prussia—east of the Oder river—peopled by the Preussen (Prussians), a race of the fiercest, most untamable heathen. Henry's own Brunswick-Lüneburg, and Westphalia were later added to this nucleus.

CHAPTER VIII.

LEIPZIG (Leipsic).

JUNE 25TH —27TH.

LEIPZIG, the fifth city of Germany, is of mixed Germanic and Slavonic origin tempered by Saxon civilization, and its very name is derived from the Slav *Lipzi* or *Lipzk,* meaning town of the lime trees.

Otto the Rich, margrave of Meissen, gave quite some impetus to trade in Leipzig—already favored through lying at the intersection of important trade routes—by prohibiting any competing public markets within a radius of four miles. The Leipzig fairs, therefore, assumed great importance, and Emperor Maximilian widened the circle of restriction, also guaranteeing safe conduct to travelers to this city. Though the noted trade routes have been abandoned in favor of railroad transportation, and though markets and fairs have become obsolete through modern business methods, great fairs still take place here, and those held in Easter week and at Michaelmas are of considerable actual importance in the commercial world. Nearly five million dollars worth of business is done in the fur trade alone—leather, cloth, woolens, glass, and linen also figuring prominently; one New York importer who started manufacturing knickknacks to compete with foreign bronzes, was amused to find he could not create a market in New York until he had introduced them at the Messe (fair) in Leipsic. This city is also

the center of the bookselling and publishing business in Germany.

For landmarks of the battle of Leipsic one should go into the suburbs of Thonberg, Möckern and Probstheida; this was the center of the French position, and from the Napoleonstein near Thonberg, where Napoleon himself directed operations, one may get a good view of important parts of the battlefield. Near by is a very interesting collection of relics.

Germans call this three-days' battle (Oct. 16-18-19, 1813)—in which some 450,000 men were engaged and probably over 75,000 left upon the field—the Battle of the Nations (Völkerschlacht). Indeed, this was the real "Waterloo" which shattered Napoleon's power and after which the allies pursued him and inflicted a continued, though not unbroken, series of defeats. That the allies were so extremely shortsighted as not to incarcerate a man of his calibre in a safe and remote spot, and that they should consequently have part of their work to do over again at Waterloo, does not entitle Waterloo to the distinction of marking Napoleon's downfall and Europe's salvation.

Just before entering Leipzig we passed through Möckern, where the Prussians scored a victory over the French in the bloody fight of Oct. 16, 1813. Two and a half miles due north of Möckern—but more readily accessible from the city—is Breitenfeld, where two battles of the Thirty Years' War took place; in 1631, Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, allied with the Saxons, defeated the Catholic general Tilly, and, in 1642, the Swedes—now fighting against united Germany—defeated the imperialists.

In Leipzig, at the corner of Dresdener Strasse and Salomon Strasse, is a monument to commemorate the storming of the Grimmaisches Thor by Major Friccius

after the battle of 1813, and at the corner of Ranstädter Steinweg and Leibnitz Strasse is a stone to mark the location of the bridge prematurely blown up by the French to the destruction of their rear guard. The spot where Prince Poniatowski was drowned is marked by a stone on Lessing Strasse.

A curious feature of that pretty park, the Rosenthal, is an artificial hill. The good Leipzigers had long been chaffed about the extreme "flatness" of their town —perhaps not only as regards topography—so they decided to build a hill. All the ashes and cinders were piled in one spot in the Rosenthal, and when the mound had risen to the treetops it was covered with topsoil, sodded and planted with trees; a path winds up to the summit crowned with a pavilion, and now the Leipziger proudly points out his Scherbelberg.

You will find many interesting old buildings should you care to look for them—some, such as the old Rathaus, the Fürstenhaus, the old Gewandhaus, and Auerbach's Keller of Goethe's "Faust," hardly require seeking. The fine ring of parks and promenades in the center of the town is, as usual, the site of old walls and fortifications. A row of eight-story houses (nearly five centuries old) on the Thomas Ring recalls the fact that the city was noted in the Middle Ages for its *tall* buildings.

One could probably see the city pretty well in two days—certainly in three, as the museums and galleries are not extensive. Still, many travelers like to devote some time to the study of foreign life in the parks, cafés, and theatres. Plays begin so very early here that it is not unusual, going to an evening performance at the Neues Theater, to find it still broad daylight when you step from the foyer to the balcony, after the first act.

The building of the Reichsgericht (Supreme Court of the empire), is a good example of modern German monumental architecture, as the museum and the university library are of the preceding style. The Paul Knauer building on Ross Strasse, almost opposite the Hotel Hauffe, is a capital exponent of Germany's famous *art nouveau* in architecture, of which school of art Munich is really the centre.

Student life in Leipzig proves very interesting to anyone who has the good fortune to see it from the inside. The university, founded in 1409, is one of the largest and most important on the Continent. Dueling is still in vogue among the student fraternities, though an adverse feeling is arising. A German's point of view regarding this custom is, you must remember, very different from ours; Germany is an armed nation with foes on every border, and war is an imminent and stern reality—not, as with us, a vague possibility provoked or avoided, according to our own desire. Small wonder then, that teaching fellows to fight and take punishment without flinching was long considered one of the greatest benefits student societies could offer.

Before a student is permitted to join one of these *Verbindungen* he goes through a novitiate during which he is called a *Fuchs* (literally, "fox"), and does not wear the full colors of the fraternity either on the band of his cap or in the ribbon across his chest. To become a full-fledged *Bursche* he must demonstrate his ability to fight creditably on the dueling floor, as well as show his knowledge of the history of the entire German *Burschenschaft* and of their insignia, being drilled first of all in local usages by the *Fuchsmajor*. Untold prodigies in beer drinking are essential to the initiation ceremonies at the *Commers* (meeting), when

the neophyte sits on a keg and sings a song of more than a dozen verses, draining a stein after each.

To go dueling is called "auf die Mensur gehen," the use of the *Mensur* (measure, test) being obvious; and because no thrusting or lunging is permissible in this style of swordplay, the expression *"sich schlagen"* (from *"schlagen"* to hit or strike) is often employed to signify "having a bout." The contestants stand face to face, toeing a chalk line on the floor, and are allowed neither to stir from that spot nor to dodge or flinch. As it is the most natural thing in the world to flinch when receiving a blow on the head, special attention is given to curing the new fencer of this habit. He wears a thick felt skullcap and is pitted against a far superior swordsman of his *Verbindung,* armed with the customary, blunt practice-sword. The experienced man needs but a minute to penetrate the *Fuch's* defense and soon begins to rain blows upon that felt-clad head; eventually, the *Fuchs* gets accustomed to these whacks and ceases to flinch.

Did you ever witness a *Mensur?* No? Then come with me, now. Being in Leipzig we cross the border, into Prussia, to have our meeting, for laws against dueling are less severe there than in Saxony. Oh, yes, there is a penalty for dueling; it is one of those paradoxes which arise where you wish to control a thing yet do not wish to abolish it. The Kaiser is said to have remarked that if he caught any of his officers dueling he would see that severe imprisonment was meted out to the offenders; but if any officer declined a challenge, dismissal from the army and lasting disgrace should be his portion.

For novices in fencing, friendly matches (often limited to fifteen rounds) are arranged; other bouts are the results of formal challenges arising from sport-

ing rivalry, or quarrel and insult. At some quiet inn with a spacious hall upstairs, we will find our *Burschen* and those of some other *Verbindung*. Members do not go there in a body, lest this invite police interference; and for the same reason they wear no "colors" on the way. A picket at the private entrance lets us pass after a few words from our friend. Upstairs in the large hall the fraternities are mingling—old friends are greeted, and new ones made, over a social glass of beer.

In an alcove, off the main hall and a few steps down, battle is already in progress. Little general interest is aroused by this match, for the contestants are both new at the game and not likely to hurt each other, so the buzz of conversation almost drowns the sharp click-clack, click-clack of swords. But we foreigners must have a look at the affair. The fighters are as well protected as line-bucking football players, though not in the same fashion. Head and face are the objective points in this duel; one's neck is protected against chance blows by a heavy, leather-bound collar; eyes are shielded by huge, projecting, steel goggle-frames fitting tight so as to prevent blood from trickling into them. The front of the body is covered by a leather apron, the left shoulder padded, and the sword-arm wound with silk bandages until twice its natural size; sword-hand and wrist are covered by a heavy gauntlet; the other hand being held behind one's back, out of harm's way. The tightly swathed sword-arm, used to parry the cut in tierce, is supported horizontally by one's second, between rounds, to prevent an influx of blood. Most weapons have bell-hilts to protect the hand and wrist, though in some places (like Munich) they use large metal basket-hilts. In no case does the weapon (a sort of rapier with a blade five-eighths of

an inch wide) have a point, though ground to razor edges for the lower third of its length. There is no object in having a point since thrusting and lunging are barred; besides, it might break off and inflict a dangerous wound behind the ear, or even injure a spectator; so, nowadays, these swords (*Schläger*) are cut square at the end.

Click-clack, click-clack, goes the shining steel—one minute, I think it was, to a round—then *"Halt!"* Crash, go the seconds' *Schläger,* knocking up the engaged weapons; the doctor looks the men over; not a scratch on either. "All right, are you ready?" *"Parat!" "Los!"* Click-clack, click-clack again, till the next call of time, and so on for some thirty rounds which constitute a match, unless injuries to either party make a cessation advisable.

The match over—neither swordsman has so much as a scratch. "I told you so" is heard on all sides, and those who had hoped for something more exciting turn away disappointed.

But the next bout will be a good one. "Here's where you get something worth while," says the *Bursche* who is our guide. Others think so, too. The tables are deserted, and the crowd gathers round the place of battle, while we, standing on chairs, look over their heads. "That is best," says our guide, "for if you don't like to see blood you can get down. I had an Englishman here, last time, and he fainted." We promise not to be as timorous as that.

Click-clack, they are at it! More clicks and arcs of shining steel flashing quicker than our eyes can follow —*"Halt!"* crash—the round is over. "Did they get anything?" Yes, one of them did—a cut on top of his head, and blood is trickling down either side of his ear. The doctor examines the cut. "It is noth-

ing—two inches long, but light." The scorekeepers scribble busily and the next round begins.

The fellow with the cut is mad. Zip! his opponent has a split lip. Zip! again, and he gets a slash on his cheek—two wounds in the same round; though bleeding profusely they are "not bad." But a later round gives him a cut on the forehead—a circular cut that lets the skin drop down and hang over one eye. "Aha! this looks like business," is the general comment. "I think we'll stop," says the doctor. "Yes, I should say *we will* stop," he exclaims, as he examines the other fellow. "That forehead is not so bad, but this man has another cut on the head right across the first, a nasty one, too—down to the bone." So the bout is ended. The scorekeepers begin appraising the injuries and the combatants are led away to have their wounds dressed.

Other encounters follow and turn out much the same, though perhaps less bloody. It is considered nearly as creditable to get a *Schmiss* (slash or scar) as, by superior skill, to avoid one; for a scar of this sort is regarded with almost as much pride as a wound received in battle. Certainly, it is a sign of pluck and endurance, for no anesthetic is given—the young patients sitting up to have splinters of bone brushed out of a cut in their heads, and half a dozen stitches taken in the wound, with never a murmur.

Of course we take in the surgical operations as well, but like them much less; for my part, I am glad to get out of the surgery and indulge in a glass of kümmel to brace me up a bit—being determined to disappoint our guide by appearing quite undisturbed, and not even suggesting a resemblance to his Englishman.

Equally skilled contestants are always chosen if possible, though, of course, the unexpected does hap-

pen. A left-handed man is said to have an advantage over the right-handed one; indeed, the latter requires special training in defense against a left-handed opponent.

We would like to stay for a sabre duel, the event of the day; but this is a real duel (the outcome of hard words and boasting), not a friendly bout as the others had been. To be sure it is not *Säbelsühne,* which I might translate as *à outrance,*—"to the death" seeming too melodramatic, although not infrequently correct. Vital points are accordingly protected (for example, the left side and the left shoulder) as a descending blow on the shoulder has been known to cleave clear through collarbone and carotid artery, proving instantly fatal. However, mild as this *Säbel* (sabre) duel is, it is considered too serious for strangers to witness.

So the *Mensur*—though scarred faces are not agreeable unless viewed from the standpoint of a peculiar code of ethics—is neither dangerous nor terrible. The real danger lies in the fact that any one who has been through the *Mensur* is liable to a challenge in after years under more serious circumstances.

For example, a chap I knew got into an altercation with an army officer during his one year's volunteer service. Nothing would do but they must fight it out *Säbelsühne.* My friend had been the best swordsman in his university but, with this engagement in prospect, he hurried home and took extra lessons from the university fencing master. His mother told me of the fright the whole family experienced, and their great relief when he telegraphed that he had come off without a scratch. The officer, a lieutenant, was considered the best sword in the garrison. They met—stripped to the waist and unprotected. At first, honors were

even; then my friend just missed in an attack which, however, drew blood by a scratch extending across his adversary's chest. Infuriated, the officer, who had expected an easy victory, threw caution to the winds and fought so recklessly that, in a few minutes, he received a cut on his sword-arm which severed two tendons and put an end to the duel.

Fine reading this makes for the beginning of the twentieth century! You'd almost think you were back in colonial days. However, all's well that ends well; and this duel surely did end well. Either of those rash chaps might easily have been killed—a fine kettle of fish for all concerned, especially for the survivor.

Besides teaching fighting and endurance, the *Verbindung* teaches manliness, courtesy, and manners. One day in the week is *couleurfrei* (color-free), but on other days the fraternity cap and ribbon are worn and the various mandates must be observed. Carrying umbrellas is considered effeminate; therefore, *Burschen,* like army officers, do not use any. They must not haggle over purchases; they must not carry large, unsightly bundles; they must be courteous; they must never omit a proper tip, etc., etc. By them, swordplay is considered "the manly art," and to settle differences with the fists is extremely vulgar. You must not assume, however, that this is wholly due to ignorance; many German students have taken lessons in "bux'n," as they call it, and are eager to put on the gloves with an Englishman or an American.

Though their militant life does not, as a rule, appeal to Americans, the students show other traits that are both attractive and amusing.

"Did you ever drink Lichtenhainer?" inquires the *Bursche* who took us to the *Mensur.* "No, what is it, a kind of wine?" we respond. "No, indeed, it's a

kind of beer; very pale and very mild. Lighter in color than Pilsener." It is brewed in Jena, I believe, and the students there can consume untold quantities without being any the worse.

So away we go with our guide, along a narrow street, to the sign of The Golden Hat (Zum Goldnen Hut). As we enter, a burst of light, laughter and song almost overwhelms us. A score of students sitting at two long tables are singing, "Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig," etc. Of course they are not *"traurig"* at all; on the contrary, very happy. Some people, who admit that German songs are very beautiful, complain that so many of them are sad. There are hundreds of comical German songs; but the finest compositions, the world over, are nearly always sentimental or sad. The happier a German becomes, the sadder the song he sings; and when he is real downright happy he loves to sing the Lorelei, which runs:—

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten das ich so traurig bin,
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten, das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn," etc.

This might be translated:—

I know not what may be portending, that I am so sad today,
An old legend of sorrowful ending holds me in its memory's sway.

The singers are so busy it requires no less than three pretty barmaids to keep their throats from getting dry. It is a merry, kind-hearted crowd. Seume says:—

"Wo man singt, da lass' dich ruhig nieder,
Böse Menschen haben keine Lieder."

That is:—

Where there's singing, you may safely tarry;
The wicked have no tunes to carry.

We were introduced all round as "friends from America." One chap jumped up and introduced us formally to the barmaids, somewhat to their confusion, especially as he immediately proceeded to examine them upon the subject of *"Amerika"*—its location, size, religion, government, etc.; this was productive of quite some fun, owing equally to the vagueness and the wit of the answers.

Another had the happy inspiration that, as newcomers, we must treat (*schmeissen*) if we joined the table. *"Ja, ja! eine Spritzkanne schmeissen,"* echoed the crowd, and forthwith began to sing Franz Abt's fine melody, "Die Lindenwirthin,"

"Keinen tropfen im Becher mehr,
Und der Beutel schlaff und leer,
Lechzend Herz und Zunge,"

a song often used like our, "How dry I am."

The *Spritzkanne* was a large tankard from which the Lichtenhainer beer is poured; it is like a huge coffeepot of vertical strips of alternately light and dark wood, and has a copper spout. The beer is served in wooden mugs which match the *Kanne,* and tasted somewhat like buttermilk. We thought the boys were playing one of their pranks, as in these mugs we could see nothing but the foaming top of the beverage; but a glass filled at our request, set our suspicions at rest.

I was inclined to think it might be a sort of ale, but it isn't. There is a drink called *Gose* (sold in the suburb of Gholis) which is as popular with Leipzigers as

the dreadful *Weissbier* is with citizens of Berlin; it is made by top fermentation, so I presume it must be a kind of ale. They serve it in flat, long-necked flasks, such as have elsewhere gone out of fashion centuries ago. The fermentation gathers in the neck of the flask, and, by a skillful fillip, one throws this flotsam on the ground, after which the rest of the beverage is ready for consumption. *Gose* is sour and the taste for it, like that for ale, is an acquired one; it is so very sour that even those who indulge regularly, take a *Knickebein* (sherry and egg), before and after, to fortify their stomachs.

Let us return to our friends in the Golden Hat. The students display a comradeship and frank affection that is quite a revelation to the beholder. When an old pedler wanders in with flowers for sale, the fellows buy extensively and present each other with boutonnières as a token of mutual regard. When a vendor of picture postcards appears they invest quite heavily; pencils and fountain pens now come into play, and cards are sent to friends all over the country—cards which recall this or that jolly outing or social gathering, or a hard grind over the books in *Gymnasium* (high school) days. Sometimes a number of chaps is called upon to sign a card someone else is sending. Thus many a warm friendship is renewed or fostered which would inevitably perish of dull efforts at regular correspondence. Songs, jokes and witty arguments are the order of the evening, while sly gibes and genuine compliments fly back and forth. With regret we hear *Frau Wirthin's* announcement that closing time is at hand.

For real fun you should attend a *Commers* (regular meeting of a *Verbindung*). I shall be generous, and take you to one of these also. We shall go late so as

to avoid the business part of the meeting. When we arrive, the *Burschen* are gathered about an L-shaped table; the chairman presiding at the middle of the short arm, the *Füchse* sitting at the lower end of the long arm—below the salt, as it were—in charge of the *Fuchsmajor,* their instructor and mentor.

A succession of songs is chosen by the chairman. They are sung well and with evident zest; during the intervals occur beer-drinking, smoking, toasts and *Salamanders,* (this last, a peculiar ceremony in which the steins are rubbed upon the table). Lest some one be unable to recall the score or more of stanzas many songs contain, *Commers* songbooks are supplied, their covers studded with large gilt tacks to keep them clear of the beer, so liable to get spilled. Fortunately, not all the verses are sung, only those selected by the chairman. Hilarity grows and spirits wax high. A great deal of beer is consumed, but the fellows seem to stand it; even if they didn't no trouble would ensue, for the most comical set of parliamentary rules governs the meeting, making a serious dispute impossible. Any one who has to be called to order frequently, is put into *Bierverbann* by the chair. While in this "beer-ban" the offender may not join the drinking, singing or conversation, and he must be redeemed, so to speak, by one who is *bierehrlich* ("honest," in good standing); this is accomplished by drinking with the offender and declaiming some Latin incantation.

For a serious breach of etiquette *doppelter* (double) *Bierverbann* may be the penalty, and this offender has to be redeemed twice, the first process getting him only into the ordinary form of *Verbann.* Any one in *Bierverbann* has his name put on the blackboard, that all may read and be warned. The *Füchse* are not honored by having their names thus inscribed; instead, the out-

line of a pig is drawn, with as many legs as there are offending *Füchse.* Since they generally get into trouble together, being often put up to it on the sly by the *Fuchsmajor,* the pig may have eight or ten legs; on the other hand, it may have only one. Another comical way of settling one of those hyper-serious arguments drinking sometimes engenders, is for bystanders to demand that it be settled by the *"Bierprobe"* (beer test). Each of the disputants is given a full stein of beer—a neighbor acting as referee. *"Setzt un"* (get set), he says, at which they raise the steins to their lips, and then, *"Los"* (go), whereat they begin to drink. The one who can first empty his stein and cry *"Bierjunge"* wins the argument, and it is customary to invert the stein to show that it is really empty. Should one of them begin drinking before the word is given, the referee cries *"Halt! Wechselt die Waffen"* (exchange weapons), and of course the man who was good gets the benefit of a handicap. The whole thing, you see, is a parody on the *Mensur.* So fun and ridicule take care of those whom drink makes combative rather than jovial. As a matter of fact, outright drunkenness is rare, considering the great quantity of beer and wine consumed in Germany. Even the foreigner quite unused to drinking, surprises himself by the amount of beer he can safely imbibe. Whether it be the climate or the beer's quality, I do not know, but the fact remains.

In their pranks German students are no better and no worse than students elsewhere. Their practical jokes are extremely funny, but seldom, if ever, take the form of hazing or rough horseplay. There are no forcible collisions with the police in the pursuit of these jokes, as the police do not arrest students, simply demanding to see their student-cards. These are is-

sued by the university, which is responsible for the boys' behavior and makes short shrift of undesirable characters.

No regular curriculum is in force, and a student may attend lectures or not. To get a degree he need only pass the examinations held at stated times, in stated subjects; accordingly, he may spend either a few years or a great many, in obtaining it. That much besides learning goes to make university life of value, is a fact fully recognized in Germany. The boys have had their noses pretty close to the grindstone in "prep-school" days, and it is expected that, unless a chap is too poor to afford the time, his first two or three semesters will not amount to much so far as the pursuit of learning is concerned.

THE KING'S CHURCH. (*P.* 216.)

THE OPERA HOUSE. (*P.* 216.)

CHAPTER IX.

LEIPSIC TO DRESDEN VIA MEISSEN.

June 27th—71 miles.

ABOUT eleven o'clock on Saturday, June 27th, we left Leipzig and headed for Dresden via Meissen. Driving out of town on the continuation of Dresdener Strasse, we passed many a queer little private garden so typical of large German cities. Big factory towns may look quite important from a distance, but they never have these hundreds of vegetable and flower gardens by which you can always tell you are approaching a city of the first class, such as Hamburg, Dresden, Leipzig, or Berlin. The German possesses an innate love of nature and, cooped up in the confines of a big city, nothing will do but he must have his little strip of garden on the outskirts, where he may raise his favorite vegetables and flowers and putter around to his heart's content.

It looks very odd to see scores upon scores of these little enclosures, side by side, with never a house near them—sometimes boasting a summer pavilion or a tool-shed, sometimes not even this. Many are quite pretty, with rose arbors, rockeries, flower beds and small trees; others are entirely devoted to the prosaic culture of vegetables.

There is a rising young lawyer in Dresden who, during the week, is a regular society swell; but on Sunday he goes out to a little patch of farm land near the "Sächsische Schweiz," dons overalls, and digs,

weeds, and plants all day long, getting just as tired and dirty as he likes. Because his fruit and vegetables lie open to the depredations of the small boy, during the week, he has hit upon the expedient of giving each of the local constables the fruit of certain trees, with the result that, among them, they maintain a close watch upon that particular property.

The road to Dresden carried us through Wurzen, Oschatz and Meissen. A good road, but rather dusty, and the numerous wheelmen we met swore quite volubly at the dust cloud we raised. They will get used to that in time; the practice of motor-touring is still young in Germany. Indeed, outside of large cities we seldom saw more than two cars a day; some days, none at all. While we felt sorry for travelers along the highway, and did not blame them for feeling "sore," we took comfort in the fact that other motors seemed to raise more dust than ours.

Along this route there was the usual succession of picturesque German villages. At Bennewitz the river Mulde was crossed and soon after we came to Wurzen, which has an old *Dom* (cathedral) of the twelfth century and a castle of the fifteenth. A rising grade takes us between the Steinberg and the Wolfsberg and into the forest of Hubertusburg. At Oschatz the road goes down hill abruptly and, beyond Lonnewitz, we were glad to be again warned by our Ravenstein of a sharp descent to the railroad. A steep grade up to Obermoschütz brought us our first view of the Elbe. Sliding carefully down the hill to Zehren, we followed the Elbe to Meissen.

Meissen—older than Dresden, Leipzig or Berlin—is the oldest town in Saxony, one of the oldest in Germany. It was founded by Henry the Fowler, forebear of the Saxon line of emperors, and first sovereign to

take hold and create a semblance of order out of the chaotic remnants of Charlemagne's empire. Henry defeated the Danes and established the *Mark* Schleswig against them; he marched across the frozen marshes and captured Brannebor, the Wend's chief city, establishing the *Mark* Brannebor, which became the great *Mark* Brandenburg and later the kingdom of Prussia. In 930 he founded the *Mark* of Meissen as a check to the Hungarians. How many high tides of invasion by those fierce Magyars must have surged and roared round this grim, fortressed hill jutting out into the Elbe! It is hard to picture this now, as you look down from the Albrechtsburg over that beautiful, peaceful valley. Henry couldn't do much against the Hungarians at first; had to pay them tribute, in fact. Having got his other borders under control he set to work to improve his fortress of Merseburg, and established new ones at Goslar and Quedlinburg. Most important of all, he taught his troops to fight on horseback like the Hungarians. Thus in 933 he was able to defeat them decisively, which put an end to all tribute. But it by no means put an end to their inroads, which continued during the reigns of several of his successors.

These *Marks* were the border counties, so to speak, and the *Markgraf* (margrave) was count, or lord, of the marches, marks, borders, boundaries, or whatever you wish to call them. In our colonial days, it was a custom of great landed proprietors to "ride the boundaries" of their possessions at regular intervals in order to ascertain that blazes, surveyors' monuments, boundary stones, etc., were still in place; that trails and roads were in good condition; that nobody had committed depredations or encroachments on the land: in fact, to see that everything was as it should be. This, in a

much magnified sense, was the duty of the *Markgraf* respecting a given stretch of the empire's border; he policed the border, punished minor depredations, and served as outpost or sentinel in case of general invasions.

A *Burggraf* (burgrave) was lord of one of the kaiser's castles, administering imperial affairs in the castle and its dependencies. A *Landgraf* was overlord of a given section of country and, without the special duties just mentioned, owed the kaiser military service, and paid other dues, directly or through his sovereign duke or king.

You probably all know Mont St. Michel, off the coast of Brittany, even if you have not seen it—that great rock which combines church, castle, town and fortress, all in one. Seen from the Elbe, Meissen looms up half town, half fortress, with the Ancient Albrechtsburg dominating the mass, and the spires of the *Dom* soaring against the sky; and you exclaim, "It's the Mont St. Michel of Germany." It was more than this to Germany and to the Anglo-Saxon race.

That charming story "Ekkehard," a literary classic by Victor von Scheffel who wrote "The Trumpeter of Säckingen," describes an inroad of the Huns into the duchy of Swabia which once comprised Baden, Wurtemberg and part of Bavaria. Barbarossa was a duke of Swabia.

Our first view of Meissen was not from across the river, for we approached along the bank upon which the city is located; but the gray walls of the fortress looked impressive, towering above us as we drove into town. The quaint fifteenth century Rathaus looked very interesting; so did the old, old houses with red-tiled roofs, and the crazy, narrow, winding streets. But the hotels of the old town did not promise to be as

A BULWARK OF THE SAXON RACE. (*P.* 206.)

MEISSEN CASTLE.

satisfactory to the inner man as did the restaurant in the castle-yard, so we decided to stop there for lunch.

Well, this required some fancy driving you may be sure, and Bobbie earned his laurels there, if anywhere. Streets were narrow and steep, turns sharp and unexpected. Several streets have steps but, fortunately, we did not meet any, as we had in Halle. Up we went, and under the *Burgbrücke;* then round and round, up and up, on top of the *Burgbrücke* and over it, to the castle. Several times we reached what looked like a "jumping off" place. Once we took the wrong street, and it needed skillful driving to get our big touring-car turned again and to twist it around the remaining corners, and through narrow archways that allowed just sufficient clearance for a chance pedestrian to save his vest buttons from our mudguards.

But we reached the castle-yard at last, and Pater declares he saw a start of surprise on the bronze features of old Albrecht the Brave, who died in the year fifteen hundred and might little expect to receive guests in touring-cars.

Stumbling up and down the odd but somewhat dangerous steps in the hall of the restaurant building, we emerged on the terrace where we could dine under arbors or trees and, at the same time, enjoy the fine view. Medieval Meissen lay below us, a picturesque jumble of old buildings, whose equal is to be found perhaps nowhere in Germany save at Nuremberg.

In the stable-yard of the inn we found a taxicab from Dresden, which discovery throws a peculiar light on Pater's remark about the Brave Albert's features. Yet it in nowise detracts from Bobbie's achievement; for if you compare a short taxicab driven by a man familiar with the turns, with a huge, heavy car driven by a stranger, you have—as the Irish would say—a gray horse of another color.

To our disappointment a passing shower pattered over the *Garten,* which deterred us from following the delightful German custom of dining outdoors. The dining-room windows showed a considerable view, but I fear we were too much amused by Bobbie and the taxi's chauffeur to admire the landscape. They had decided to brave the elements, and were taking lunch at the terrace edge, in the shelter of a tree, engaged meantime in a lively conversation; that one understood no German and the other no English seemed to make not a whit of difference. Bobbie afterward declared they understood each other fairly well, though what wonderful motor-Volapük they employed he would not disclose.

Another distraction, was a gathering of German prep-school boys with their teachers, in the great hall adjoining our room, and it was interesting to listen to the speechmaking and cheering and to the singing of student song.

Scoffy initiated us into the mysteries of *Erdbeer-bowle* (strawberry punch) which with *Maiwein* or *Maibowle* (May wine or May punch) is a delicious form of the "cup that cheers but not inebriates."

I should like to devote a chapter to the Albrechtsburg and the cathedral, but lack of space forbids. This "palace," one of the finest and most extensive German castles of the fifteenth century, was erected by the co-regents Albert and Ernest. They were the rulers who divided the duchy and electorate of Saxony which, as before mentioned, had fallen to the margraves of Meissen: Albert got the electorate and Meissen and some dependencies, which grew to be the present kingdom of Saxony; and Ernest got Thuringia which, as we know, eventually split up into the petty Saxon states.

BURGBRÜCKE, AND HOUSES AND GARDENS ON THE TOWN WALL. (*P.* 209.)

COURTYARD, SHOWING STAIRCASE; VIEW OF CATHEDRAL MINUS THE SPIRES. (*P.* 209.)

MEISSEN CASTLE.

The castle has a fine, circular, exterior staircase on the side facing the court, which suggested the staircase at Blois, though by no means as large nor as ornate. Inside, we find two stories of magnificent vaulted apartments. One, I think it is the small banqueting hall, is at the apex of the building and has windows on three sides, giving three quite different but equally beautiful views of the valley. Nearly every room is at a different angle from its neighbor and presents a different vista. Truly the sites that made fine natural defenses in olden times, afford fine natural scenery now. The living-rooms on the upper floors and the offices on the lower ones are not shown to visitors; no dungeons are shown, though there must have been many in those dank cellars in the rocks. Scoffy and the Youth once caused the guide quite some uneasiness by opening a trapdoor which revealed a flight of stone steps leading down into darkness.

The walls of all the great halls are adorned with modern frescoes illustrating the history of the castle and of its doughty margraves and dukes. The effect is rather pleasing, suggesting old-time tapestries. One scene shows the kidnapping of the princes, Albert and Ernest, from the castle of Altenburg by Kunz von Kaufungen; another, the storming of the castle by the Poles in 1015. For you may well imagine a lord of the *Marks* held no idle office, and the lives of many margraves and of many thousands of men were sacrificed to preserve the empire and the Saxon civilization.

Of the original buildings antedating the Albrechtsburg, not much is left. The *Burgbrücke,* over which we drove, dates from the thirteenth century as does the cathedral—in course of renovation and restoration when we were there. To preserve the scanty lineaments of such old tombstones as were not already ef-

faced, they have all been removed from the cathedral floor, and a new stone floor has been laid. The spires of the west front, destroyed by lightning in the sixteenth century, are being replaced according to their original design. The masses of scaffolding obscuring front and spires, made the structure look so much more like a modern American skyscraper in course of erection than a thirteenth century cathedral, that Mater promptly took a photograph of it.

We found the statues, altarpieces and the like, in the choir and in some of the chapels, undisturbed; especially noteworthy is the galilee chapel which closes the main west portal and contains, besides a bronze of Frederick the Warlike, four fine brasses attributed to Hermann Vischer or Peter Vischer. The carvings of the cathedral portal, preserved from the elements by the erection of this chapel, are correspondingly interesting. The cathedral adjoins the main *Burg* (castle) and projects into the bailey.

From 1710 to 1864 the Albrechtsburg was used as the royal porcelain factory; ten years later it was renovated and put into its present condition.

A curious story is told of the discovery of the process for making the famous Meissen china. It seems that at the beginning of the eighteenth century many alchemists were still busily searching for the philosopher's stone. Just what this precious article was supposed to effect is hard to determine; probably everything, and not least, the making of gold. The direct search for a means to manufacture gold was widespread, and the inverse process of getting gold into solution and then precipitating it again, was known and tried in the course of these investigations. A certain chemist or alchemist in Berlin (Böttger or Bötticher, by name) was aware of this trick, and one

fine day he laid a wager that he could make gold. Of course he prepared his gold solution beforehand and easily won his wager.

The result of this wonderful experiment, noised abroad, reached the ears of the king of Prussia. He thought Böttger far too valuable a man to be at large and sent agents to find him. Böttger, warned by friends, sought safety in flight. But August the Strong of Saxony, nothing loth to have a goldmaker himself, had the border patroled by cavalry; and sure enough, our luckless alchemist, hurrying toward a fancied haven in Saxony, was straightway captured. Escorted to Meissen, he was placed in a room still shown to the public, and politely but firmly informed that here he must abide until gold was forthcoming. A spooky time for both town and castle, when winter winds howled around the old Albrechtsburg while the alchemist, 'mid strange bottles and retorts in his eerie chamber, plied "black magic" far into the night by the lurid glow of oven or forge! It was a bad time for the alchemist, however, for his magic was not "good magic" and the frenzied effort of years gave no results; finally, in desperation, he used the white clay of the neighboring countryside, and produced a fine glazed china dish. Whether this procured his release I cannot say; but, at all events, the poor man had taken to drinking heavily and drank himself to death shortly afterward.

By the irony of fate he left to Meissen, in this very porcelain, a heritage of gold still unexhausted.

It is interesting to visit the Royal Porcelain Works down in the town, and have the marvels of firing and glazing shown you—how the clay shrinks a third in firing and how the black stencilled figures come out the beautiful blue of the old *Zwiebelmuster* (onion

pattern); how the fine hand painting of the other patterns is applied and how the carefully modeled little figures are made in sections, afterward assembled. These things are fascinating, especially to the ladies, and a lucky man is he who can get them away from the factory without their having discovered the salesroom connected with it. The men would probably prefer to have an unfired plate as a souvenir; but they may save themselves the trouble of trying to acquire one, for the good Saxons are still jealous of their secret of turning clay into gold, and any suggestion of such a purchase is met with looks of deep suspicion and a hurried movement of the guide to the next room. It is here the Royal Meissen (or Royal Dresden) china is manufactured—that with the crossed-swords mark on the back. Despite all secrecy, several close imitations of this first true "China ware" in Europe were manufactured in different parts of Germany; for years there was a so-called "Meissen" china factory at Höchst, but its product was not known or sold as Royal Dresden ware. Though this, like some other factories, is now shut down, you may still buy the famous blue Meissen pattern without the authentic trademark.

We arrived from Leipsic about one o'clock and it is after four-thirty as we drive over the big bridge across the Elbe and wave a last adieu to staunch old Meissen. Thank God, you and the other *Marks* stood so firm and true for Saxony and the empire, and turned the rush of the eastern tribes back upon itself. Long may you stand, and may never an Anglo-Saxon visit you but to gaze at your old gray walls with reverence, and thank his stars you saved him from being Cossack, Turk, or Tartar, or the Lord knows what.

The progress of civilization has continued westward

DRESDEN: FRAUENKIRCHE.

"OF COURSE HALBERSTADT HAS A ROLAND."
(*P.* 213.)

since those *Markgraf* days, until now the fierce Oriental has been overlapped on his eastern frontier. No bulwarks are raised against him there, no fortressed *Marks;* the open hand of friendship is outstretched. Let us hope it will be for the best.

Henry the Fowler, to whom we all owe so much, is buried in the abbey church at Quedlinburg, north of the Harz mountains, only thirty miles east of *Bad* Harzburg. Quedlinburg, a residence of the Saxon emperors, is a quaint town with many medieval houses, an old Rathaus and a *Schloss* (castle). It was once a Hanseatic town and the Rathaus contains a wooden cage, the prison, for more than a year, of Count Albert of Regenstein who had disregarded municipal privileges.

Finkenherd Place near the Schlossberg is supposed to be the spot where Henry the Fowler was urged by a deputation of princes to become king of Germany. Near the Finkenherd is the municipal museum, displaying, among other attractions, many instruments of torture. Klopstock, and Carl Ritter the famous geographer, were born in Quedlinburg. Of course the place has a Roland; so has Halberstadt, another quaint old town—not ten miles northwest, which boasts also two ancient churches and much of that old half-timber architecture we are always eager to see.

On the slope of the mountains about nine miles further, if you come from the direction of Harzburg, lies Ballenstädt, seat of the dukes of Ballenstädt-Ascanien (the modern Anhalt). Ruins of their other old castle of Ascania lie near the modern town of Aschersleben. Albert the Bear, a duke of this line who died at Ballenstädt in 1170, was Henry the Lion's greatest contemporary among German princes. He became *Markgraf* of Brandenburg upon the extinction of the

ruling line and was the first great *Markgraf* there. Without belittling the work of those older margraves who lived and died in the defense of the borders, we can say that this Albert first put things to rights in Brandenburg, just as Henry the Fowler did in Saxony and in the empire. Under Albert, Brandenburg became an electorate; consequently he had a vote in the election of the German kaisers.

The other electors (Kurfürsten) were six in number; three ecclesiastical—the archbishops of Mayence, Cologne and Treves; and three secular—the duke of Saxony, the count of the Palatinate and the king of Bohemia. After the Thirty Years' War, Bavaria, a temporary member during the war, was added permanently; and in 1692, Hanover was added as the ninth and last electorate. The imperial throne was hereditary only insomuch as a desirable son was generally elected to succeed his father.

Bernhard of Ascania, son of Albert the Bear, was the duke who received the duchy and electorate of Saxony when it was taken from Henry the Lion, and his family held it until it passed to the margraves of Meissen.

Blankenburg and Wernigerode, the Gegensteine, the Teufelsmauer (Devil's Wall), the ruined ancestral castle of Anhalt, and Regenstein cliff with the rock-cut foundations of a castle built by Henry the Fowler in 919, all lie in this region.

At the expense of one more day we could have made the circuit of these highly interesting places,* either returning to Harzburg or else striking through the mountains further east. Pater had an important engagement and so they were not visited, but I trust

*Lauder's "Legends of the Harz" ref ers to many of these.

THE MORITZBURG, NEAR DRESDEN. (*P.* 215.)

many of my readers may have the pleasure of exploring them.

Merseburg, where Henry the Fowler defeated the Hungarians, is nine miles due south of Halle. It was a favorite residence of Henry's as well as of his son, Emperor Otto I (Otto the Great), and was the scene of many imperial diets. The town is mentioned as early as the ninth century, and has a noteworthy medieval cathedral; among its interesting monuments is a brass of Rudolph of Swabia, an anti-kaiser who was killed in battle by Henry IV—the weak but impetuous Henry, famous for his excommunication.

Unluckily, we missed Merseburg as we had missed these Harz towns. We had underestimated Germany when planning this trip, and so had determined to steal every day we could for our tour in England; we enjoyed this, to be sure, but much regretted the places skipped in Germany, where we should, now, like to spend about twice the time we devoted to England.

Another lost spot, so far as this trip is concerned, was the Moritzburg—a hunting lodge or castle of the Saxon kings, built by Elector Moritz in 1541; it is about ten miles east of Meissen and somewhat nearer Dresden. Some years ago I visited this pretty place, which is situated on an island in a little lake surrounded by wooded hills. The simple, vaulted interior is rather fine and contains a magnificent collection of antlers. Near by is a great game preserve, notable for wild boars, and a visit there at feeding time is one of the popular attractions.

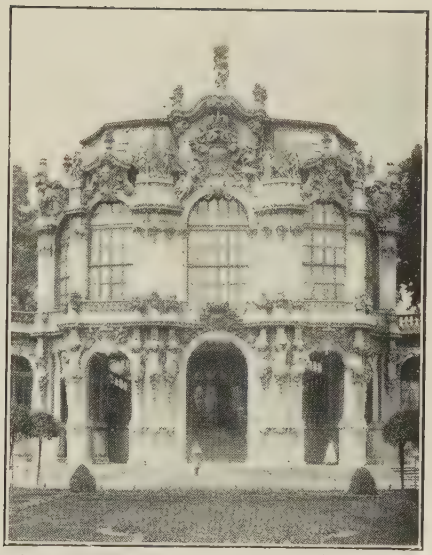
From Meissen to Dresden, along the Elbe, is a run of 15 miles. The road was dusty, but afforded many pretty views of the river and of its hills, crowned by fine villas as well as occasional coffee gardens patronized by Dresdeners. We drove slowly on account of

the traffic. Indeed, all morning we had passed plenty of *"Warnung"* signs for *"Kraftfahrzeuge"* along the route; and it generally turned out well for us that we heeded these, owing to steep grades and sharp turns.

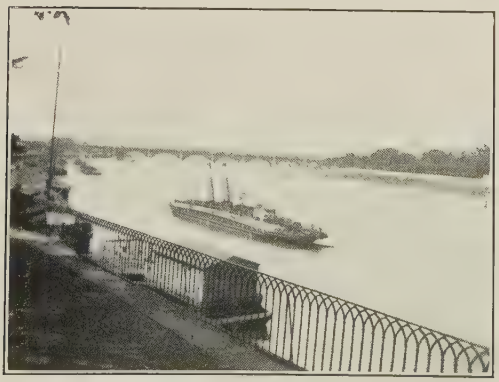
In Dresden, as in Leipzig, we were much amused by the barber signs: for, in place of the striped pole so common in the United States, a German barber advertises his calling by a brass dish or plate; sometimes only one, sometimes four or five—presumably according to the number of chairs or assistants. Reaching the Altstadt, we were surprised to find the twelfth century Augustus Brücke torn down to make way for a wider structure, with larger spans, which will better accommodate the increased traffic and cause less obstruction to boats on the Elbe. As it will require years to complete this work, a temporary bridge has been erected alongside, whose huge wooden trusses spoil the panorama of the city; probably not since Marshal Davout blew up part of the bridge in 1813 has the river view been so disturbed.

It is beyond the province of this book to describe beautiful Dresden—surpassed, perhaps, only by Paris and Rome among Continental cities; indeed, its fine site, handsome and orderly architectural appearance, and priceless collections, are too well known to call for description here. To August the Strong (August II) we owe the Zwinger, the general layout of the city, and its conversion into an art center; August III, his successor, erected the Brühl Terrace and—by his purchase of part of the Modena Gallery, of the Sistine Madonna, and of many Dutch and Flemish masterpieces—raised the Dresden galleries to a par with the finest in the world.

We stayed at the Hotel Bellevue, delightfully located on the river bank in the heart of the city. As



A PAVILION OF THE ZWINGER. (*P.* 216.)



CHAIN STEAMER ON THE ELBE. (*P.* 217.)

our visit to Dresden was made only to fulfill certain social obligations, many leisure hours were spent strolling beside the river—either in the hotel garden or on the Brühl Terrace—or idling in our sitting-room where we could watch the chain-steamers picking up the great chain from the river bottom as they pulled themselves, and their strings of barges, upstream. It takes skill to get a long tow between the half-demolished piers of the old Augustus Brücke, and we began to realize the necessity for destroying even this old and cherished landmark, in the interests of commerce. The amount of freight that goes down the Elbe is enormous, and explains Hamburg's record of 19,000 inland vessels in a year. Going down stream, barges are propelled by the swift current alone; a solitary helmsman leaning against the huge tiller and a dog to bark at passing vessels, complete the necessary crew.

Across the river, opposite our hotel, is one of the city's numerous swimming baths. All day long, a succession of Dresdeners in bright red togs dived into the racing stream and swam with the current down to the lower landing stage. And all day long a little flatboat ferry carried people from the Altstadt to the baths; not Charon himself could be busier than this ferryman, who divided his time between struggling with his pole to keep from being carried downstream, and swearing volubly at barges that got in his way.

Dresden lies only 25 or 30 miles from the border of the Austrian empire, and any one who has not seen the so-called Saxon Switzerland should certainly take the run up the Elbe through Pilnitz, Lohmen, Hohenstein and Schandau to this charming, mountain country at the border. Up there is Königstein, an old fortress crowning a sheer cliff some 800 feet above the Elbe, with a well over 500 feet deep; until modern artillery

was perfected it was considered impregnable, so in time of war the Saxon royal treasure was stored here for safe-keeping. Opposite Königstein is the Lilienstein mountain, at the foot of which Frederick the Great, with his Prussians, surrounded a Saxon army of 14,000 men and starved them into submission.

Our *dolce far niente* had to be paid for, on Sunday night, in another of those important councils of war. Each night we spent some time carefully going over our prospective route; but this was one of the arduous meetings like that in Brunswick, where a general plan for a good part of the run was chosen.

We should have liked to go southwest through Bamberg. Würzburg and Rothenburg-on-the-Tauber; thence along the Neckar, or even across the Black Forest. Again, it looked tempting to cross the Ardennes, going into France. But preconceived ideas and prearranged dates tied us down to a middle course, so it was decided to strike almost due west, paralleling the end of our eastward journey about 35 miles further south. From Eisenach we could then veer southwest through Frankfort, striking the Rhine at Mainz or Bingen. Even "grandfather's mill," said to have been one of the first power silk-mills in the country, had to go by the board, as did the old castle where Pater's uncle labored early and late, trying to keep order in the difficult affairs of that much-talked-of Prince of Reuss.

KÖNIGSTEIN, ON THE ELBE. (*P.* 217.)

CHAPTER X.

WEIMAR — VIA CHEMNITZ, GERA AND JENA.

JUNE 29TH—137 MILES.

ON Monday morning our journey was resumed. Necessary purchases delayed our departure till after ten-thirty, but we managed to reach Chemnitz, forty-five miles away, in ample time for lunch. Leaving Dresden via Annen and Chemnitzer Strassen and crossing the Weisseritz at Plauen, we found the road pretty well worn as far as Deuben. At Hainsberg, Bobbie kept to the right and followed the Weisseritz along a wooded hillside to the charmingly situated town of Tharandt, with its ruined castle crowning rocky heights. He kept heading southwest, uphill and down, through the forest of Tharandt, finding here the usual beautiful roads. Tharandt has a famous school of forestry.

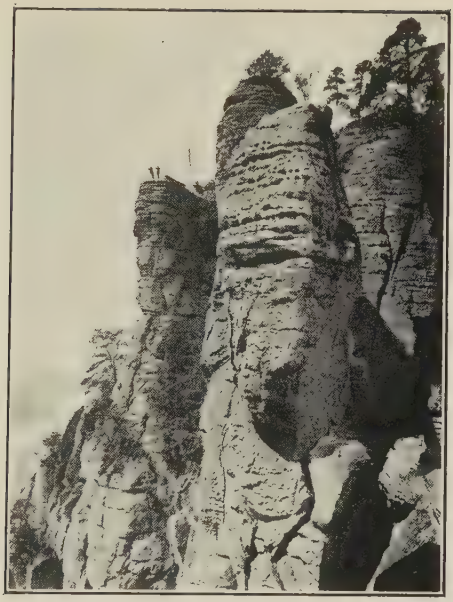
The *chaussée* now entered Freiberg, an old mining town famous for a fine, late Gothic cathedral with a remarkable sculptured south porch (Goldene Pforte), a remnant of the original twelfth century church. Kunz von Kaufungen was beheaded on the Ober (upper) Markt. The castle of Freudenstein, now used as a government storehouse, lies in the northern part of the town.

A glimpse of the Freiberg of 1545 is handed down to us in the story of weaver Richter, living in the Weingasse, who cursed his dilatory son, saying,

"Stand there till you never move again." The curse took effect, and the poor lad stayed for years in one spot till he wore, into the floor, footprints that were shown to the curious long after. Any attempt to move him resulted in driving him almost frantic; but much prayer and general exorcism finally enabled the clergy to put him to bed, where he died some years later—a fearful example to bad children as well as to those who curse in haste and repent at leisure.

Numerous hills were encountered as far as the manufacturing town of Oederan, but they afforded fine scenery. A little beyond this town the Augustusburg may be seen on a hilltop, and soon the road descends into the pretty valley of the Flöha, following it a good part of the way to Chemnitz, a manufacturing town of 245,000 inhabitants, and the third city of Saxony. What we feared most, near a large factory town, was poor going; nor did we escape it. Pater decided that, beyond Chemnitz, we would give up the southern route (via Lichtenstein—Zwickau), because of many hills, in favor of one through Penig and Altenburg. Near Penig on the Mulde, Kunz von Kaufungen's castle once stood, and it was from the castle at Altenburg that Princes Albert and Ernest were stolen by Kunz one midnight in July of 1455, with the connivance of a traitorous steward, in the absence of the elector.

Kunz was an unattached general of some ability. Once, while hired by the Nurembergers, he defeated Elector Albert of Brandenburg, one of the fiercest fighters of the day. Later, he fought for Elector Friedrich against his brother (William of Meissen) and the Bohemians. The outcome of this was a quarrel that culminated in the *Prinzenraub,* an event as famous as the murder of England's princes in the Tower. Kunz, it seems, did not fare very well in his campaign;



THE SAXON SWITZERLAND. (*P.* 217.)

was captured by the Bohemians, and had to pay ransom. Elector Frederick,* perhaps unjustly, refused to reimburse him; so, in revenge, he stole Frederick's sons—the progenitors of the Albertine and Ernestine lines of Saxony—a bold, cleverly executed proceeding. Kunz divided his party into two sections with a prince apiece; but, alas! luck was against him; some restless sleeper awoke, alarm bells, immediately rung in Altenburg, soon tolled through all Thuringia, and both princes were rescued. Kunz—what outrageous fortune!—was taken in the woods, next day, by charcoal burners; and the other party, after hiding three days, finally surrendered its prince in exchange for safe-conduct to the border.

Altenburg is the birthplace (pardon the anti-climax) of *Skat*—considered, by many, the most intricate and scientific game of cards. It can be compared to no game of ours except, perhaps, bridge whist; in this there are but two forms of play—trumps and no trumps; in *Skat* there are seven forms and three ways of selecting these. Luck is practically eliminated, for the worst hand may win points, and the best may be defeated.

By advice of the hotel keeper at Chemnitz we took neither route we had in mind. Instead, we drove via Hohenstein, Glauchau, Meerane, Schmölln and Ronneburg, to Gera. The roads were rather poor, except through occasional forests, nor did we avoid the hills altogether, so we might better have taken the Altenburg route as far as Ronneburg; but I must say we were amply repaid by the beautiful scenery. Almost every town along the way had its *Schloss;* Glauchau had two.

*Of the Wettin family, to which the father of Edward VII of England belonged.

Near Meerane we left Saxony and entered the duchy of Saxe-Altenburg. The Altenburger peasant dress is an old Wendish costume often seen in Leipzig and in Dresden, where it is fashion among the rich to have nursemaids wear this quaint garb. In Hamburg, nursemaids often wear the Vierland costume of the near-by peasantry.

But our picture of the past is not confined to dress, alone. A huge, strangely shaped boulder near the town of Altenburg has given the peasants much concern; they call it "the devil's hat." All Druid stones and odd rock formations were invested with supernatural attributes, as their names—devil's wall, devil's rock, devil's mill, devil's dancing place, etc.—will indicate. An awful manifestation, worse than the Wild Huntsman, is the *Muthusheer* which roars through Thuringia—yes, through all Westphalia—on a stormy night, especially around Christmas time. The terrible wraiths of the ancient dead are there, from Wotan's time down; the accursed and unshriven; witches, devil's imps, misbegotten monsters, and howling hounds of hell. The only redeeming feature is that "faithful Eckhart" sometimes goes in front to warn the belated traveler, or ameliorate the blight likely to fall on those who meet this terrible array, face to face. Peasants, when they hear its fearsome approach, close doors and windows tight; for should but a part of that terrible army sweep through the house, a hellhound is left behind—a gaunt, gray beast that, while it eats nothing, stays a full year and brings all manner of bad luck.

Nobody would care to risk having such a visitor; rather, almost, would one employ a werewolf on the farm: that is, a man who secretly changes to a ravening wolf and devours cattle and children. The dread-

ful succession of witchcraft trials the world over was, in Germany, sometimes interrupted by catching a werewolf. As late as 1610 two men were executed in Lüttich as confessed werewolves.

What a life! with the imminent possibility that your neighbors would report you as witch or magician; with the prospect that the devil would substitute *Wechselbälge* (*changelings*) for your children; with spooks, Wild Huntsmen and *Muthusheere* making roads and fields unsafe, and then "in the forest dark" to hear "the werewolf bark!" Indeed, they tell us that one noble actually employed, as his steward, a man who had been dead two years. Yet the Saxons lived cheerfully on in spite of this; they were in no hurry to "shuffle off this mortal coil," if one may judge by the experience of Pastor Oest. He was making the rounds of a newly acquired parish when he came upon an old, white-haired man crying bitterly. "My father beat me," was the answer to sympathetic inquiries. At the door of the house, there stood an even older man, in a great temper. The astonished pastor attempted to soothe this old gentleman, but became speechless in consequence of his exclamation, "Bah! the wretched boy let my father fall." And, sure enough, indoors by the stove, sat a shriveled little body lustily bewailing the carelessness of his grandson.

Not far beyond Ronneburg the road crosses the border of the principality of Ruess-Gera-Schleiz; this belongs to the younger Reuss line, so it had no special interest for Pater. Five miles of uninteresting country brought us to Gera, its capital, a town on the White Elster. On Hainsberg lies the palace of Osterstein, the prince's residence. Leaving Gera, our attention was engrossed by the unusual sight of an automobile ahead of us. It had gone by while we paused to make sure

of our route, and we were under the necessity of swallowing the dust from a slower-moving vehicle which we could not pass, in this trailing cloud, without considerable danger; fortunately the other car soon struck off on a side road. Though we had been almost entirely free from such an experience, owing to the scarcity of automobiles in the open country, this, while it lasted, served to make us realize the unusual good nature of the peasantry under the aggravating dust clouds we often inflicted upon them. In England, where touring is general, we learned to truly appreciate the pleasure of motoring through the less frequented realm of the Kaiser.

Some pretty, wooded country led via Roda and Lobeda to the university town of Jena. About five miles west of Gera the road had crossed another border into an exclave of the duchy of Saxe-Altenburg, and just before reaching the castle of Lobeda it left Altenburg soil again and entered the grand duchy of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach. Thus we crossed four borders of this cluster of German duchies in one day, and were due to cross four more on the morrow.

About two miles south of Lobeda is Rothenstein, where Thalmann von Lunderstedt, a knight at feud with Erfurt, escaped his enemies by spurring his horse over the cliff into the Saale—a feat few would care to imitate.

A few miles further south lies Orlamünde, whose castle ruins are haunted by that famous ghost, the White Lady. Otto, count of Orlamünde, died in the early fourteenth century, leaving a beautiful widow (said to have been a former countess of Meran) and two children. It was well known that the young countess hoped to marry again, and Albert the Handsome, burgrave of Nuremberg, remarked privately, that he

would not be averse to espousing the widow "were it not for four eyes." This reached the ears of the countess who, believing the "four eyes" referred to her children, had the poor little things murdered by a hard-hearted retainer. The burgrave, however, had reference to the eyes of his parents and didn't marry her after all. Her hapless spirit also wanders in the imperial castles and palaces, where its appearance foretells a death in the family; for this is, indeed, the famous White Lady of the Hohenzollerns. Either the Nuremberger's remark was intended to mislead the countess, or her claim upon him was greater than appears on the surface; why else should her ghost follow his family when they became electors of Brandenburg and even kings of Prussia.

The hills around Jena were once tenanted by dwarfs; harmless people, who occasionally borrowed household utensils for their festivities, but always returned them. In exchange for special favors of this nature they brought lasting good fortune by a return gift—that is, the good fortune lasted as long as their present was kept in the family. During hard times, however, they often pilfered fields and orchards, a proceeding made easy by invisibility. It is no hard matter to put an end to this, once you've decided who the culprits are. You simply procure some willow wands, go into your field at midnight and swish around, horizontally, at the height of your waist. Thus you knock off the dwarfs' magic caps and the terrified little fellows, now made visible, are easily seized and held as hostages until immunity is promised.

Jena, first mentioned in the ninth century, is beautifully situated on the river Saale at its junction with the Leutra and several smaller streams. The university, established in 1548, is very famous, and every

quarter of the town is reminiscent of the great minds of German literature. Many houses bear memorial tablets to the illustrious men who taught or studied here: Arndt, Fichte, Oken, Schiller, Goethe, and others. In the old *Schloss,* a former residence of Saxe-Jena's dukes, Goethe wrote "Hermann and Dorothea." There are many inviting promenades throughout the town; in the garden of the observatory is a bust of Schiller, placed where he composed "Wallenstein." Across the Saale is the "Tanne Inn" where Goethe once resided, and a path along the stream is pointed out as the place where—no doubt on those mystical moonlight nights when the fog was rising from the water—he conceived the weird "Erlking."

We passed some of the university buildings, then almost deserted. Scoffy took pride in pointing out to us placards advertising the famous Lichtenhainer beer. In one of the town's narrowest streets we halted to ask the way of a group of bewhiskered and bespectacled gentlemen who had all the earmarks of the German professor. They informed us we were headed wrong and advised, with evident amusement, that we should turn around—knowing quite well that the width of the street would not permit this. But Bobbie did not propose to let foreigners get a rise out of him. His sharp eyes had noticed an open driveway where an attendant was just preparing to close the gates; driving on a few yards further, he suddenly reversed and, after backing almost upon the toes of the astonished servant, steered proudly into the street again as the iron gates clanged behind us. This manoeuvre drew a round of applause from the group of spectators. It was but one of many occasions when we observed the ready wit of Germans, and their frank recognition of wit in others; it was also proof that the

much-caricatured Herr Professor is quite human after all and not indifferent to a little good-natured fun.

From Jena, with its quiet streets and lanes rich in association with some of Germany's great minds, we drove to Weimar, the home of epoch-making German literature. A magnificent shady road skirting the edge of a wooded ravine led upwards out of Jena. Driving west along the *chaussée,* we could see, looking down the first crossroad to the right, the plain upon which the principal engagement of Napoleon's battle of Jena was fought.

Somewhere in this part of the country—memory fails me as to the exact time and place, but certainly between Dresden and Frankfort—we met a regular, old-fashioned, German postilion. Rather, to be exact, it was the driving successor to the riding postilion, dating from the time when postboys no longer bestrode the horses, but when mail-coach and post chaise were driven from the box. Not the uniformed, imperial mail-carrier, with the customary yellow mail-wagon, but the old-time chap of a hundred or more years past. "As large as life and twice as natural," so Scoffy enthusiastically exclaimed; "just like the old prints you see in books—beaver, horn, bells on his horses, all complete, even to the sprig of green in his hat." How he got here and what he was, we could not fathom; perhaps some local post and parcel delivery claimed him for its own.

Way down the road we could hear him cracking his whip with a sound like a pistol shot. To make the scene complete, there lacked but his horn's musical "Muss i' denn, muss i' denn zum Städtele 'naus, Städtele 'naus, und du mein Schatz bleibst hier?" or some such air, and a girl's answering "Juché!" or yodel, from the near field or woodland—which so often

greeted us as we sped by. For these gay fellows played an important part in the picturesque life of their day; they carried news and gossip from village to village, delivered mail and parcels, carried messages and performed errands, or transported travelers in their post chaise, then the only means of rapid transit except horseback riding. Many a pretty girl kept eager watch on the village street for the approach of this jolly, teasing young mercury, who brought her good cheer in the form of a message or, possibly, in his own person.

Scoffy tells of driving through remote mountain districts of Bavaria, in what was there called an "extra post," with just such a postilion. This man knew everybody he passed; had a word for the near-by and a bugle call for those at a distance. He played a number of folksongs; then (his repertoire exhausted) produced leaflets of sheet music, stuck them into a clip of his horn and continued playing. The peasants thought Scoffy must be a *grand seigneur* to be traveling "extra post," and all doffed their hats and said "Good morning, Excellency."

A world of romance clings to the postilion and his post chaise; much is bright and pleasant; more, thrilling and adventurous; while not a little is sad. To this last, belongs that sweet old song:

"Seht ihr drei Rosse vor dem Wagen, und diesen jungen Postilion?
Von weitem höret man ihn klagen, und seines Glöckleins dumpfen Ton."

The road to Weimar was the best we had traversed this day, always excepting roads through forests and forestry districts, which are invariably excellent. It was still broad daylight when we arrived and we could

WEIMAR: HOTEL COURTYARDS NOW ACCOMMODATE AUTOS IN PLACE OF POST-CHAISES.

A GERMAN VILLAGE MARKT.

THE MOSELLE: THE SCENE OF OUR PUNCTURE AT ALF. (*P.* 287.)

easily have pushed on to Erfurt. Bobbie felt rather relieved, I wager, to have reached a stopping place, for it is no slight task to hold the wheel over 137 miles of hilly and largely indifferent road. The maps called for 131.4 miles. Our experience showed that the increase of actual road-work over book mileage is a negligible quantity—about four per cent.—provided you exclude large cities where you spend a day or two and do much driving.

This was our longest run to date, but we did not average much over fifteen miles an hour, which shows how easily a scorcher could make his 200 miles a day. However, he would neither see as much as we did, nor keep as clear of collisions with the authorities and, perhaps, of collision with vehicles. Of course, if a man started at 6 a. m., and drove till dusk (about nine o'clock) he might cover his 200 miles and additional sightseeing comfortably; I should pity the chauffeur in such a case, as well as the man likely to forego sleep to plan the route. Moreover, meals at odd hours and the care of the car would cause inconvenience and friction. Eight or nine hours on the road is sufficient, even with a break in the journey, if you wish to appreciate travel and have it remain a pleasure. A hundred miles a day is a good average, a hundred and twenty a high one; if you hire a car you will surely have to pay extra for averaging over a hundred. With a private car an occasional forced run is sometimes necessary to carry out a program, and is likely to occur where a long, uninteresting stretch of country leads from one center of interest to another. We were not obliged to make any in Germany.

Weimar, the old seat of the grand dukes of Saxe-Weimar, virtually witnessed the birth of German literature. Before Goethe, one might say, all was archaic

or at best mediocre—especially prose. The reason Germany was so backward in this respect is not far to seek; the gradual decay of the Holy Roman Empire, the consequent civil wars and, eventually, the century of religious wars due to the Reformation, wasted the country's material resources and upset the intellectual tenor of the people to such an extent that arts and sciences stagnated.

The clever Grand Duchess Anna Amalia determined to surround her son, young Grand Duke Carl August, with the greatest minds of the age. The grand duke, appreciating her motive, also became a liberal, unfailing friend and patron of the arts, as did his successors. Goethe, Schiller, Herder and Wieland lived and worked here; the local court theatre was one of the first to present works of Wagner, and Liszt—a favorite of Grand Duke Carl Alexander—turned out many talented pupils who spread Weimar's fame broadcast.

The charm of the little court attracted foreigners as well; there was quite an English colony. Henry Robinson, a close friend of Lamb and Wordsworth, sojourned here; Samuel Naylor visited here; Thackeray's friend Lewes—afterward Goethe's biographer—was drawn here by Thackeray, who had spent some of the happiest days of his early life in this delightful town. In later years, particularly since the establishment of the Goethe and Schiller archives and of the Goethe National Museum, scholars of all nations have traveled to this home of genius. Bayard Taylor studied here while working at his translation of Faust, and lectured on American literature. Indeed, the avidity with which Germans have translated and read the works of Irving, Cooper, Shakespeare, Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, and many other American and Eng-

lish writers, may doubtless be credited largely to the influence of Weimar; their familiarity with our literature has always been a surprise to me who, since childhood days, have possessed editions in German of the Leatherstocking Tales and other works, all published before my birth.

The works of Scott are said to have exerted considerable influence on German romantic novelists; on the other hand, some claim to see the influence of Goethe in Poe's "House of Usher" and other tales.

Aside from these matters, Weimar is a charming town. We stopped at the Russischer Hof, pleasantly situated upon a parklike street on the site of the old wall and moat. At this season there was no difficulty in procuring the best rooms; among them, the one especially devoted to royalty—with a little dais where Mater held court with satisfaction and success. Early next morning we made a circuit of the town, viewing most of the celebrated buildings; it really would have paid to spend a full day in Weimar, in order to go through these and to visit the grand-ducal burial vault where Goethe and Schiller lie side by side with their royal patrons. There are many interesting dwellings ranging from that of the philosopher Nietsche all the way back to the Cranachs'. The altarpiece in the Stadtkirche is one of the elder Cranach's best works; connected with modern Weimar's artistic fame are Lenbach, Böcklin and Hildebrand.

We curtailed our stay as much as possible, so the Youth was obliged to cut short his search for "good" postal cards in a way he declared was most cruel. Ten o'clock found us again traveling over fine roads through most delightful scenery towards Erfurt.

CHAPTER XI.

EISENACH—VIA ERFURT AND GOTHA.

JUNE 30TH—47 MILES.

IT is interesting to note that our path led from the very place where German literature first recovered from its depression, directly into a region replete with memories of one cause of this depression —Luther and the Reformation.

A run of some thirteen miles brought us to Erfurt's Leipziger Strasse; then, after some meandering and crossing of streams, we passed through the Fischmarkt, which has an old Roland column, a modern but interesting Gothic Rathaus, and several Renaissance patrician dwellings of the sixteenth century. Markt Strasse leads westward to the Friedrich Wilhelms Platz, the town's principal market square.

Here a surprise awaited us. Emerging on the vast, paved square we saw, rising high against the sky from the eminence upon which they stand, the cathedral and the church of St. Severus—a most remarkable group. Between them an enormous flight of steps (bigger than that of the Brühl Terrace in Dresden) leads up to the terrace on the hilltop. St. Severus, on the right, is notable for a group of three quaint spires; and the cathedral, its lofty Gothic choir facing the square, looked as impressive, I am tempted to say, as any church in the world. The unusually tall choir windows, themselves, lend an impression of great height, that finest attribute of ecclesiastical Gothic. When to

this you add the effect of the substructure—a series of high, pointed arches springing from the hill to form the platform upon which the choir stands—you can easily imagine that the result is very striking; though lacking tower or spire worthy the name, the cathedral seems to soar far up into the heavens, dominating the town by its imposing architecture.

Bobbie drove around the hill, expecting that the cathedral could be entered from the west; but this entrance was barred, and beyond getting a glimpse of the citadel on Petersberg, nothing was accomplished. So we made a virtue of necessity and mounted the great eastern stairway. Near the top are the remains of a tiny stone stair which once led to a sort of pulpit jutting out from the terrace; used, no doubt, in days gone by, when addressing the multitude gathered upon the stairway. At the head of the flight, near the cathedral, stood a large and gruesomely realistic crucifix, and above the small northeastern portal of the cathedral, some bleached bones hung swinging in the wind. Though we plied the sacristan with perfectly fluent German we acquired no information regarding those bones; Scoffy suggested it must be a story that wouldn't bear repeating.

Baedeker will tell of the things we saw inside; and the guide will point out the rest, should you chance to go there. What interested us most was a curious bronze candelabrum of the eleventh century, and a monument in the south wall depicting Count von Gleichen and his two wives. The sacristan was reduced to a state of confusion by the query whether the Count had both wives at the same time*. Perhaps many

*As a matter of fact, he did; the second wife being a Moslem princess who saved his life in one of the crusades, and whom he married by special dispensation of the pope.

people make the same remark, and no doubt it rankles, for the sacristan seems devoted to every stone of his great church. It may have been in punishment for this that he declared there was nothing to see in the cloisters. We made our way around the apse alone and found the cloisters too good to have missed; an iron gate closed them off, but it was quite easy to step over the stone balustrade. Within this quiet little enclosure of Romanesque and Gothic arches, the spirit of other times hovered around us; strange thoughts woke with the echo of our footsteps—

> Thoughts "that the soul of youth engage
> Ere fancy has been quelled;
> Old legends of the monkish page,
> Traditions of the saint and sage,
> Tales that have the rime of age
> And chronicles of eld."

Looking up at the square of turquoise sky we could see one of the transept towers. A little doorway in the corner disclosed winding stairs, and the Youth was for climbing the 260 steps to see the great bell, Maria Gloriosa, which tips the beam at thirteen tons; but we managed to recover him by his coat-tails and proceeded on our way. On the terrace, schoolboys were sketching the fine view of the town, under supervision of a teacher. A very inattentive class! for strangers were about, and the whispered word *"Amerikaner"* showed how conspicuous the stranger—fondly believing he looks just like other folk—really is.

Neither of these ancient Catholic churches advances any special claim to Martin Luther, but on the south side of the square they overlook, stands the *Gasthaus* "zur Lilie" where Luther stopped as a *Junker,* and not far away is the Augustine monastery (now the Mar-

tin's-Stift Orphan Asylum) where you may see the cell he occupied for three years.

We had avoided historical references until Pater suddenly said, "Children, who submitted in Erfurt to Frederick Barbarossa?" Seeing the blank looks that followed this unexpected onslaught, he continued, "Why, Henry the Lion, of course. You should remember those things."

Though we did not arrive in time for the regular market, the stoneware market proved interesting; such an array of pots, crocks, pipkins, jars, steins, and casseroles, we had never seen. The wares, mostly spread out on the ground, covered quite some space, and we were thankful Bobbie had not driven right into them when turning the corner, else the proverbial bull in the china shop would have been robbed of his laurels.

In 1672, Erfurt was in a state of some excitement about a witchcraft trial. It seems a young woman had, by brewing a concoction of herbs with a liberal seasoning of incantation, compelled her lover to return to her from a neighboring village—much against his will, and with such alacrity that he complained of supernatural agency. The girl confessed, and was pardoned upon naming the old witch who had instructed her in the proceeding. There were various ways of compelling a man's affections or of seeing one's future husband, as the girls do now at Hallowe'en. These were practiced on St. Andrew's or St. Thomas' night, on Christmas eve or New Year's eve. One way to accomplish the former was to set the table for two, at midnight, taking care to have no forks, and sticking the knives into a loaf of bread. By repeating a specially worded invitation, the intended husband would be compelled to appear in person and occupy a seat

"THE ANCIENT FORESTS OF GERMANY ARE STILL EXTENSIVE FORESTS." (P. 237.)

at table, for a moment. He always left some souvenir of the occasion, which the girl had to keep concealed. A woman in Saalfeld tried it, and the man who appeared left his dagger behind; this she hid in a clothes-chest, where he found it two years after their marriage. She foolishly related the whole story, whereupon he cried in fury, "So you are the wench who caused me that night of horror," and stabbed her to the heart.

The road to Eisenach was fine, the scenery splendid. From the high ridge where Gamstedt and Tüttleben lie, one sees to the south, across the valley, the wooded hills of the great Thuringian forest stretching away into blue distance. The ancient forests of Germany are, nearly all, still extensively wooded and, consequently, not disappointing like the old English forests.

We were now well into Thuringia, which may be loosely designated as extending from the Harz southward to the present Bavarian border, and from the present kingdom of Saxony westward, about to the river Fulda. According to one tradition the Thuringians, a Suevian tribe, drove the Saxons out and settled here; according to another, the Saxons were a part of the army of Alexander the Great, which, after aimless wanderings, took to sea, sailed up the Elbe, and seized part of Thuringia. Historically, the Saxons conquered all northern Thuringia in 530, pushing south of the Harz to within ten miles of the road we were traveling; and Thuringia soon fell under the sway of Saxon civilization and was absorbed by the great Saxon duchy.

In "Die Ahnen" (a series of eight novels), Gustav Freytag, historian and novelist, traces the fortunes of a Thuringian family from the days of Roman invasion

to the eighteenth century. The scene of "Ingo," the interesting first novel, is laid in Coburg; unfortunately, "Ingraban," the second, was a bit slow, and discouraged further translation. Thereafter the scene is laid in the very locality we were traversing, and the author speaks of three border castles, of Erfurt (a fortified town as early as 741), of the monastery at Fulda, and of many other interesting things and exciting events. Almost contemporaneous with "Ingo" is the scene of Felix Dahn's "Captive of the Roman Eagles" (entitled "Bissula" in German), a thrilling story of the defeat of the Romans by the Alemanni on the north shore of Lake Constance, afterward part of the duchy of Swabia. Dahn's "Felicitas," a story of Salzburg (the Roman Juvavum), will also bear reading. Read these! O, Americans!—read all you can, and then brush up your German and read still more; for if you claim England as fatherland, surely this is grandfatherland.

Approaching Tüttleben we passed the *Gasthaus* "zu den Drei Gleichen," and these three castle-crowned hills of Freytag's could be distinguished south of us. One, doubtless the duke of Coburg-Gotha's castle Wachsenburg (on its 1360 foot summit), was quite distinct; the others were more or less vague in outline, but there was little chance of our missing them since Scoffy pointed out at least five strangely shaped summits which might pass for ruined castles. The temptation to draw nearer and investigate was almost irresistible. Had we been able to realize our heart's desire, each day's tour would have been one continual detour.

There is so much scenic, romantic, and historical interest in the broad German land; for example, only twenty-seven miles south of Weimar is Blankenburg, dominated by the ruins of Greifenstein—the ancestral

castle of Günther of Schwarzburg, who was elected king of Germany in opposition to Charles IV. Günther, like luckless Rudolph of Swabia, was one of the anti-kaisers elected in times of stress; he spent a year of precarious kaiserdom which ended in his death—some say, by poison. Greifenstein overlooks the Schwarza valley, said to rival the Eisenach region as the most beautiful spot in the Thuringian forest.

Siebleben, just outside Gotha, has a *Schloss* which we descried in the distance, and also boasts the country home of the late Gustav Freytag. We did not see this place, at least not wittingly, although we passed a large *Gut* (estate) which might have been his.

In Gotha we made only a postcard stop. Schloss Friedenstein, visible from the town, was erected on ruins of castle Grimmenstein (destroyed 1567 in the Grumbach rebellion) and in recent years was occupied by the duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha—the late duke of Edinburgh; it is a plain structure, set in a fair sized park, not sufficiently attractive to draw us from our course.

"In the Olden Time," a novel by Margaret Roberts, describes the terrible Peasants' War of 1524-25, another rebellion engendered by the spiritual unrest of the times. It introduces the famous Lutheran duke, Ulrich of Würtemberg, whose story you may read in "Lichtenstein," a book adapted from the German of Wilhelm Hauff. "Klytia," by Prof. Hausrath (George Taylor) portrays the fortunes of men compelled to change religions twice or thrice in a lifetime.

Leaving Gotha, the car climbed the heights and ran above the valley of the Hörsel, again affording a splendid view of the Thüringer Wald to the south. Most prominent, were the 3000 foot Inselberg and, almost in front of it, the château Tenneberg on a sum-

mit some 1400 feet high. Near Eisenach we passed directly below Hörselberg, familiar through the legend and opera of Tannhäuser as containing the grotto of Venus into which she enticed the ill-starred knight and minnesinger. Hörselberg* has long been known as a favorite haunt of the devil's; hell-fire has burst from its sides, and the shrieks of the damned have echoed down the valley. In fact, a queen of England, having learned her lord was in purgatory here, is said to have built a chapel in the valley for the good of his soul. A town sprang up around it which she named Satanstead, and which is the very Sattelstedt we passed on our way.

Eisenach was reached in time for lunch at the Rautenkranz, our stopping place, which has a pleasing location on the Markt.

An indication of Germany's efforts to keep abreast of the times in business enterprise, was the boy on a bicycle who picked up our trail, as we entered town, and followed us to our destination; here he offered to guide our chauffeur to a garage, and when the *portier* announced that he could accommodate us, the boy, still refusing to be shooed away, hung around in a vain effort to sell us *Oel und Benzin* (oil and gasoline).

The large square, paved in granite blocks with diagonal cross walks of flags, was, like all market places, an object of unfailing interest. Only a few vendors remained at the time of our arrival, but early next morning there was the usual large gathering. The fountain on this square was presided over, not by Ro-

*The odd name Hör-seel (Hear the souls) is due to weird cries issuing from the cavern in this mountain; these sounds are now attributed to such questionable causes as the wind! or subterranean waters!

"THE FRIENDLY THURINGIAN HILLS CROWD IN ALMOST TO THE MARKET PLACE." (*P.* 241.)

WAITING FOR THE WARTBURG'S DRAWBRIDGE TO BE LOWERED.

EISENACH.

land, but by St. George resplendent in a coat of gold leaf. The recently restored Markt-Kirche, opposite the hotel, did not appear specially old nor yet obtrusively new. Before it, stands a statue of Johann Sebastian Bach, who was born in Eisenach. Almost adjoining the market place to the south is Luther Place, with the Luther house where young Martin resided with Frau Cotta while attending school.

The friendly Thuringian hills crowd in almost to the market place, the nearer ones studded with pretty villas; on those higher and more distant you may see, to the southeast, the Burschenschafts Denkmal in memory of students who fell in the Franco-Prussian war and, farther away, southwest, the walls and towers of the Wartburg.

The Wartburg is a name to conjure with. Probably few places are of more vital interest to the Protestant world; or even to the Roman Catholic world, which is not so narrow-minded as to refuse interest in its great dissenter. In fact, among the sightseers at our first visit, was a Catholic priest—a far from indifferent observer.

In the Wartburg, Luther remained in friendly detention, having been kidnapped with a great show of force by Elector Frederick the Wise, lest enemies overwhelm him. Here, while working almost a year at his translation of the Bible, he was known as "Junker Georg;" here, he is said to have thrown his inkwell at the devil—casting upon the wall a stain which zealous tourists have chipped from the plaster, bit by bit, until not only the original stain is gone, but also the large soot-spot behind the tile stove. Sad to say, his desk and bed have also been chipped to such an extent that the authorities have been obliged to cover the accessible edges with metal.

Apart from these associations, the Wartburg presents a most picturesque group of buildings, and, like most German castles, commands fine views in all directions. The keen eyes of Ludwig der Springer—who escaped from Giebichenstein, near Halle, by a daring jump into the Saale—first discerned its advantages, and he exclaimed, "Warte, Berg! du sollst mir eine Burg werden!"— literally, "Just wait, mountain, I'll make a castle of you," so the castle was called Wartburg.

From Ludwig down, the landgraves of Thuringia were men of wit, daring and enterprise, and many of their sayings and doings have been immortalized in the Wartburg's frescoes. One, for example, unarmed, encountered a lion which had escaped into the courtyard; before his retainers could hurry to the rescue, the landgrave, by his unflinching gaze, cowed the beast and led it back to its cage. Another, when the emperor complained that the Wartburg (some say the Naumburg) had no extra surrounding wall, remarked, "If your Majesty will have patience, I'll build you a wall in two days," and forthwith sent messengers abroad to summon his vassals. Next day, he led the emperor up on the ramparts and pointed out a continuous wall of armed men surrounding the castle. The emperor was constrained to admit that his host had made good his word. An interesting story concerns another *Landgraf* who, to the detriment of his people, was rather weak-natured and the tool of his advisers. Lost in the forest one time, he passed the night in a blacksmith's hut at Ruhla. The smith and his helpers, unconscious of their guest's rank, deplored the weakness of the landgrave; with every blow upon the iron he welded, the smith chanted, "Landgrave, grow hard! Landgrave, grow hard as this iron!"

The landgrave did; he suddenly displayed a strong will, on reaching home, and dismissed his evil counselors.

The town, too, has its legends: such as that of the bewitched maiden who was cursed by her mother for obstinacy and who, to this day, haunts a cave in the mountainside waiting for release; or that of the knight Herman von Treffurt, a local Don Juan, who rode over Hellerstein cliff one dark night and owed his escape from death to calling on the Virgin. He became a pious monk in Eisenach's monastery—did not even care to be buried with the other good monks, and so was laid away in a lonely corner between the church and the town wall.

In fact, the legends of town and castle would fill a book; but I cannot refrain from relating one more, which really concerns the castle of Kynast in the mountains of southwestern Silesia. Princess Kunigunde was sole heiress to this fine castle and its dependencies; spoiled beyond remedy in her youth, she lost her head entirely upon reaching marriageable age, and though many worthy suitors aspired to her hand none pleased her. She devised a very cruel expedient to get rid of them: promising to marry the one who could ride the round of the castle, on its walls—an almost impossible feat, for the walls were narrow and the abyss outside was calculated to make both horse and rider flinch at a critical moment. Many a good fellow perished in this foolhardy test of courage, and it became a well-founded opinion that the princess would remain single. One day a new suitor appeared—a fine figure of a man, tall, lithe, handsome, and a remarkable horseman. The princess lost her heart to him at once and vainly tried to dissuade him from the fearful ride. But he made the attempt and

succeeded. As the princess, radiant with delight, stood waiting for him to claim his reward she saw him wave his hand disdainfully and, putting spur to his horse, ride across the drawbridge and out into the forest. The poor princess never smiled again. The explanation nearest to hand was that he was the avenging spirit of one of the dead; but eventually it transpired that the horseman was no other than the landgrave of Thuringia, who had trained his favorite charger to canter fearlessly upon just such a narrow way in order to put an end to the pernicious situation.

Although the Wartburg draws visitors primarily as the one-time haven of *Junker Georg,* one carries away an indelible impression of its own charming self. It is famous as the finest example of a nobleman's residence in the Romanesque style. The old drawbridge (lowered to admit the visitor), the interesting Rüstsaal with its fine old armor, the quaint forecourt with its timbered Ritterhaus, the inner court with its ancient well and Romanesque "landgrave-house," the Bergfried, the "guest-house"—all give an exceptionally vivid and accurate picture of medieval days. The room where Luther lived, the chapel where he preached, the apartment where Holy Elizabeth dwelt, the hall of the famous *Sängerstreit* (contest of minstrels) in which Wolfram von Eschenbach vanquished Tannhäuser,* impart an atmosphere of faith, piety, poetry and romance, such as is rarely found in one spot. The great upper hall of the Landgrafenhaus is doubtless familiar to many through "Tannhäuser's" stage setting, but the view from watchtower or ramparts, with its comprehensive sweep over Thuringia's hills, is the real setting of life's great drama played

*Heinrich von Ofterdingen.

here through the ages—and, in many ways, it forms one's finest memory of Eisenach.

The Kaiser is fond of the Wartburg. In autumn he often goes there for the *Auerhahnjagd* as soon as the open season for these famous cock pheasants has begun. The hall of the minstrels is his reception room, and the vaulted apartment of St. Elizabeth—handsomely decorated with mosaics and furnished, as closely as existing records permit, in the fashion of her day—is his sitting-room or parlor. His reverence for this historic castle is shown by the crucifix of olive-wood in the chapel, a tribute which he brought from the Holy Land.

St. Elizabeth's miracle is probably known to most readers through the poem by William Wentworth Story; perhaps not so many are familiar with another "Saint of Dragon's Dale," whose story, interwoven with scenes from the Wartburg and the Drachenschlucht, is delightfully told in a book by William Stearns Davis.

Our faithful car had carried us up the fine Wartburg road to the "jumping off place" where all vehicles and even the sure-footed donkeys are obliged to halt. On the afternoon of our second day in Eisenach (July first) we motored through the mountains past Ruhla towards Friedrichsroda, where the scenery was fine but the roads, though excellent, were unpleasantly steep and winding.

That forenoon we rambled through the Annathal's pretty walks; went through the Drachenschlucht, which recalls, though it does not equal, the Aarschlucht in Switzerland; and enjoyed a distant view of the Wartburg from the place called Zur Hohen Sonne—a vista through a lane cut in the woods, which recalls the glimpse of the Capitol at Washington, D. C., as seen from the Soldiers' Home. The auto being held at

Pater's disposal, we drove to these places by carriage; it was amusing to note how disgusted we were with this mode of travel which, to us—spoiled by our swift and comfortable automobile—appeared slow, dusty, hot and tiresome.

We alighted at one end of the Annathal (a valley) and our jehu said he would meet us at the other end. "And," he added with a knowing wink, "you won't get lost. I'll call you." Having walked about as far as directed, we heard, from the hill above, most marvelous sounds, which bore a faint resemblance to "My Country, 'tis of Thee," "Yankee Doodle," and other airs, played upon a bugle. It at once occurred to us that this must be our driver calling for his passengers, so we scrambled up a steep path and found him, very red in the face from his exertions, but beaming with pleasure at Scoffy's diplomatic praise. Another coachman was waiting there with a carriage; his party preceded us through the valley, but those unfortunates, not suspecting that gay postilion blood still runs in the veins of German drivers, had passed the music by. Anxious inquiries confirmed this fact; so, with a wild shout of "My party is lost!" their jehu plunged down the path, at breakneck speed, in search of his missing fares.

CHAPTER XII.

EISENACH TO FRANKFORT.

JULY 2ND—113 MILES.

WE lunched early and left Eisenach about one o'clock, having decided to make Frankfort in one stretch. Roads and scenery proved all that could be desired. Proceeding via Vacha and Hünfeld to Fulda, thence through Neuhof, Schlüchtern, Salmünster, Gelnhausen and Hanau, we found mountainous country and the usual succession of pretty villages and interesting towns.

The beginning of our route, through Fürtha and Marksuhl, was plentifully sprinkled with danger signals on the map and along the road—quite necessary, owing to many sharp curves. Climbing the hills out of Marksuhl the road passes close to Hautsee, a lake containing a floating island. On a certain day of the year part of this lake is said to grow blood-red. Ages ago, at a kirmess in the neighboring village of Dönges, two beautiful girls appeared and joined in the dancing; the village youths were vastly attracted to the well-dressed strangers, and one playfully stole their gloves. When the dance ended, the girls were almost distracted, looking for their missing gloves, but had to depart without these. Following the fair ones to Hautsee, the youth saw them disappear into the water which, soon after, showed a big red spot—the poor nixies, betrayed by the lack of gloves, had paid the penalty of their visit to the upper world.

We were now motoring through a part of old *Hessen* (Hesse) whose name will recall both bitter and sweet events of our Revolutionary days. At one time there were margraves ruling both Thuringia and Hesse. Since then, Hesse has shrunk considerably; upper Hesse lies like a little island in southwestern Prussia near the border, and *Rhein Hessen* (with Mayence and Darmstadt) lies just below. Frankfort and Hanau lie between the two, in the strip of Prussia that divides them. Not all Hessian rulers were like the grand duke who sent his poor peasants to America, in order to fill his treasury at the expense of George III; several of them used to go round incognito to learn the needs of the people. Landgrave Philip questioned a poor woman one day, and found she was taking yarn to market to raise money for taxes. He gave her a *gulden* to cover the taxes. "May God reward you, Junker," said she, "I wish the money lay burning hot on the landgrave's heart." He let her go her way and, turning to his followers, said with a laugh: "What a remarkable transaction! I bought that evil wish with my own money."

Another time, the landgrave of Hesse was imprisoned by the kaiser while imperial troops overran his land and reduced all his fortresses save Ziegenhain, which was defended to the last ditch by Heinz von Lüder. The landgrave was released upon promising to hang up the loyal Heinz in chains on the castle wall. In the presence of the assembled knights and of the imperial messenger, Heinz was hung to the wall, for a moment, with a gold chain that was immediately presented to him in token of faithful service.

Numerous wayside shrines apprised us of a stretch of Catholic country. A church on the summit of a steep, conical hill, provoked some comment concern-

ing the zeal of worshipers willing to make the climb. The choice of such inconvenient sites dates from the time of Boniface (the English priest Winfrid, sometimes called the "Apostle of Germany") who replaced many a pagan temple so situated, by a house of God. Some of his original chapels and churchyards are maintained throughout Hesse and Westphalia, and peasants in the locality still demand to be carried up these precipitous paths to their last resting place.

Crossing the Werra and Ulster rivers we reached Hünfeld and followed the Haune almost to Fulda. This is a considerable town; founded as an abbey by Boniface in 744, it grew to be the seat of the primate of all abbeys, and finally a bishopric. It contains a *Schloss,* a convent, a monastery, a Catholic seminary, and many churches, and is the modern German center of Catholicism. St. Boniface is buried in the cathedral crypt. Through his valuable work in Westphalia he rose to be archbishop of Mainz, but came to an untimely end at the hands of the Frisians. They proved as hard to convert as the Saxons were to subdue. Radbot, count of Friesland, had agreed to be baptized—already had one foot in the water—when he suddenly asked would he find his ancestors in heaven. Being informed that, as heathen, they had presumably gone to hell, he promptly withdrew his foot, saying, "Then to hell I go. I'd rather suffer the tortures of hell with them than enjoy the splendor of heaven alone."

Fulda lies on the river of that name, a wonderful stream, whose waters pause in their flow while a ruler of Hesse is dying. Through Neuhof and Flieden the road rises and falls frequently, but warning danger marks are on our map; at Schlüchtern we enter the valley of the Kinzig, following this as far as Hanau.

Steinau has a strange spring round which no grass will grow. Here the lords of Steinau, Eberstein, Brandau, and others, plotted against the life of Abbot Berold of Fulda. After the murder, the knights and their retainers, to the number of thirty, were caught looting a near-by church and were promptly beheaded or broken on the wheel; since then, knights of Steinau have had to display three wheels and three blades on their coat of arms. There is still a castle at Steinau; and approaching Salmünster we see, on the hills across the valley, the extensive ruins of Stolzenburg.

Near Wachtersbach we observed a large cloud of dust ahead, and at once raised the cry "the enemy is coming"—for thus we dubbed approaching automobiles, owing to the danger involved in passing not only the auto but vehicles hidden in its dusty trail. The "enemy" was slower than usual in meeting us, but finally we discovered that the dust was raised by a large flock of geese driven homeward by the usual barefoot girl—their flapping wings as effective in obscuring the landscape as four big tires and a puffing exhaust.

The next town of note was old Gelnhausen; on an island in the Kinzig are ruins of Barbarossa's palace, built in honor of beautiful Gela, where he first met her. Unfortunately, it was destroyed by the Swedes in the Thirty Years' War. Bobbie made no stop, however, till Hanau, where we were glad to pause for refreshment. Close by is the spot where Prince Wrede with forty thousand Bavarians sought vainly to intercept Napoleon retreating with eighty thousand men from his defeat at Leipzig; Prince Wrede was killed in this engagement and a legend tells how, on certain moonlight nights, his ghost appears on the bridge over the Kinzig and strives to save thousands

of his foes from drowning in the river's dark waters. Perhaps the tale is familiar to many through Arthur Rapp's poem.

Hanau was founded in the sixteenth century by Protestant exiles from the Netherlands, and some of their old trades, such as diamond-cutting and working in gold and silverware, still flourish here. It was the birthplace of the three brothers Grimm. Jacob and William need no introduction, unless to such as have forgotten their childhood; Ludwig, the youngest, was a painter and etcher of considerable talent. It may perhaps be less generally known that Jacob was author of several more serious works. No! that is all wrong, for what *is* more serious than a well told fairy tale; let us rather say, of several technical works. His "Deutsche Grammatik" was the first comparative Germanic philology, and the law it set forth regarding relative correspondence of consonants is still called "Grimm's law."

On the stretch from Eisenach to Hanau we again passed through many odd little villages with streets so crooked and narrow that we never knew where we should emerge, nor, in fact, whether we should ever emerge at all. Any of them would have furnished the proper background for one of Grimm's fairy tales and, were forest or field needed, it was close at hand, as were foresters, peasants, black cats, old crones bent beneath their load of fagots, and all the rest of the accessories. Many a time, at sight of a tiny, timbered house with rundles blinking in its casements. Scoffy murmured the witch's words in "Hänsel and Gretel,"

"Knusper, knusper, knäuschen. Wer knuspert an
mein' Häuschen?"

This defies adequate translation but, to those who know German fairylore, speaks volumes.

Oh, those beautiful German fields! with cornflowers and poppies growing among the wheat, and fringing the roadside where the unfenced fields meet it. And oh! the scent of newmown hay wafted to us on the summer wind with the cheery greeting of barefoot peasant girls who wave a hand and call, "Juché" or "Grüsz Gott."

But for this we had been sorry to have come in haying time; the wagons so frequently blocked our way and it was difficult to make a driver hear us. Empty wagons were the worst to pass, as their rattling drowned our auto-horn. Lacking a bugle we should have been much annoyed, for every day we met wagons whose drivers were sound asleep. The horses usually had "horse sense" enough to turn out, and it was comical to see the horrified expression on the drivers' faces as they awoke to hear our trumpet-call and see us rush by; many of them looked as if they thought the last trump had sounded. Fortunately, German horses seem quite phlegmatic; I recall only two occasions on which they made any real attempt at shying.

In all parts of Germany you are likely to find the road lined, both sides, with cherry trees. While they afford a grateful shade they are not, as some travelers seem to imagine, a philanthropic institution to feed the hungry. The trees usually belong to the township and are rented to some poor peasant whose bread and butter depends on the crop. Naturally he is liable to feel seriously concerned at any depredations. Cherries were ripe at the time of our visit, and the men picking them looked very much worried as the car whizzed past the foot of a ladder. Many a bag of the luscious fruit did we buy for a few pfennigs.

The river Nidda, which enters the Main at Frankfort, owes its name to an amusing incident that befell

a countess of Hesse. She vowed to build a castle at the first place where her favorite donkey paused. The stubborn beast stopped at a swampy spot near the river, and neither whip nor spur could urge it on. "Nit da, nit da!" ("not there") she cried, but in the end she had to build her castle there; the town that sprang up around it was called Nitda, and so was the river. In Barbarossa's time, Berthold, Count Nidda, took to plundering town and country to such an extent that the emperor was notified; the count had for a long time covered his tracks by shoeing his horses backward; but the depredations were at length traced to him, and the emperor, being in the neighborhood, at once invested the castle with a large force. Despite the odds Berthold would not surrender, but his countess secretly opened negotiations to be allowed to depart in peace. She finally effected an arrangement whereby she was permitted to leave with what she could carry—and as much more as she could pack upon a mule—provided she took only her most valued possessions, and did not attempt to have the count bestride the mule. She set her three little sons upon the mule and, flinging the count over her shoulders like a sack, managed to totter to safety with him.

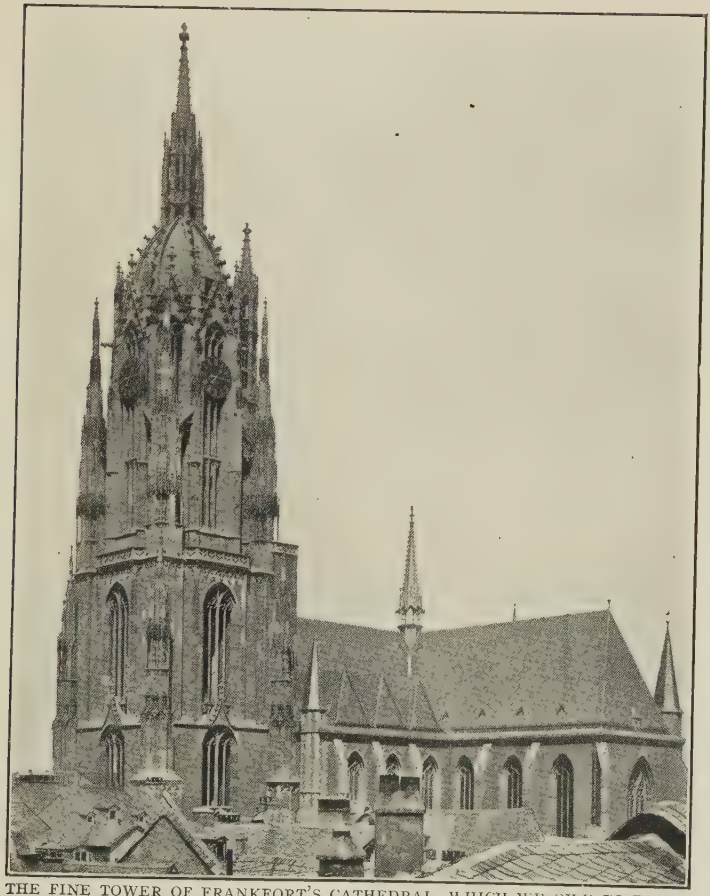
Nidda lies twelve miles northwest of Gelnhausen. Some cellars of the famous castle remain, and at one time the townsfolk instituted a vigorous search for treasure supposed to have been buried there. They did find a precious hoard of the count's, but it consisted entirely of horseshoes designed for shoeing a horse backwards.

The story of Nidda recalls the siege of Weinsberg in 1140, where Conrad III offered the women safe-conduct with such goods as they could carry. They emerged from the city gate bearing their husbands

and sweethearts and, though his officers objected, Conrad grinned in appreciation and said, "A king's word once given must not be broken."

Those old rulers were magnificent men—men of practical insight and decision, and not a few were scholars of ability in their day; Barbarossa was the most heroic figure of the Middle Ages, as was Charlemagne of earlier, darker days. Their lives at best were one long battle, for that great empire had to be ruled with an iron hand. They dispensed a peculiar, picturesque justice, usually very fair—judged even by later standards—and pregnant with ready wit. But unscrupulous nobles and jealous relations often put them in the wrong. Otto III executed a count whom his jealous queen unjustly accused of having made improper advances. When the truth of the matter developed he promptly offered his own head in forfeit. But the court of nobles granted four stays of the sentence, for each of which the emperor gave the count's widow a castle as indemnity, until the guilty queen could be tried in due form and executed, thus avenging the death. Otto, though the last of his line, never married again.

Otto I (the Great) wore a red beard by which he was wont to swear, and it often got him into difficulties that needed skillful adjusting. On some occasions, though, he refused to back down. Such was the case when a woman of Lombardy stopped him—on his way to suppress an insurrection—to demand the punishment of a man who had wronged her. "By my beard, I'll see justice done you when I return," quoth Otto. "Master, you'll forget," said the woman. "No, by this church, I swear it." When the kaiser returned, the woman, who had meantime fallen in love with the man, begged frantically for his life. "By my



THE FINE TOWER OF FRANKFORT'S CATHEDRAL, WHICH WE OWE TO FRANZ VON INGELHEIM. (*P.* 255.)

beard, I swore to do you justice.—Let the man be executed!" cried the kaiser.

At Seligenstadt, on the Main seven miles above Hanau, Emma and Eginhart were buried. Eginhart, a favorite scribe and biographer of Charlemagne's, secretly made love to the emperor's daughter, Imma (or Emma); during one of their meetings a fall of snow made detection imminent, so Emma carried her lover away on her back, that only a woman's footprints should be visible—a ruse witnessed by the emperor. Meanwhile, Eginhart had asked for dismissal, alleging that his services were poorly requited; the emperor realized this, so he decided mercy would be the truest justice, forgave the transgressor and rewarded him with the gift of his daughter's hand and a rich dowry. So happy did this marriage prove that their home was called Seligenstadt.* Emma is said to have named the well-known Odenwald, which she frequently apostrophised as "O du Wald."

Following the Main, which is joined by the Kinzig at Hanau, it was not long before we descried the fine tower of Frankfort's cathedral, which, thanks to Hans von Ingelheim, affords a most pleasing change from both square towers and sharp spires.

Frank ford! disclosed in the hour of direst need—when the Franks and Charlemagne were fleeing from the victorious Saxons—by a doe that walked sedately through the river while panting and bleeding thousands watched, with eager eyes, this path to safety. Centuries after, a bridge was built—not without some difficulty. Did you ever notice the metal rooster on the old bridge? Well, it was like this: a builder had agreed to finish the bridge by a certain day, but

*Selig—blissful.

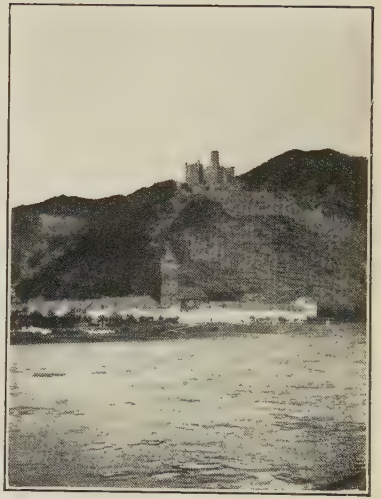
when, with only one night left, he still had two arches to construct, he gave up the job in despair. Then the devil approached him and offered to complete the bridge that night in exchange for the first living being to cross it. Agreed! The bridge stood all finished next morning, but the crafty builder drove a rooster across. The devil, in fury at being gulled of a human victim, tore the rooster in pieces and hurled these through the bridge with such force that two of the stone spans were broken. Nor was it ever possible to fill the gap; like the hole in the cathedral at Goslar, it refused to be closed with masonry. So, after many futile attempts, it was bridged with wood. But there! I must stop.

Fain would I break my resolution not to expatiate upon the larger and more traveled towns in favor of this old capital of the East Frankish empire. But prudence says "No." Frankfort was not new to us and it is probably well known to most travelers—the others I commend to the good offices of Herr Baedeker. We did not even revisit the famous Römer with its room of the electors and its Kaisersaal whose venerable walls echoed to the coronation feast of many a Holy Roman kaiser while the fountain on the square outside ran with the famed red and white wines of the country. They are a long time dead—these kaisers and their guests; I wonder will men know the spot when another four or five hundred years have passed, or will the records say, "Somewhere, in a town called Frankfort, those old emperors were crowned."

This city is one of the great centers of Germany's motor industry and seems popular with motor tourists. We found a number of these—Germans as well as foreigners—stopping at Frankfurter Hof, and they all marveled at our record of fine weather, fine roads, and

FRANKFORT: FRESCOED HOUSE AND "MAHOGANY HOUSE." (*P.* 256.)

FRANKFORT: RÖMER COURTYARD. (*P.* 256.)



VIEW ON THE RHINE.

complete freedom from tire-trouble, or any other trouble. The fine open court of this hotel afforded an opportunity, dear to the German's heart, of dining outdoors. One window in the dining-room has an enormous sheet of glass (over eight feet high and correspondingly wide) which, when pushed up out of the way, not only gives an outdoor appearance but provides easy access to the terrace tables—very popular in fine weather.

Ravenstein's maps are published in Frankfort; our maps reached but little beyond this point, so we were obliged to buy others and then hold a meeting to determine our route to Metz.

Of course we devoted one evening to the famous Palm Garden. After wandering through the grateful coolness of the splendid palm house, we dined on the terrace and watched the gaily dressed crowds. Hundreds of incandescent lamps shed a soft light over the interesting scene, while the band played dreamy waltzes and bright two-steps. American selections were frequent and received a generous round of applause; as the strains of "The Stars and Stripes Forever" rang out we thought of home and of the morrow—"the glorious Fourth."

CHAPTER XIII.

FRANKFORT TO BINGEN: DOWN THE RHINE TO COBLENZ.

July 4th—82 miles.

ON the morrow we resumed our journey. Mater's foresight had provided tiny American-flag badges for each of us, and two eighteen-inch flags for the motor's lamp racks completed our festival decoration. Fully fifty people watched our departure, but did not crowd us in American fashion, remaining a reasonable distance away so that we had room to move; there was the usual quota of grocer and butcher boys, suggestive of delayed dinners, yet, as a whole, it was a prosperous looking crowd compared with some in England, where the seediest, sorriest looking groups one may imagine, gathered to speed us on our way. No doubt this was due to England's great "army of the unemployed" of which we heard so much. Mater regretted her inability to photograph both sides of the street at once that she might "do full justice to the frankfurters," as Scoffy suggested.

Bobbie took a short cut across country to Mainz (Mayence). The great bridge over the Rhine gives a fine view of this city and of its cathedral, a famous Romanesque church. Downstream a bit (where the railway bridge crosses) is the island Peters-Au, once containing the summer palace of Charlemagne's son, Louis the Pious, who died there in 840. The oldest

name of Mainz is said to be of Celtic origin. Drusus established a camp here in 10 or 15 B. C., and it became the seat of the governor of Germania Superior. Christianity had already obtained a firm hold in the fourth century, and the city eventually became an archbishopric and seat of the primate. The cathedral is specially noted for old monuments; near the door of the Memorie and cloisters is one to Fastrada, Charlemagne's third wife, of whom an interesting legend is told.

Outside the kaiser's door there hung a bell cord which those seeking justice might pull at any hour. One night, the bell rang repeatedly, and the cause was finally traced to a snake that glided slowly away. The kaiser followed till it had led him to its nest, occupied by an enormous lizard, which was at once dispatched. Next day the snake visited the kaiser and laid a splendid jewel at his feet; in the fullness of his love, his first thought was to have the jewel set and give it to Fastrada. It was a magic jewel which caused the recipient to exert a marvelous attraction upon the donor. Charles' love for the queen now passed all understanding, and when she died he was unconsolable and would not leave her body. Things came to such a pass that one of the bishops, suspecting a talisman, found hidden in the queen's mouth this magic ring, which he quietly removed. The kaiser now lavished such affection upon the bishop that he threw the ring into the pool at Aix, whereupon the city became a favorite imperial residence.

There being no road downstream, from Mainz, on the left side of the river, Bobbie went on to Bingen. Midway lay Nieder-Ingelheim, an insignificant village, the site of Charlemagne's palace. Little trace of the building remains beyond a small part of the church

of St. Remigius, once the chapel of the palace. We reached the Rhine at the upper end of its most interesting section. No steamer trip can compare with the intimate acquaintance gained by riding along its banks. Scoffy—the first time on record—begrudged a stop for lunch; for the beautiful day and lovely scenery set our blood racing as we sighted "the vine-clad hills of Bingen—sweet Bingen on the Rhine."

On the terrace of the Victoria Hotel, under the arbor there, a few rays of sunlight, filtering down, struck the golden wine sparkling in our glasses; but, out yonder its full strength glittered on the great golden river, stealing silently past. Bingen was gay with bunting; not for "the Fourth," but because of a great reunion of student corps. They were scheduled to gather at the base of the colossal "Germania" which loomed above the Rüdesheimer vineyards across the water.

Taking the bridge to Bingerbrück and making several sharp turns to cross a second bridge over the railway tracks, we started along the river on the direct road to Coblenz. Just opposite, rise the gray walls of ruined Ehrenfels, and on a rock in the middle of the Rhine, stands the famous Mouse Tower, the last refuge of cruel Bishop Hatto, said to have been devoured alive by thousands of mice that swam the stream in pursuit of him. This fate he drew upon himself by burning to death the famished peasants, who raided his barns and whom he likened to hungry, thievish mice. Southey's poem "God's Judgment On Hatto" gives a stirring description of the occurrence.

A previous bishop of Mainz, also named Hatto, is said to have been guilty of rather treacherous acts. He was regent for Louis the Child, last of the Carlovingian line. In 905, while Adalbert of Badenberg (who slew the emperor's brother) was being fruitlessly be-

sieged by imperial forces, Hatto offered to act as mediator, and, by promising to see that Adalbert returned in safety to his castle, induced him to throw himself on the emperor's mercy. After starting for the imperial camp Hatto complained he had had no breakfast, so the party returned to the castle for a meal. Adalbert was held prisoner and condemned to death for high treason, but when he accused Hatto of treachery, the bishop said, "I fulfilled my agreement when I took you safely back to your castle for breakfast."

Conrad of Franconia, Louis' successor, was a bitter enemy of the Saxon duke, Henry (afterwards Henry the Fowler). Hatto planned a pitfall for Henry, inviting him to a banquet at which he was to be presented with a gold chain contrived to throttle its wearer. The secret leaked out by way of the goldsmith, so Henry sent Hatto word that, while he believed he was more stiff-necked than Adalbert, he thought best to decline the invitation. Some say Hatto died of chagrin, others that the devil bore him away into Mt. Etna. Kaiser Conrad, on his deathbed—realizing that only one man could save the empire—dispatched his brother Eberhard to Henry with the royal insignia, and begged the princes to elect Henry king.

Most archbishops of Mainz were of different stamp. Boniface, for example, or the worthy Willegis (A. D. 1009), a wheelwright's son who, taunted with his lowly birth, promptly had his apartments decorated with painted wheels accompanied by the words, "Willegis, Willegis, remember what your origin is." Since then, the Mainz archbishop's coat of arms displays white wheels on a red ground. Ehrenfels was erected by the governor of the Rheingau, about 1210, and later became a residence of the archbishops of Mainz.

BINGEN, DOWN THE RHINE, COBLENZ

Was there ever another river like the Rhine! Was there ever another small stretch of country boasting a wealth of romantic history interwoven with legend,* fairy tale, fiction and mythology, to equal this smiling valley from Bingen to Coblenz! Many songs tell its story; poets of all nations sing its praises and recall its legends in their verse. We grew quite excited as we approached each point of interest, conning over as much of its story as we could recall.

Tradition has it that Charlemagne, sojourning at his palace at Ingelheim, noticed that snow always melted first on the slopes of Rüdesheimer hill. Inferring that this would be a fine place to plant the grape, he straightway ordered it done—thus laying, more than eleven hundred years ago, the foundation of this excellent vintage of world-wide fame. One charming legend tells how, on a mild summer's night when moonbeams have built a bridge across the Rhine, a figure in royal purple may be seen gliding over to the opposite shore; it is Charlemagne, risen from his grave to bless the vines and breathe again the air heavy with their fragance.

Soon castle Rheinstein towered above us. As its owner—Prince Henry of Prussia—kindly leaves it open to the public during his absence, we stopped for an inspection. Though of unknown origin it probably antedates the thirteenth century, since it is mentioned in 1279 and was said to have belonged to the era of robber barons who flourished for some time previous. By a zigzag path of eleven stories we climbed 260 feet above the river. A bench is placed at alternate levels for the weary; Pater grew weary at first sight of the

*Guerber's "Legends of the Rhine" is doubtless already well known to most readers.

climb and remained so, but we others went on and were charmed beyond measure. Rheinstein is a little gem and a marvel of ingenuity. How its builders ever managed to get so many different courtyards, terraces and buildings, with a solitary cliff as base, is a wonder. Of course, many of these are at different levels, and this has a good deal to do with it. Mater quite fell in love with the place and declared only a fear of incommoding Prince Henry prevented her from buying it at once. Such dear little gardens, and terraces, and circular stairways, vaulted halls, and towers; such a wealth of old furnishings, old armor and curios!

Many windows give fine views, but the best view was obtained from the watchtower overhanging the Rhine. We ascended by a very narrow, arched, outside stair—a process best described as climbing up the back of a flying buttress. One glance at the sheer drop to the river, and another up and down stream, conveyed a good idea of the small chance travelers had of escaping those light-fingered, heavy-handed barons of long ago.

A log-raft of astonishing dimensions was floating downstream; it was equipped with several masts, an elaborate steering apparatus and a house for sheltering its crew.

We could see our Packard's yellow wheels beneath the trees at the roadside. Wisps of blue cigar smoke moving from place to place apprised us that Pater was growing restless, so we hastened to descend.

Near the water's edge, not far beyond Rheinstein, stands the picturesque Clemens Capelle (chapel of St. Clement) founded they say, to save the souls of robber barons hanged by Rudolph of Hapsburg. These genteel thieves had by no means such an easy time as one might imagine; not infrequently they brought down a

"A LOG RAFT OF ASTONISHING DIMENSIONS."
(*P.* 264.)

"THAT MOST QUAINT OF ISLAND CASTLES — DIE PFALZ." (*P.* 271.)

THE RHINE.

hornet's nest about their ears. Once the Rhenish towns banded together and burned down several objectionable castles. Reichenstein (Falkenburg) was one of these, but its owner soon had it rebuilt and resumed his favorite calling. Reichenstein, Sooneck, and Heimburg were all destroyed by King Rudolph—their owners being slain, or hanged to the most convenient trees.

Rudolph was the first Hapsburg to ascend the German throne. With occasional interruptions this house has continued to reign, outliving the Holy Roman Empire, which, come to a sad state of impotence and inertia, was finally wiped out by Napoleon Bonaparte.

When the house of Hohenstaufen died out, many years of turmoil followed.* There were three claimants to the throne; none of them, apparently, able to obtain a definite hold on it. In this land without a ruler, no wonder every man looked out for himself rather than for law and order, seizing what property he could. Under these circumstances, no wonder knights and barons became "robber knights" and "robber barons"; and it should not be too seriously held against them, considering the times, for in those days might made right. They were not thieves or robbers; rather, petty nobles run wild—confiscating what they could, just as their overlords were doing.

Now it happened that Friedrich III, burgrave of Nuremberg and descendant of that Conrad who "read the riot act" to Henry the Lion, thought he saw, in his cousin Rudolph, a man who might bring both right and might into these sad German affairs. Since Barbarossa's day the Hohenzollerns had steadily grown in influence as burgraves of Nuremberg and always showed a sane, if shrewd, desire to see the em-

*See page 178.

pire powerful and well administered. With the assistance of the archbishop of Mainz (who influenced the other ecclesiastics) Friedrich had Rudolph elected king* (1273); it proved a wise choice—of great benefit to Germany and to the common people—for Rudolph soon demonstrated his sense and ability, and efficiently filled the throne. Many would not believe that there was a *real* king, at last. One of these, Ottocar king of Bohemia, learned it finally to his cost—for his army was defeated, and he slain, on the plain of Marchfeld (near Wagram). Having restored order among the lords and princes, the king, who never did things by halves, set to work to straighten out troublesome odds and ends; and he now showed even less ceremony, hanging many nobles who possibly boasted prouder escutcheons and longer pedigrees than his own. We need not hesitate to take an interest in the legends and romances of these old Rhine castles; for though their owners were, many of them, strung up like common felons, they were merely misguided marauders drifting with the times.

To tell the truth, this so-called robbery, when not carried to excess, was simply taking toll of travelers passing through one's land—an ancient, legitimate privilege. In return for this toll, nobles living along a river kept up the towpaths and supplied horses or mules to tow craft against the current; those living elsewhere kept the roads in order and furnished escorts or guaranteed safe-conduct. In both cases the nobles hung their shields over the doors of their town houses as a sign that merchants and the better class of travelers might find food and shelter there; for the

*Rudolph I, like Henry the Fowler, was not formally crowned emperor, though in each case the son and successor enjoyed full imperial honors.

inns of that day were abominable. This is commonly believed to be the origin of the elaborate signs displayed by old inns.

Charlotte Yonge's "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest" describes a "robber" castle in Swabia and shows how ancient privileges were abused; "Ehrenstein" by G. P. R. James, also a Swabian story, describes life in a medieval castle and the mysteries and superstitions attached to it; Robert Barr's "The Swordmaker," and especially his book of short stories, entitled "The Strong Arm," familiarize us with many interesting places, facts and legends of both Rhine and Moselle, though the liberties he sometimes takes with historical characters tend to rob these tales of probability.

The chapel of St. Clement was constructed of wood from the trees upon which some of these unfortunate knights had been hanged, and of stones from the ruins of their castles; their bodies, stolen at dead of night from the gibbets, were buried in the chapel, in the hope that their souls would be saved from damnation. Eventually, the archbishop of Mainz absolved them and then they were buried in the consecrated churchyard, to the great comfort of sorrowing relatives, friends and retainers.

Very soon after St. Clement's was passed, Falkenburg (generally known as Reichenstein) towered above us; it has been restored and is now a private residence. With it is connected the story of an heiress whose affianced lover, while stopping at a forest castle, fell victim to the charms of his host's daughter. The strange, wondrous beauty of this lady, and their romantic meeting in the moonlight made Sir Knight forget all about his bride-to-be at Falkenburg; so next morning, he was greatly perplexed when his host maintained he had no daughter. From a peas-

ant guide, he learned the startling news that the old man once had a daughter of rare beauty, who made sport of her admirers and (somewhat after the manner of Princess Kunigunde of Kynast) egged them on to foolhardy deeds which ended in death. The mother of one of these unfortunate wooers called down a fearful curse upon the girl, in consequence of which she died; but her ghost still haunted the castle, and whoever fell victim to her charms was doomed to die within a few months. Terrified, and smitten with remorse, the knight hurried to Falkenburg and asked to be married at once. His request was granted, but the ghostly beauty claimed him nevertheless; for, during his honeymoon he died quite suddenly when the fateful day arrived. However, the curse did not pursue his widow, for her son grew to be a fine fellow, the idol of the whole countryside.

Reichenstein and Rheinstein are connected by a legend. Gerda of Rheinstein was wooed and won by the heir to castle Sternburg who, as was customary, asked a relative to present his suit to Gerda's father. This relative was his uncle Gunzelin of Reichenstein. Once the crafty old Gunzelin had set eyes on Gerda, he determined to win her for himself; and Gerda's father, whose cupidity overpowered him at prospect of a more brilliant match, accepted Gunzelin's suit. The wedding day was set and, willy-nilly, poor Gerda had to obey and set out for the Clemens Capelle to be married. Near the chapel, her palfrey suddenly shied and bolted. The senile bridegroom was hurled over the cliff to his death, in an attempt to stop the runaway; Gerda's father fared little better in his attempt, though he escaped with broken bones. The bride seemed in deadly peril, when her former lover emerged from a hiding place where he had been watching the

proceedings; he managed to seize the frightened steed and soon brought it to a standstill. Her father then experienced a change of heart, as all stern parents should under such circumstances, and the lovers were happily married.

The gray walls of Sooneck rising from the hills, showed we were approaching our next castle and recalled the story of the blind archer and his terrible vengeance upon its lord, who was baiting this poor prisoner for the amusement of his guests.

Shortly after leaving Rheinstein, we passed a steamer with many Americans aboard. Somebody's sharp eyes discovered our car and the miniatures of "Old Glory" fluttering so bravely. Such a rush as there was to the starboard rail, and such shouting and waving of handkerchiefs. We waved, too, and Bobbie honk-honked on his horn. "I can just imagine how glad they are to see us," said Mater. "I'm glad to see 'em, too—darn 'em all—" growled Scoffy, looking ready to quarrel with anybody who dared suggest he was sentimental. Had anything been lacking to make it a banner day this little greeting from "Home, sweet home" filled the want completely. What wonder we were happy as children just out of school! Scoffy waved to the disappearing vessel, and hummed a verse of that quaint German air,

"Wenn du zu mein' Schätzel kommst, Sag' ich lass' sie grüszen;
Wenn sie fraget wie mir's geht, Sag auf beiden Füszen.
Wenn sie fraget wo ich sei, Sag ich sei gestorben;
Wenn sie an zu weinen fängt—Sag ich käme Morgen."

"By the way," cried Scoffy, "this is a most crushing

argument to refute popular misconception concerning 'stolid, methodical Germans'; written for a man, mind you, but displaying all the caprice, inconsistency, whim—whatever you wish to term it—of a woman." We others smiled in tacit acquiescence. The following lines, though they do little justice to the original, will give an idea of it:

If you meet dear sweetheart mine, Say I send a greeting;
If questioned how I'm getting on—On shank's mare I'm speeding.
If she wonders where I am, Say I'm dead of sorrow;
If her tears begin to flow, Say I'll call tomorrow.

Fürstenberg has a most thrilling legend, but it is the kind of story that, as the saying goes, "a young girl would not care to have her mother read," so I leave it to a more skillful pen than mine.

On the opposite bank lies Lorch, at the mouth of the Wisper which has found its way from the famous Wisperthal, where the wind still whispers of wondrous treasure buried in castle ruins. Do not laugh with scorn at this fancy; for does not a treacherous wind, even now, whisper insistently to willing ears of untold treasure buried by a certain Captain Kidd, and howl derisively when fortunes are squandered in a vain search? What though foolish enthusiasts band together under the impressive name of "syndicate"; are they far removed in calibre, from the ill-fated wife of that miller of the Wisper, who died many centuries ago? Overlooking Lorch are ruins of castle Nollich, which undoubtedly saw the eleventh century, since it is mentioned in 1110. A knight once scaled the western cliff (called the "Devil's Ladder") on horseback,

for reasons best known to himself and now variously interpreted.

Our car carries us to Bacharach with its ruins of the church of St. Werner and its well-known timbered building. Ruins of Burg Stahleck (once the principal residence of the counts Palatine) command the town and, up the Steegerthal, are ruins of Burg Stahlberg. Do not assume that castles abounded on the Rhine alone; the adjoining country is dotted with ruins. In the Wisperthal, close by, are the remains of Rheinberg and Cammerberg and, in the adjoining Sauerthal, of Waldeck and of Sauerburg.

Beyond Bacharach we pass a few more islands and then a bend in the river discloses that most quaint of island castles—die Pfalz. This tiny stronghold with its picturesque roof and turrets and projecting corners, is entered by a doorway, six feet above the rock, to which access is now obtained by a flight of wooden steps.

It would seem strange were no legend connected with this place. One story tells how Conrad of Hohenstaufen—Barbarossa's brother—imprisoned his daughter here because of her attachment to a son of Henry the Lion in preference to suitors selected for her; the young man is said to have visited the Pfalz secretly and to have won over the girl's mother, who connived at their marriage in the dismal apartments of this island prison. The present building, erected as late as 1314, can scarcely have witnessed these romantic scenes, but there was probably an older structure on this site.

Gutenfels, which looks down upon the Pfalz from the heights above Caub, has a well authenticated romance. Richard, earl of Cornwall, was victor in a tournament at Cologne (where he fought incognito)

and received his laurels from the sister of the count of Falkenstein who lived at this very castle at Caub. Social amenities followed the tournament and the impetuous knight wooed and won the fair lady, promising to return in three months' time, when he would be free to disclose his identity and claim her hand. Time passed, but no fond lover appeared. When he did come, Count Falkenstein received him with scant courtesy, quickly amending this demeanor, however, upon learning the rank of his guest and that his prolonged absence had been caused by his election as king of Germany. Guta, the fair sister, good soul that she was, threw herself upon his breast without waiting to hear who he was or why he had stayed away so long. It was well she felt that way about it, for the royal honors soon faded.

This took place after the lapse of the Hohenstaufen line, when there were three claimants to the throne—Richard of Cornwall, William of Holland, and Alfonso of Castile. Each had a certain amount of backing from some of the electors, but none was strong enough to push matters to a finish and make his empty honors real. In consequence there came that leaderless, lawless period, so terrible for Germany till practical, hard-headed, iron-fisted Rudolph of Hapsburg came to the front and proved himself king in name and deed. But this romance was not shaken and, in honor of sister Guta, Count Falkenstein named his castle Gutenfels.

A stretch of straight road brings us to Oberwesel, a picturesque town known to the Romans—as, indeed, were Bacharach, Bingen and other Rhenish towns. In 70 A. D., a battle between Romans and Gauls was fought at Bingium (Bingen). Just before Oberwesel, we pass below the ruined castle and modern château

of Schönburg, both of which now belong to the Rhinelander family of New York City. Count Frederick Hermann of Schönburg was the famous Marshal Schomberg, who eventually went to England with the prince of Orange and fell in the battle of the Boyne.

Across the river is the Roszstein, a cliff somewhat resembling the Loreleifelsen. We did not have to wait long for this; one great bend in the river, almost at right angles, then a turn back again to the left, and the famous Lorelei rose before us across the shimmering stream that gleamed as if with the reflection of the whole wonderful Niebelungen treasure which, as every child can tell you, is buried here. This is the deepest part of the Rhine as well as the narrowest, and a thought of the many poor souls drowned in those rushing waters, while listening to the Lorelei's siren song, immediately came to us all. As if by preconcerted action we struck up that famous melody, "Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten, dass ich so traurig bin."

This legend may easily have had a rather firm foundation of fact. The cliff has a remarkable echo, audible in certain places on the river in the quiet of night or early morning. What more likely than that some luckless fisher, or traveler, approaching in his skiff, of a moonlight night, should hear singing coming apparently from the great Lorelei cliff and—with no singer in sight—should, in those superstitious times, immediately ascribe a supernatural origin to the song. Under spur of a fevered imagination, he might even see the golden-haired Lorelei in the evening mists above him. So much being granted, the probability of his driving the boat against a reef and drowning in the black waters, is but a natural conclusion.

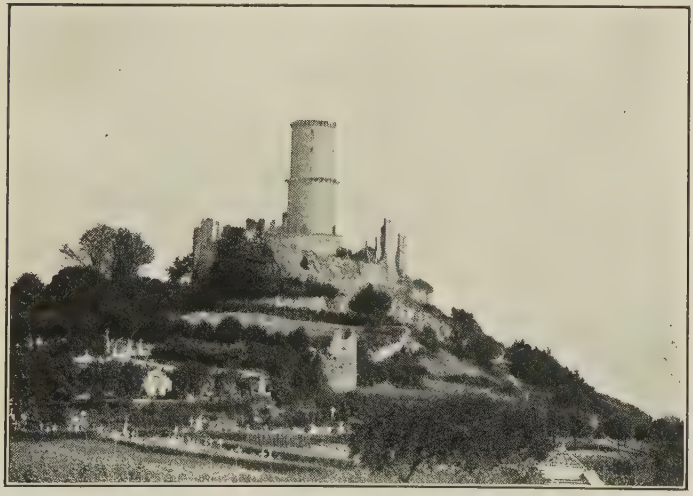
After a sharp bend in the river bank, comes St.

Goar, with a harbor protected by breakwaters, dominated by the extensive ruins of castle Rheinfels, which was founded in 1276 by Count Diether III of Katzenelnbogen—a powerful house once ruling all the territory between the Rhine and the Lahn. A Rhine-toll was established at St. Goar on completion of the castle, one of the strongest on the river; once, twenty-six Rhenish towns banded together to destroy it, suffering defeat and the loss of some four thousand men. Until the middle of the eighteenth century it was never taken, and then only by surprise; while, in 1692, its Hessian garrison stood off an army of 24,000 Frenchmen. Across the river stand remains of a fourteenth century castle, Neu-Katzenelnbogen, called Die Katz (the Cat) for brevity's sake. About three miles further along, and also on the opposite bank, are the ruins of castle Thurnberg, completed by Kuno von Falkenstein (archbishop of Treves) and derisively called Die Maus (the Mouse) by the Katzenelnbogen family. A remarkable name, this last (cat's elbow, if you translate it), possibly derived from a crook in the river, like Krumm (crooked) Elbow on the Hudson. Some maintain the family name was Katz and that the "elbow" was added in admiration of the arm of a fair countess of this line.

Thurnberg's legend concerns a "white maiden" with whom young nobles were wont to fall in love; a proceeding productive of no better results than courting a nixie.

Going inland from the Katz, up the Haselbach valley, you would find the splendid ruins of Reichenberg, as well as those of two other castles of the old "Katz" family. Castles there were a-plenty; the whole Rhine country was full of them. The little ones usually owed allegiance to the big ones; they, in turn, to others

COBLENZ: THE BRIDGE OF BOATS. (*P.* 282.)



CASTLES THERE WERE A-PLENTY; THE WHOLE RHINE COUNTRY WAS FULL OF THEM. (*P.* 274.)

THE RHINE.

still bigger—each to his overlord—up to the *Landgraf,* who looked up to the duke, or to the emperor direct. Those were strenuous days: overlords were sometimes away to the wars, or otherwise engaged; so it behooved all to keep armor bright and hands accustomed to the grasp of broadsword and battle-axe lest one might, suddenly, be gobbled up by one's neighbors.

Rheinfels owns to a legend of lovers and a linden tree, with a heavy villain doing incalculable damage to all three of them and, eventually, to himself as well. Indeed, the linden seems to appeal very strongly to German lovers of all times—witness that fine old song, "Am Brunnen vor dem Thore, da steht ein Lindenbaum," as well as similar songs, through the ages, down to Meyer-Helmund's song, the "Lindenbaum," written, as it were, but yesterday.

Salzig ("Salty"—from its saline springs) has little of interest beyond its location in one of the most extensive cherry-growing districts of the Rhine. But across the river you may see ruins of the famous twin castles of Sterrenberg and Liebenstein, called "the hostile brothers." Their story is too well known to repeat, but I call attention to the wall and moat between them, which lend credence to the tale.

The next scene in our ever changing panorama was Boppard, quite a large town and watering-place. This is the ancient Bodobriga, said to have been founded by Celts and, later, fortified by the Romans, who named it after some of their engines of war. Considerable remains of Roman concrete walls are still extant. The town was ceded to the elector of Treves by Emperor Henry VII, but the new owner had to spend six years in obtaining possession; this accomplished, he built the castle still standing down near the water, and never let go his grip.

The Rhine now twists around in a huge S-shaped curve many miles in length, in the midst of which we see, on the opposite heights, the modern château Liebeneck. Coming out on a straight stretch again we get, across the river, a view of Braubach and of the Marksburg, said to be the only old castle on the Rhine that escaped destruction; for any that survived the hundred and one other vicissitudes incident to those times, were destroyed by the French who made a pretty clean sweep of the valley in 1688-9. This French invasion was due to Louis XIV's claiming the electorate (on the death of Charles, Elector Palatine) by virtue of the fact that his brother, Duke Philip of Orleans, had married a sister of the defunct elector. There was also a quarrel over the archbishopric of Cologne which Louis wanted to get for the bishop of Strassburg. Strassburg he had captured by treachery in 1681. Now, he proceeded to lay waste a great part of the Palatinate. Towns and villages were mercilessly destroyed; Heidelberg, Speier, Worms, Mannheim and the whole country as far as the borders of Alsace were ravaged and burned in sheer wantonness not to be dignified with the term of military operations. The most prominent act of outright vandalism in this campaign—if one may call it a campaign—was destroying the beautiful castle of Heidelberg. But far worse than the vandalism were the horrid atrocities practiced on peasants and townsfolk everywhere; the French commander Melac and his lieutenants established for themselves a reputation as terrible, under the circumstances, as that of bloody Alva. Louisa Mühlbach's "Prince Eugene and His Times" touches on these matters. If you will bear in mind some of these scores that France was running up against herself with Germany, I shall tell you another by and by.

After passing Braubach we entered Rhens, which has several half-timbered houses, but is famous mainly for its mineral water—secured by tapping a spring in the river's bed, and piping the water to shore, where over five million bottles are annually put on the market. On the opposite bank are the Victoria and Minerva springs.

A little below Rhens is the Königsstuhl (king's chair), a masonry structure erected by Emperor Charles IV on the ancient meeting place of the electors, and restored in the nineteenth century. It is octagonal in shape, 22 feet across and 18 feet high, and resembles a pulpit. Here, in 1338, the electors thought to end a vexing question by declaring every legally appointed German king therewith constituted Roman emperor whether crowned by the pope or not. Well meant, but not successful in practice, as Charles IV came out of the small end of the horn in his subsequent encounter with the pope, being, as the books say, "crowned with a humiliating ceremony."

About three miles beyond the Königsstuhl we come to the town of Capellen, above which is Stolzenfels. Built on the site of an older fortress by Arnold von Isenburg, archbishop of Treves, during the thirteenth century, it came to a miserable end at the hands of the French in 1869, as did so many others; among these its vis-à-vis, Lahneck, which towers above Nieder-Lahnstein at the mouth of the river Lahn. Stolzenfels was rebuilt by Frederick William IV, and many of the German and the English royalties of our time have tarried beneath its roof. This castle belongs to the crown and is open to the public at stated times.

Had we left Frankfort earlier and spent the night in Bingen, or somewhere along the Rhine, we might have visited many castles and nearly all the ruins; yet,

too much of this sort of thing proves worse than too little, for the castles as well as the views are more or less alike.

With the sight of the Lahn our trip along the Rhine is almost ended. Trolley-tracks and coffee gardens mark our approach to a large city, and soon we pass a great island in the river and enter Coblenz, our stopping place.

Just before reaching here a motorcar approached, and the ladies in it jumped up and waved to us, one of them nearly falling out as she saluted our little American flags. Real "Gibson girls" they were, too, and a sight for sore eyes, though I say it without prejudice to the rosy, flaxen-haired daughters of the Rhine.

CHAPTER XIV.

COBLENZ TO TREVES: VIA THE MOSELLE.

JULY 5TH, MORNING—80 MILES.

COBLENZ—the Roman Confluentes—lies at the confluence of the Moselle and the Rhine. This beautifully situated town was founded nearly two thousand years ago; Drusus, in his campaigns against the Germans, built a castle here, in or before 9 B. C., to protect his military road which crossed the river below the present Moselle bridge, as remains of Roman bridge-piling would indicate. The present bridge dates from the middle of the thirteenth century, though is was widened in 1884. On the river bank just east of the Coblenz end of the bridge is the old palace of the electors of Treves. But the chief center of interest is the Deutsche Eck (German Corner), the tongue of land lying between the two rivers; on this splendid site—visible far up and down the Rhine and also up the Moselle—we find another colossal monument, the equestrian statue of Emperor William I, frankly called, in the inscription, Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse (Emperor William the Great). The statue, which rises impressively upon a mighty architectural base, is 46 feet high, and the accompanying female form (a genius of victory) is 30 feet tall.

The first building behind the monument is the Deutsches Haus or Herrenhaus, a lodge of the Order of Teutonic Knights founded about the time of the third crusade. This order, which long outclassed both

the Templars and the Hospitallers of St. John in the earnestness and integrity of its purpose, wore a white mantle with a black cross. Almost adjoining the Herrenhaus is the church of St. Castor, finest of the city's many fine old churches, founded in 836 by Louis the Pious. The present church with its four towers and handsome Romanesque apse was consecrated in 1208, but the vaulted ceiling, which replaced the earlier flat ceiling, dates from 1498.

Across the Rhine, on an almost inaccessible cliff, lies the modern fortress Ehrenbreitstein, called the Gibraltar of the Rhine. It was erected in 1816, on the site of a stronghold of the electors of Treves, which had itself been much enlarged from time to time.

How much of the world's history Coblenz has gazed upon! The Teutons, the Romans, the Franks, each in their turn; then the division of Charlemagne's empire from which arose the Holy Roman Empire; the crusades, the Reformation, the decline of the Holy Roman Empire; Napoleon's march across dismembered Germany; and, finally, the formation of the present German empire.

In 1018, Emperor Henry II gave the city to the archbishopric of Treves. In the twelfth century, poor Henry IV (of "excommunication" fame) was treacherously seized here by his son (Henry V); and Conrad II was elected emperor in the church of St. Castor, whose walls rang later with the voice of Bernhard of Clairvaux preaching the second crusade. In the fourteenth century Edward III of England here met Emperor Ludwig, the Bavarian, to form an alliance against France in the Hundred Years' War. In the Thirty Years' War the city was taken by Protestants (Swedes) and retaken by imperial troops. The French, while devastating the Palatinate, laid siege to

Coblenz, but withdrew after destroying most of its older section by their cannonade; about a century later it again fell into their hands and was made the capital of the French department of the Rhine and Moselle.

In 1814 "the allies" captured the city, which soon fell to Prussia, eventually becoming—as it still is—the capital of the Prussian province of the Rhine. From 1850-58 Prince William, afterward Emperor William I, lived here as its governor, and during these years his wife conceived a great and lasting affection for Coblenz. This mutual friendship between the citizens and the royal pair explains the "why and wherefore" not only of the gigantic monument to Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, but also of the handsome memorial to Empress Augusta which has been erected on the esplanade by the river she loved so well.

You see how intimately Coblenz has experienced all these changes from the gray dawn of German history, down to events of modern days familiar to you and me. I trust you may have the pleasure of sitting on the terrace here in the moonlight, a *Schoppen* of the fine wine we owe to Charlemagne at your elbow, watching the twinkling lights of the craft passing through the great Schiffbrücke—"a line of black that * * floats on the rising tide like a bridge of boats" —and pondering upon the lapse of time and the progress of human events.

We arrived at Coblenz in good season for dinner. In the courtyard of that compound hotel, Zum Riesen-Fürstenhof und Anker, we found five other motorcars, two of them bearing American flags. The hotel itself was gaily decorated and displayed a large American flag as central feature. Those Stars and Stripes! how brand new they seemed, for all their vicissitudes, in the shadow of twenty centuries.

After dinner we strolled down to the Deutsche Eck, then returned to our apartments to sit upon the little balconies overlooking the river, and watch the opposite hills and the huge fortress of Ehrenbreitstein fade away into the night. Lights began to gleam on the pontoon bridge which was ever busy letting boats through. The movable section floated aside downstream, to the end of its tether of massive chains and then, by means of its engine, hauled itself back to close the gap.

Later the military band gave a concert on the plaza in front of the hotel, where townspeople congregated in great numbers to listen to the music. American airs were played and there was even red fire burned in honor of the Fourth. We were greatly amused by the actions of the band which, at every intermission, repaired to the courtyard of the hotel to "wet their whistles," as Scoffy declared. Pater had to go down each time to watch our car; for these musical warriors were intensely interested in automobiles, and there was much ado to restrain them in their investigations, which progressed from the opening of doors and lamps to trying the seats, leaning on the flexible ends of the mudguards, and spilling beer and crumbs over everything. I suppose their desire to claim complete familiarity with an "out-o" when they returned to their native town or village, led them to forget their natural caution. A crooked or dented mudguard or a scratch on the expensive finish was a trifle in their eyes. Indeed, such things appeared to be trifles to men who should have known better; scarcely anywhere in Germany or England, outside of Hamburg, Frankfort, and London, did we strike a truly good garage. The superficial cleaning our car got made Bobbie swear, and it was a dirty, battered

motor that we shipped home. Yet we did not care to urge Bobbie to do anything but overhaul the machinery, preferring to have him start each day with rested muscles and a clear head.

Eight-thirty Sunday morning (July 5th) we left Coblenz for Metz by way of Treves, or Trier, as the Germans call it. Taking a wrong turn caused some trouble getting out of town; but once out, the road was easy to keep, as we had simply to follow the Moselle river.

Driving along the left bank (going upstream) we saw a motor ahead. This aroused some misgivings about passing, for we thought it might belong to one of the people we had met at the Fürstenhof, whose average speed often reached fifty miles per hour; but it proved to be only a German Adler car which we overtook quite easily. Meeting an auto was always quite an event in Germany, as we saw few except in the big cities.

The Moselle trip was as delightful as that along the Rhine. Though a smaller river with fewer castles, especially restored ones, the Moselle is less spoiled by railroads and busy towns, while we had the added pleasure of feeling we were, in a measure, off the tourists' beaten track. The hills, too, are less completely devoted to vineyards than those of the Rhine and correspondingly prettier, and the occasional sheer cliffs or crumbling castle ruins add much interest.

Our first castle was at Cobern, on the opposite bank. There were two, in fact, both once belonging to the knights of Cobern, the last of whom met an untimely end in 1536 as a disturber of the peace. In the upper Cobern castle is the notable chapel of St. Matthias, built in late-Romanesque style of the thirteenth century.

A bit further along lies ancient Gondorf, and soon a sweep in the river discloses Alken, upon our bank, with castle Thuron's ruins overhanging the town. Those who had read Robert Barr's "Thekla" were much interested in these remains of the castle of "Black" Count Heinrich of Palatine, who figures prominently in this story, as do the archbishops of Treves and Cologne and other historical characters. As a matter of fact, the castle really was a bone of contention between these archbishops and the counts Palatine, to whom it belonged. It was once besieged by the two prelates, and 600,000 gallons of wine are said to have been consumed by the besiegers. What though the siege was unsuccessful; surely their achievement at drinking is glory sufficient for any host.

The next bend takes us through the village of Brodenbach, at the foot of a ravine once commanded by the Ehrenburg, now considered the finest ruin on the Moselle.

The great Burg Eltz we did not see, for it lies back of Moselkern, in the valley of the Eltz river. Burg Eltz was never destroyed and remains for your inspection, a fine specimen of simple medieval secular architecture. Quite near it lie the ruins of Trutzeltz (Trotz Eltz, i. e. Defy Eltz) erected by Archbishop Baldwin of Treves, in the vain hope of controlling the great stronghold he could not conquer.

Treis boasts two ruins, Schloss Treis and the Wildenburg, both lying up a little valley. At Treis, the road on our side left the river, so we were ferried across on a flatboat. It was one of those pendulum ferries in which the boat is propelled by the current, being swung across at the end of steel cables secured upstream. The craft is started by poling and run ashore by the same means, if necessary. The boat had just left as we approached. It was taking over a red

THE MOSELLE: COCHEM CASTLE. (*P.* 285.)

automobile which we never expected to see again; but after going a short distance along the opposite shore we passed it stalled by the roadside, with most of its occupants hard at work replacing a punctured tire. We grinned somewhat maliciously, I fear—little realizing what was in store for us.

Bobbie now followed the right bank going upstream. There were many people out for a Sunday stroll along the shore and he had to drive very carefully, to the distress of the Youth who worried lest we should be overtaken by that red car. The scenery was very pretty and picturesque, and in several places we saw remains of old walls and watchtowers at the water's edge.

Cochem, a town of some size, lies at one of the prettiest spots on the Moselle. Burg Cochem, also mentioned in "Thekla," and once the property of Treves' archbishops, occupies the whole top of a hill overlooking the town and commands the river for miles in either direction. Up the Ender valley, about three miles back of Cochem, rises the tower of ruined Winneburg, the ancestral seat of the Metternich family from which the famous Prince Metternich was descended.

The Moselle now begins to wind very much; from Cochem to Eller is three miles as the crow flies, but over twelve if you follow the river. The going is still first-class, as it has been, so far, all day.

After Brüttig and castle Beilstein a decided sweep in the stream, around Petersberg, makes the opposite shore look like a peninsula sticking out into the water. A strip of field and meadow stretches along the river's edge—cut off, apparently, by the mountains, from all communication with the world except by water. In this sheltered spot stand the ruins of a large church as well as walls of other structures—the monastery of

Stuben, founded in the twelfth century and suppressed at the end of the eighteenth.

Almost opposite is the village of Bremm with a Gothic church and some quaint houses; and here, they claim, the first grapes on the Moselle were planted. Whether the monastery planted the grapes or settled near them, is a question you may decide for yourself. Certainly, judging by the siege of Thuron, it must have been the one or the other.

A straight run of some three miles brought us to Alf, where we decided to leave the river which now begins to have a very tortuous course; on the map it looks like a snake that has tied itself full of loops. The curve from Cochem to Eller was worth while even though it was as 12 to 3 when compared with a straight road. But the prospect of leaving Alf by the river road and driving some seven miles to reach the other side of the mountain, only a half mile away by air line, seemed too much of a good thing. At that rate we should never "get anywhere in time for supper," Scoffy plaintively remarked. Moreover, we had been twice warned that the direct road, inland, was in far better condition. The map confirmed this, so inland we went.

But, alas! as we wound round the hills of the Alf valley to get back into the open country, a sharp curve proved too much for one of our rear tires. An explosion like the sound of a shotgun rang out in the Sunday quiet, and we were stalled with our first blowout.

"There!" cried Pater, "the old woman's curse has come to roost. While you people were good it couldn't touch us; but now that you laughed at those unfortunates in the red car, it has taken hold, and our clean score is broken."

"Yes, and I'll bet we have some more before night," quoth the Youth. And so we did: one puncture and another blowout.

Fortunately it was a pleasant spot to while away the forty-odd minutes required to make repairs. Imagine a pretty valley with the Alf murmuring over its stony bed. Across the stream, wooded hills; on our side, the steep mountain slope green with vineyards and crowned by the gray old ruins of Burg Arras. Built almost into the mountainside was a row of tiny houses, whose occupants—man, woman, and child—rushed out to our assistance (?). Scoffy, with his battery of German, stood by to protect Bobbie, while the rest of the party started up the mountain. But slippery grass made the ascent difficult, and our bugle sounded the recall long before Burg Arras could be invaded.

From one of the little houses we managed to procure some very good beer cooled in a mountain spring. I must say that the spring water itself was more refreshing than any drink we had abroad, though probably no one but an American will be likely to credit the statement.

They say Burg Arras was built (in 938) by Archbishop Robert of Treves, to reward a charcoal burner and his sons, who had accomplished the destruction of a band of Huns striving to penetrate the valley during one of their terrible invasions.

"Charcoal burners are clever people," said Scoffy. "There are these chaps saving the town from the Hungarians; then there were the fellows that nabbed Kunz von Kaufungen; and the one of the Schwarzwald who found melted silver in his fire and, by working at the same spot for years, accumulated sufficient treasure to rehabilitate a king, marry his daughter, and

be made duke of Zähringen; and others, and others. No wonder that no romantic novel of the Middle Ages is complete without one. And you can't tell me they led a humdrum existence in the solitude of the forest primeval; they were forever catching somebody, or killing somebody, or finding somebody or something; and if no other excitement offered, they were being flogged by the nobility for getting in the way of the hunt."

We whizzed through Kinderbeuren, Wittlich, Hetzerath and Föhren. The roads were excellent and, where they wound up long, steep grades, gave us many a fine view of the broad German land. After a bad combination of railroad crossings and bridges at Ehrgang, we again swept in quite close to the Moselle and soon crossed the bridge into Treves, the oldest town in Germany.

CHAPTER XV.

TREVES (TRIER) AND THE ROAD TO METZ.

JULY 5TH, AFTERNOON—66 MILES.

"ANTE ROMAM TREVERIS STETIT ANNIS MCCC."

A LIKELY spot it must have been years ago with its wooded heights and lush meadowland and the great red sandstone cliffs, which helped to build most of the town, rising abruptly at intervals along the river bank.

"Now children," said Pater, looking over his glasses in his most impressive manner, "you want to look with all your eyes. At least, you *should* want to, for this is perhaps the oldest town you will ever see. Tradition says that Trebeta, stepson of Queen Semiramis of Assyria, fleeing the country because his widowed stepmother wished to marry him, pursued his way westward until he reached the Moselle valley, where he founded Treves. All history is tradition if you go back far enough, though much of it has been confirmed by monuments and records. From the standpoint of authenticated history the actual age of Treves has not yet been determined. Julius Caesar, in his conquest of Gaul, overthrew the tribes of Treveri, but he made no mention of any special town; on the other hand Tacitus, about the first century A. D., twice mentioned that Colonia Treverorum was surrounded by walls, which argues a town of some importance."

"Be that as it may, this much is certain: in the

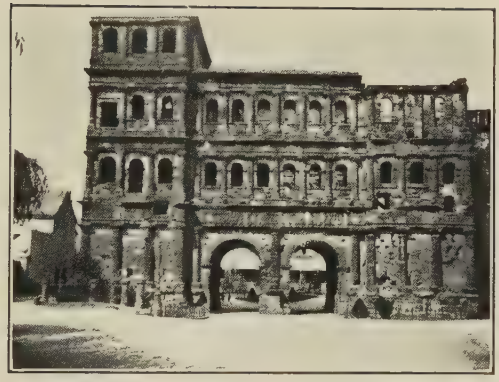
second half of the third century Treves became a second Rome, inasmuch as it became a favorite residence of the Caesars, reaching the height of its glory as a Roman city in the fourth century. Under these circumstances———"

"Which way, Mr. Pater—right or left?" from Bobbie.

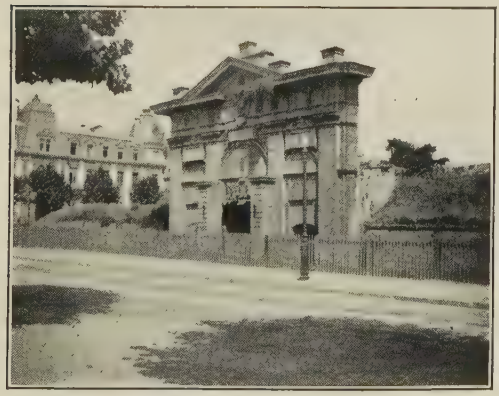
"Bobbie!" said Pater, reproachfully, pausing in his peroration, "Bobbie, how can you interrupt me with such a foolish question when I am busy? Why, follow the trolley-tracks, of course."

Meantime Pater's audience had become so deeply engrossed in looking at the town and watching for the Porta Nigra Hotel, that he followed suit. After traversing nearly the whole town we spied it—at least we spied the great Porta Nigra, black with age, and knew that the hotel must be close by. "Bobbie, that structure before you is about two thousand years old; what do you think of that?" "Oo-oo-oo!" responded Bobbie, and then added the auto drivers' highest meed of praise, "that's going some, sir!"

On a glass-enclosed piazza facing this Roman gateway, luncheon was served to our laughing, chattering group of motor tourists—and we tried hard, the while, to realize that those blackened walls across the way had looked down on Frankish host and Roman cohort, most twenty centuries ago. Four times the Franks captured Treves before they finally kept it. One is tempted to speculate why they spared the Porta Nigra; perhaps from a sense of admiration of this huge structure, impressive even to us. Had their enemy been Wends, not Franks, there is little doubt the Romans could have held this gate indefinitely, for it would have seemed to those savages infinitely more awe-inspiring than their huge stone god, Triglaph.



TREVES: THE PORTA NIGRA — SOME TWO THOUSAND YEARS OLD. (*P.* 290.)



"METZ IS A CITY OF SURPRISES." (*P.* 307.)

Constantine Christianized Trier, and Agricius of Antioch was (about 314) elected its first bishop. The bishops became archbishops, then princes of the Holy Roman Empire, sovereign princes, and ultimately electors. France (i. e. Napoleon) put an end to the electorate in 1801, but the bishopric was restored the following year.

We were not surprised to find numerous and extensive Roman ruins, nor to learn that Roman relics found in and about Treves are among the finest discovered anywhere outside of Italy. The palace of the Caesars, the amphitheatre on the town's outskirts, the enormous *thermae*, the basilica (now a Protestant church)—all point to a Roman city of considerable size and importance. Even the piers of the bridge over the Moselle are, with two exceptions, Roman. The cathedral, one of Germany's oldest churches (an altered basilica of the fourth century) is an interesting *ensemble* of various styles of architecture—the exterior, decidedly Romanesque—the demarcation between the Roman work of alternate brick and stone, and the Romanesque work, being quite perceptible.

The Protestant basilica, like other Roman buildings and ruins, shows an elaborate system of hot air ducts in the masonry, for heating the buildings in this comparatively inclement climate. Surrounding the basilica is the old elector's palace, now used as barracks; this belongs to the Renaissance period and one wing is decidedly Roccoco.

On the Markt stands a "cross" from 958, restored in 1723. Surrounding the Markt are some fine old secular buildings: das Rote Haus (the red house), formerly the Rathaus, bears the inscription in Latin, "Treves stood MCCC years before Rome;" adjoining is the Steip, built in 1453, as a casino for the *Ratsher-*

ren. Towering above the market place is the spire of St. Gangolph's—a very *new* church in such an old town, though dating from before the discovery of America.

About three-quarters of a mile south of the city, the once noted Benedictine abbey of St. Matthias presents, when seen through its arched street entrance, a very striking picture; the abbey possesses the sarcophagus of the apostle Matthew as well as a piece of the true cross.

The legends of the Moselle are as numerous as those of the Rhine, so I'll risk but one excursion into this land of fairy tales for "grown-ups." It wouldn't seem fair to leave the Moselle without telling the story of its most famous wine—Berncastler Doctor, it is now generally called. Look at the wine list of any good hotel and you may read this strange name, which the vintage has borne for some five hundred years.

Just about that many years ago there lived in Treves an old knight whose name is unknown to history. This veteran learned, one day, that his friend and benefactor, Bishop Bohemund, had fallen seriously ill of fever at the town of Berncastel. Later reports were not encouraging; neither leech nor herbalist could help; and it was noised abroad that the bishop offered a reward to any man who could cure him. The old soldier remembered that he himself had once been cured of a similar ailment by wine grown near the very town at which the bishop lay. So he thought, "If once, why not again?" and set forth to the patient's bedside.

The bishop looked askance at the little wine-cask the knight carried, but, knowing him a friend and being in despair, he agreed to take a hearty drink; having had recourse a second time to the little cask, he fell into a sound sleep from which he awoke much refreshed.

This treatment was continued until the pleasing report could be made that the bishop was quite well again; and this wine has been called Berncastler Doctor ever since. Berncastel, on that part of the Moselle which we skipped in the short cut from Alf to Trier, is a quaint little place with a castle, but aside from this, has nothing to recommend it except its excellent wine.

We took only a fleeting view of Treves; of its wonderful collections of antiquities, not even a peep. For our chief, like the Germans in 1870, raised the cry, "On to Metz." Bidding good-by to the Moselle for a while, we headed south, past the ruins of the palace of the Caesars, past St. Matthias, and Karthaus with its old Carthusian monastery (now a convent of Franciscan nuns), to the suburb of Conz. This was the Roman Contianacum and traces of an imperial villa, mentioned by the poet Ausonias, are still to be seen.

Here we crossed the Saar near its confluence with the Moselle, and followed the former, through Cönen and Ail to Saarburg. Saarburg, at the junction of the Saar and the Leuk, is very picturesque, and above it lie the extensive ruins of a castle of the electors of Treves. A long tunnel leads from the town right underneath the castle, and we were halfway through this before we decided it was the wrong road; consequently we had to back all the way out again, to the great terror of people who were just leaving a church near the entrance.

The road now climbed up into the hills, giving us a splendid view in all directions. Far below, we could see the Leuk winding along and, round about, picturesque valleys with vineyards, woods and fields. The roads were beautiful—wide and hard, and smooth as a billiard table, and lined on both sides with footpaths shaded by fine trees. "A regular lover's lane," said

Mater; "it's a shame not to go fifty miles an hour," said Bobbie; Pater said nothing, but enjoyment was written on his every feature as he sniffed the sweet-scented air and turned from side to side to miss nothing of the lovely view.

After running almost west for a while, the road, at the entrance to a little village, suddenly veered south; so unexpected was the change that Bobbie drove two wheels into the ditch before he was headed in our new direction. Sliding downhill and around this curve with locked brakes was not without unpleasant consequences, for a minute later we heard the hiss of a puncture.

"My, what a shame!" cried Pater, "I should like to have gone on riding like that forever."

However, we derived no little amusement inspecting the village and its inhabitants. Buildings were now beginning to take on a decidedly French aspect, especially the more pretentious villas. Some curious structures we could not catalogue; they looked like a cross between dovecotes and the old-time spring houses used by country people for cooling milk or meat.

With an invocation to the "old lady" to remove her curse, we resumed our way. The scenery was delightful; we had again reached the Moselle which flowed along below us, at the foot of the heights. Across the valley lay the principality of Luxemburg, resplendent in the purple haze of late afternoon.

And so we rode along through Perl, Sierck and Königsmachern until we had to descend from our heights into the fortified town of Diedenhofen—in French, Thionville. At Nennig, not far from Perl, there has been brought to light a Roman villa containing a remarkable mosaic pavement (33 ft. x 49 ft. in

size) nearly as large as the mosaic of the athletes in the Lateran at Rome, and said to be finer in execution; we missed it, unfortunately, being then unaware of its existence. Sierck is a very picturesque town dominated by the ruins of a castle once belonging to the dukes of Lorraine.

Thionville, once little more than a border fortress, still has a garrison of some three thousand men. Known as Theodonisvilla at the time of the Franks, it became a residence of Charlemagne and afterward of Louis the Pious. Vauban, the great French fortress builder, encircled it with mighty walls and bastions of masonry, and the modern town labored under a great handicap before it managed to burst its stone bonds and develop according to its merit. The fortifications are being removed and the town, which supports a heavier railway traffic than either of its large neighbors, Metz and Treves, is beginning to get a chance to spread. There are numerous blast furnaces in and around Thionville and we eyed these curious structures with interest. Crossing the Moselle bridge we had a glimpse of the Flohturm, a squat fourteen-sided tower, the town's oldest building, believed to stand on the foundations of a sixteen-sided chapel built by Louis the Pious.

The town was swarming with soldiers and had some sort of *douane*. Learning we came from Germany (not from France or Luxemburg) and were heading for Metz, they sent us on our way without any comment except as to the roads. There had been bicycle races in the outskirts of the town, and we were much amused at the sight of many female contestants, garbed, except for the boots, in regular jockey costume.

Just outside the hamlet of St. Remy, in a most desolate looking stretch of country, with dusk coming

on rapidly, a deafening report notified us that another rear tire had breathed its last. We had been going at a pretty good gait along this dusty and rather indifferent road, and as the screeching brake brought us to a stop on the side path we thanked our stars that alert Bobbie was at the wheel. A hasty diagnosis showed it was a nasty blowout and, being short of inner tubes, we would have a long wait till a punctured one could be patched.

These incidents, otherwise trivial, are told to show the ills that pursue private cars. In addition to the baggage for a large party you can carry only a limited supply of tubes and shoes, and, should bad luck set in, you are forced to limp along as best you may on very tender material until a base of supplies is reached.

As Bobbie set to work, Pater walked ahead to reconnoitre and learned that the railroad station at Woippy was within walking distance.

"Now, children, which shall it be? Woippy was the scene of Marshal Bazaine's last sortie; it has a sinister sound. This is our last tire; the sound is just as bad. Shall we walk to Woippy and take the train, or stick to the car?"

"Stick to the car," we shouted, while Bobbie grinned in appreciation. The tiresome wait in the choking dust raised by passing teams was not without its enlivening incident. Hardly had Bobbie set to work to repair damages when a noisy little De Dion runabout, the size of an overgrown baby carriage, came chuffing toward us. It contained three young men who kindly proffered assistance. One of them descended and delivered a fusillade of French at short range. But crafty Pater, knowing we were in the border country, replied in German, which thereupon became the medium of conversation. It seems that, like mariners

at sea, they had long since discovered us by the smudge we raised on the horizon, and, hearing the blowout nearly a mile away, had hastened back to pick up our remains. Cheerfully masking their disappointment, they offered to do what they could to help repairs along, but we declined. Not to be cheated out of some expression of courtesy, one of the youths handed Pater a gorgeous bouquet with the request that he present it to "Madame." Mater accepted it, and bowed her thanks as the trio was chuffed away.

"It was a shame to take it," quoth Mater, smiling delightedly.

"Oh, he expected to plant it on your grave, Ma, so you might as well have it anyway," retorted the Youth.

Being anxious to get safely to the city, we let château Ladonchamps, and Woippy and its Roman road, flash by unnoticed. Not till we reached the outworks of Metz and saw the cathedral's great nave rising above this famous fortress, did we breathe a sigh of relief, and, as Scoffy says, "begin to sit up and take notice."

CHAPTER XVI.

METZ AND ITS BATTLEFIELDS.

JULY 6TH.

METZ, the Romans' Divodurum, was—before their day—a seat of the Gallic tribe of Mediomatrici and this word, contracted into Mettis, formed the origin of the present name. Since 300 A. D., Metz has been a fortress and, except as such, its interest to the tourist is virtually limited to two buildings—the cathedral and the Deutsches Tor—and to the foundations of a third, the Roman palace. In the division of Charlemangne's empire, Metz fell to Germany; it became a free city of the Holy Roman Empire and remained so until 1552. At this time unlucky Charles V of Germany, whose acquaintance you made at Halle and whom I promised to mention again, was engaged in a terrible war with rebellious princes and electors. Henry II of France (ostensibly as an ally of the rebels) seized the bishoprics of Metz, Toul and Verdun; but when the rebels had been conquered, Henry retained these bishoprics and refused to give them up again as agreed by the peace of Passau. The emperor tried to recover Metz, which was defended by the Duc de Guise. Poor Charles! he had to beg the favor of some of his princes before he could even commence the siege, which was finally begun under Duke Alva's command. But, what with Guise and the terrible winter which decimated the besieging army, the capture could not be effected; and

we are told that Emperor Charles—after the retreat to Diedenhofen (Thionville)—never smiled again. Obliged to give up his ambition—so nearly realized—of becoming a second Charlemagne, he abdicated and retired to the monastery of St. Just where, soon after, he died.

In the dispassionate judgment of our day Charles V has, at last, been accorded his true standing as one of the world's greatest rulers. That his name did not eclipse Charlemagne's, is due to the difficulties under which he labored and to the bitter religious antagonism of his time. Excepting only France and Scandinavia,* he was striving to weld the whole Christian Continent into one vast empire—a herculean task even in times of peace; but France was continually warring on him in the west, and in the east the Moslems were threatening Vienna. These things alone were trouble enough; what a pity his "house" was divided against itself by Martin Luther. Charles had a liberal and sagacious mind; had he realized at first—as he did before long—the power and extent of the Reformation, subsequent history of the world might be written differently: a few concessions, a little toleration from a ruler not really intolerant, would have won a more lasting success than did the imperial arms. But it is not always given to the great to read the whole future.

As it is, you and I owe much to this Holy Roman emperor. All the important Spanish discoveries (after Columbus) fell in his reign; Cortez, De Soto, Pizarro, Narvaez, Mendoza, Coronado, and a dozen other explorers, enjoyed his countenance or support, and the fruit of their daring conquests was made secure by orderly, established government; under his

*Up to 1480, Russia was still under sway of the Mongolians.

special patronage a Portuguese, Magellan, found the southwest passage to the East Indies, and in 1521 discovered the Philippines. In 1513, the Spaniard Balboa had crossed the isthmus of Panama, and discovered the ocean which Magellan afterward named the Pacific. Florida, Mexico, Peru, Brazil, the Amazon, the Mississippi, Colorado and the great West, the passage to the Indies!—what wonderful enterprises, what remarkable additions to actual knowledge Europe owed, at its very renaissance, to the open mind and clear judgment of Kaiser Karl V, that worthy grandson of America's greatest benefactress, Isabella of Castile.

The immediate cause of France's declaration of war in 1870 need hardly be mentioned here. We have all heard of the siege of Metz in 1870—a matter of our own day; but not so many are familiar with that other siege of Metz, in the distant Middle Ages, when Charles V tried to recover his stolen cities. This is the other item that I wished to add to the score of France versus Germany.

The cathedral (St. Stephen's), begun in 1250, is another example of the beauty and dignity a Gothic church can attain without its originally projected spires, provided it is not left with meaningless stumps as are so many English churches. Metz cathedral originally consisted of two churches, the bishopric being obliged to yield a portion of its edifice to the worshipers of a church torn down to make way for the cathedral. The great portals under the towers were formerly entrances for that part of the edifice devoted to the cathedral. It is certainly a beautiful church; "all windows and no wall"—its leaded work, fine stained glass of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

In one tower hangs *die Mutte* (*la mutte*, probably

from *ameuter* or *s'ameuter*), the old alarm bell. I have neglected the subject of old bells; a pity, too, for, in lieu of newspapers and bulletins, their brazen throats announced all the stirring events. One time, when Charles IX was sojourning in Metz, the *Mutte* cracked in announcing the supposed victory of his troops over the Huguenots at Jarnac and the reported capture of Coligny: hence the saying, "The *Mutte* will crack rather than tell a lie." The bell was cast in 1381, broke in 1427, and has been recast four times since—last in 1605. From the time of the French occupation in 1552 till 1790, the *Mutte* rang at six o'clock "to say good-night to the king of France and his family." Rather was it saying "good-night" to *Metz;* for this city of 60,000 inhabitants soon dwindled down to 20,000, and has but recently regained the original figure—more than half of the population (exclusive of the garrison) being German. The Deutsches Tor (German gate), the most interesting of the town's old city gates, has an inner gate dating from the thirteenth century and an outer one, added in the fifteenth; walls connect these, turning the whole into a small castle or fort, and here the city's most interesting collections are being installed. The neighborhood is rich in Roman relics; Roman roads radiate from Metz in all directions and, of those to Verdun, Trier, and Saar, sections are still in use.

The big Roman aqueduct from Ars to Jouey, of which eighteen piers are still standing a few miles south of the city, gave rise to a legend about a gay Lothario who, poaching on forbidden preserves, was caught by a rise in the river. He made a compact with the devil for a substantial bridge across the river, but cockcrow stopped the work before completion.

The most interesting tale current in Metz is that

Joan of Arc reappeared in 1436, was positively identified by the town council, and remained during the greater part of May. Where she went then, is uncertain, owing to a number of contradictory stories.

Heiligen-Kreuz Platz (place Ste. Croix) was the site of the Roman governor's residence; it afterward became the palace of the Frankish kings, and the massive foundation-vaults of buildings on the north side of Trinitärier Strasse are undoubtedly part of this.

Think of it! these old vaults echoed to the voices of the Merovingian kings: the terrible Childeric; his son Chlodwig (Clovis)—that strange Christian who cheerfully murdered most of his relatives and neighbors to acquire their west Frankish possessions; Chlotar, and Childebert (king of "Paris") and Chilpéric, king of Burgundy; and the terrible, bloody Queen Brunhilde, and Chlotar II, who captured her and had her dragged to death by a wild horse. All this was before 614 A. D.; later, Charlemagne and other German kings of the Franks trod these halls. Do you happen to recall how the Germans came to rule the Franks?

Well—to go back to beginnings, as story-tellers are prone to do—on the eve of Chlodwig's birth his father, Childeric, had a strange vision: glancing from the palace door he saw lions and leopards and other monarchs of field and forest; looking again, he saw bears and wolves; and, the third time, dogs and numerous small animals engaged in destroying one another. The queen interpreted the vision. "Our son," she said, "will be strong and courageous like a king of beasts; his children, bold and thievish, like bears or wolves; their children, cowards, like dogs; and the small animals you saw—those are the Franks who, trying to kill one another, will destroy themselves." And so it proved; what with excesses, insatiable greed, and foolish feuds,

they destroyed their natural allies and so weakened their own royal power that after (some say with) Dagobert, the Merovingian kings were not worth their salt. The government's real power lay with the mayor of the palace (majordomo). Pipin Heristal, of pure German extraction, the majordomo at Metz and Rheims, defeated the majordomo of Soissons, becoming chief of the land. His son was Charles Martel and his grandson, Pipin the Short, was elected king of the Franks; Charlemagne was Pipin the Short's son. Thus, through Charles Martel at Tours, through Charlemagne at Saxony and Frisia, through Henry the Fowler at Brandenburg and Merseburg, did German kings thrice save Europe from infidel and heathen, and preserve Christianity.

Thus ended the glory of that proud tribe of Franks who claimed to be Trojans—to have migrated to Gaul after the fall of Troy; and thus perished the direct line of the Merovingian kings who boasted the blood of a god in their veins (Neptune or his Austrasian equivalent), as their name Meer Angelinge or Adelinge—sea angels or nobles—is sometimes taken to imply.

They lived in strenuous days. After Chlodomer's death, his sons were cared for by their grandmother Chlotilde. Her other sons demanded them and afterward sent her a sword and a pair of shears, intimating that the boys should either be put to death or lose their long locks, then the sign of nobility. "If they cannot have their rights, better they should die," said Chlotilde, and sent back the sword. Dagobert, himself no very pleasing sort of man, so we are told, found faith and constancy only among his dogs; he had them brought to his deathbed and said to them: "There is no company so good, but one must leave it."

Much more attractive are the legends, from Charle-

magne down, praising the constancy and purity of German women. A tale almost identical with that of Henry the Lion is told about Charlemagne and his queen—except that he anticipated the marriage nobles sought to force upon her for the country's good, by appearing on his throne in St. Peter's church at Metz, have ridden from distant Bohemia, in three days, on three marvelous horses. Of the noble Möringer, who, also, was away to war over seven years, a story even more like Henry the Lion's is told. Indeed, the fate of women cooped up in castles, awaiting their lord's uncertain return—often precluded by death—was a vexing problem in those days. Count Uffo of Möllenbeck, one of these belated absentees, dreamed, on his way home, that his wife had borne nine children. Sure enough, his countess exclaimed she had thought him dead, but had not been lonesome, as she had given him nine daughters to care for. The disgruntled count, a very just man, collected himself sufficiently to say, "So be it; the fault is mine. Your children shall be my children. I'll see they are properly dowered." "Oh, but they are all devoted to the church," said she; and, to his relief, he learned that the "children" were churches the loving woman had founded for the repose of his soul.

The knight Alexander of Metz, is hero of the famous crusader story, "The man before the plough." Though the infidels yoked him to a plough for years, he would not renounce his religion; the sultan's insinuation that Alexander's wife would no longer remain faithful, he laughed to scorn. The sultan actually did find means to send his handsomest prince to Metz with *carte blanche* to prove the knight a liar; but neither splendid gifts nor fair words could tempt Alexander's lady, who afterward cut off her hair and,

in pilgrim's garb, effected her husband's release by her wonderful minstrelsy.

We must say farewell to German legends. I regret that our route limited my choice, else I might have enlivened the recital by many which are more characteristic because of their humorous insight into human nature. Like the story gravely attested to by a burgomaster—under official seal—that a certain citizen, nearly surprised at a forbidden tavern by his wife, departed so hurriedly he left his shadow behind—distinctly visible on the tavern wall. Think it over, if you are "English," as the saying goes.

The northern part of old Lorraine is the acknowledged scene of Lohengrin's exploits, variously described as occurring in the reign of Henry the Fowler or of Otto the Great, his son. The Swan Knight was patron saint of this country whose German name "Lothringen" is said to be derived from Loherangrin or Loherangarin.

Entering the city through the Diedenhofer Tor and crossing the bridge, we could see the dread Ponts des Morts downstream. On the grass-grown ramparts, close at hand, iron crosses mark the pitiful end of some of the countless thousands of 1870, buried where they fell.

For once we could not pursue our usual plan of following the trolley-tracks, as a sign warned off all vehicles, probably because of the street's extreme narrowness. So Bobbie turned left and drove in past the barracks, following the city wall. We now heard French spoken as much as German. Soldiers were seen everywhere, for Metz is still a fortress and the Kaiser keeps it garrisoned with about 28,000 men. Beyond the Deutsches Tor we got pretty well lost, and were just asking our way when a wheelman sent from

the hotel to look for us, arrived on the scene. The Hotel Royal had been highly recommended, but it was a pretty mediocre sort of place for all its enterprise in the way of wheelmen.

When the Duc de Guise put the city into a state of defense he razed the entire suburbs, including the famous monastery of St. Arnulf, even destroying much of the old town just inside the line of the walls. Vauban made elaborate plans for fortifications, but died before he had finished the outlying forts—since completed by the Germans, who also built another ring six miles beyond the town. All city walls are now being demolished, as too antiquated for modern warfare.

Metz, in its semi-reconstructed state, is a city of surprises; you are liable to run across a fragment of wall with an old city gate, right in the midst of modern dwellings. In tearing down the ramparts not far from our brand-new, *art nouveau* hotel, Roman graves of the third century were unearthed. It is probable that in ten years' time you will find little left of this place where Kaiser Karl IV published part of the famous Golden Bull, which confirmed the seven electors of the empire, making their office inalienable and hereditary, and their persons sacred. Perhaps you may then still see the ancient nobles' residence in the Trinitärier Strasse (Hôtel St. Livier, now a girls' school), a type of building for which Metz was once famous; or the Templars' chapel (uncovered while tearing down a part of the citadel), an octagonal building of the twelfth century; or, near this, part of the seventh century basilica of St. Peter, now used as a dovecote for the army's carrier pigeons.

Our days in Germany were virtually over. Looking back, it seems probable one may count on hiring

motorcars, here, only in large cities. As regards touring centers, our experience suggests the following places and routes. Landing at Hamburg, Kiel and Lübeck could be visited in one day's run, while a two-day trip over part of our route might include Celle and Hanover, with a stop for the night at Brunswick or at Hildesheim. This two-day trip could start from Bremen, should you disembark here, but with less likelihood of obtaining a suitable car.

From Dresden, Meissen and the Moritzburg may be seen in one day; the Saxon Switzerland in another. Motoring from Leipsic westward through Halle, Eisleben, Quedlinburg, Halberstadt and Blankenburg to Goslar, returning over the Harz to Nordhausen, then home via our route (or Merseburg), would take fully two days; to do this in comfort—especially if a view of the Selke Valley, Bodethal, or other sections of the Harz is contemplated—three days would be required. A two-day tour southwest from Leipsic might include Altenburg, Gera, Jena, Weimar and Erfurt.

With Frankfort as a center, Eisenach and the Thuringian Forest could be seen in two days, while either Heidelberg or Rothenburg-on-Tauber could be visited in one, providing you are willing to start early and make a long run. A fine tour, covering about four days, would embrace our Rhine-Moselle trip to Metz and a return to Frankfort via Strassburg and Heidelberg.

In Bavaria, Munich looks promising as a center; Nuremberg may present difficulties in securing cars, but could be readily used as a subcenter. Indeed, hiring your car in one city and using another place, not too far distant, as a subcenter will solve many difficulties in Germany and elsewhere. This would seem

necessary in eastern Prussia; for old towns like Thorn, Koenigsberg and Danzig are practically beyond reach from Berlin, just as Osnabrück and Dortmund are almost beyond reach from Bremen.

With a feeling of regret we entered the car for the run across the border. It led right through those famous battlefields of 1870, and we started west on the very same road to Verdun along which the French had expected to retire. Crossing the Pont des Morts north of Pulverinsel (Powder Island), Bobbie turned down to Moulins. Round about, rose the great forts where many a bloody fight has raged. Just before climbing the heights toward Gravelotte we encountered a German army. At least, it seemed an army to us as the men went filing by, battalion after battalion, regiment after regiment. They were dressed in khaki, their haversacks and canteens were covered with khaki, their helmets were covered with khaki, and the whole outfit was covered with dust. But they looked neat and trim and soldierly, though just returning from a hard, morning drill; a great contrast to the soldiers we saw later, in the sloppy-looking uniforms of France.

What an inspiring place for drilling soldiers of a martial nation! amid monuments and graves of well-nigh forty thousand of their countrymen who died that the Rhine might stay the German Rhine, that a new German empire might be founded, and that poor, lost Lorraine might come back to the fatherland after its exile of almost four hundred years.

It was exactly thirty-eight years and thirty-nine days since the beginning of that terrible battle around Metz, which ended in a second siege so different from the first. When on the 14th of August, 1870, General Baron von der Golz received orders to attack the enemy east of Metz and hold him in play, he little

suspected what a fearful blow his movements would inflict upon France. Von der Golz attacked cautiously but persistently, and, by clever management, was soon able to report to General von Steinmetz, his commander, the gratifying information that the whole French third corps was engaged, and that the second was on the point of being drawn into action. Overjoyed at the news, von Steinmetz notified General von Manteuffel to fall upon the enemy's left flank. No sooner said than done, with the result that not only was the second French corps committed to the fight, but even the fourth became involved.

This probably sounds like Greek to the reader, but is easily explained. Marshal Bazaine, in command of the French army in and around Metz, had fallen back to this city waiting for Marshal MacMahon to join him from the north; but MacMahon was cut off from Metz and headquarters notified Bazaine that he had best retire and make his junction later. Meantime, Prince Friedrich Carl (popularly called the Red Prince), nephew of Emperor (then King) William I, was straining every nerve to rush his army across the Moselle, south of Metz, in order to cut off Bazaine.

The task seemed hopeless, for on the 14th Bazaine had already decided to retreat, and on the 15th the French advance guard and Emperor Napoleon III were on the road to Verdun, while Prince Friedrich Carl, like Sheridan, was many miles away. Yet the "impossible" happened; Bazaine, for all his experience, fell into the trap already described, and that very third corps, which on the 15th should have been heading the retreat well along the Verdun road, was, on the evening of the 14th, bearing the brunt of a fierce battle east of Metz. Of course, this threw every-

thing into confusion and occasioned a delay likely to prove costly; but the French still had hope.

Lackaday! At cockcrow on the 16th, the first body of breathless Germans had arrived in sight of the army bivouacked on the Verdun road. At dawn they attacked, swarming up the heights and on to the plateau as far as Vionville. Though almost exhausted by forced marches, the men were desperate and, mistaking the French troops for the rear guard of an army which had escaped them, resolved to break through at any cost. They did not know they were outnumbered a hundred to one at first, nor would this have deterred them; each new column, dead tired with fatigue, was rushed into action as soon as it arrived. The French fought fiercely, but the Germans were furious; the only beaten German was a dead one, and it seemed as if for every one killed, two others appeared.

When the main army with Prince Frederick Carl reached the spot, the battle spread westward to Mars-la-Tour and east to Rezonville, and all the fighting was on and around the road to Verdun over which Bazaine had fondly hoped to be marching. The crazed Germans even tried to force the enemy out of Rezonville, but this was like butting into a stone wall and had to be discontinued; here they attacked French artillery and infantry with cavalry, but were beaten back and then cut to pieces by squadrons of French horse.

Meantime, at Mars-la-Tour, bloody deeds were doing while the German 10th corps and part of the 9th held their ground against a vastly superior force. Towards evening six regiments of French cavalry swarmed around to turn their flank, but were routed by Prussian horse in the finest cavalry battle of the war.

Night fell. There had been 138,000 French engaged and 76,000 Germans; the French lost 16,000 men, the Germans about the same. The Germans were defeated, beaten back, overwhelmed in every way except just one: their line stuck fast at Vionville and the road to Verdun was CLOSED.

East of the village of Gravelotte is a deep ravine, with a little stream running through it almost north and south. Bazaine withdrew his troops until they lined the heights east of this ravine, his right and left wings jutting forward at the strong positions of St. Marie—St. Privat, and of St. Germain—Rozereuilles (opposite Gravelotte). Meantime, the whole available German army, 230,000 strong, together with their commander-in-chief, King William I, had arrived to oppose Bazaine's force of 180,000 men.

On the 18th of August the famous battle of Gravelotte began. The Prussians had to cross that dread ravine east of the village. They did it, but at what fearful cost! Whole regiments were wiped out! Those peaceful farms of the eastern slope—we can call them by name, Point-du-Jour, Moscou, Leipzig, Montigny-la-Grange—what a strange harvest they yielded that day! And what a horrid rain fell upon them—drenched, as they were, in blood! Meanwhile the Saxons to the north had been doing bravely, driving in the French from St. Marie; and, at evening, they covered themselves with glory in storming the terrible heights of St. Privat, thus turning the enemy's right flank and winning the day. Bazaine was penned in—trapped beyond hope of succor. The right hand of France was useless, and the Germans were free to go about their bloody business and destroy what was left.

Dear, dear! how much grass has grown over those graves since then. How much wheat and oats and

rye has grown on those again peaceful farms—and how much sweet-scented clover, in which the bees go humming.

Many of the isolated graves have been moved to cemeteries, in Gravelotte and elsewhere; but you can still see graves and monuments on every side—about three thousand of them. As our car swooped down that bloody ravine, and up again, we could see, to our right, the monument of the Rhein Jäger Battalion No. 8—situated in a beautiful spot where, each year, the memorial ceremonies are begun.

In Gravelotte village we see memorial tablets on the houses, and, at a distance, the cemetery with its Hall of Fame. As we approach Rezonville, three monuments stand at the edge of the woods; in the village, more tablets on the houses. On the right-hand side of the road from Rezonville to Vionville are several common graves, in the biggest of which between two and three thousand men—French and German—lie buried. To the left, on the hills of Flavigny, six regimental monuments; at Vionville, more monuments to the right and left; at Mars-la-Tour, the cemetery with many German graves and several German monuments and, near the railroad station, the fine French national monument surrounded by the graves of 10,000 men. But why continue the gruesome list?

Grain was growing in many fields; in others, peasants were plowing, and dodging scattered graves as they went along. A peaceful, rural scene; but a strange business, this plowing and dodging graves. I have no doubt the ploughshare still turns up weapons or skulls. A strange business, and one to ponder on in these days of the futile peace-congress. Some day, perhaps a real peace-congress will take place; perhaps,

some day, even the French and the Germans will forget their differences and say with Southey's "Little Peterkin,"

"'But what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he;
'But 'twas a famous victory.'"

At Vionville we stopped for the German *douane* and gave up our tag (number 8732) that had carried us through the Kaiser's realm. Scoffy nearly died laughing at the official sign by the roadside. It displayed the words, *"Halt Douane,"* divided into three syllables in a vertical row, and but for the restraining hand of Pater he might have carried out his intention of putting a circumflex accent over the last "a," which would have turned it into a German-French sentence meaning, "Stop! you ass!"

The "dread" German official smiled at us very amiably. He chatted pleasantly for a while, and gave us advice about the road. Then he called out his wife and two pretty daughters, who also smiled upon us. He said he liked Americans. We admitted that we had a very soft spot in our hearts for Germany, as, indeed, we have had ever since.

We were sorry to go. A wild idea of taking back our number and spending the few remaining days of our three weeks' license on German soil came to us, but eventually we braced up and said good-by. "Come back again, my friends," said the "crusty" official. "I certainly hope to see you again. In two years perhaps—yes? But then you must come in over my road and not via Hamburg. We'll see that you are well taken care of in our old Deutschland."

Honk, honk! and we were off. "Good-by, good-by!

VIONVILLE: GIVING UP THE GERMAN NUMBER TAG. (*P.* 314.)

MARS - LA - TOUR: WAITING TO SNAP THE FRENCH POODLE. (*P.* 318.)

Lebt wohl!" he cried after us, standing bareheaded in the road. The girls waved their handkerchiefs. A quarter of a mile away we looked back, to see them still waving their friendly God-speed.

"Yes, yes! farewell, that's the word," said Scoffy—"farewell; lebt wohl." We were all silent. Suddenly he began softly singing that sweet old German song "Abschied" (Farewell):

"So leb' denn wohl, du stilles Haus,
Ich zieh' betrübt von dir hinaus;
So leb' denn wohl, denn ich muss fort,
Noch nicht bestimmt an welchen Ort."

It just seemed appropriate and, as we went flashing by a monument that marked the border, we gave a last look at fast receding Deutschland, and all joined to answer him with the second verse:

"So lebt denn wohl, ihr Freunde ihr,
Ich ziehe traurig fort von hier,
Und find' ich einst ein grössres Glück,
So denk' ich gern an Euch zurück."

The rhythm of that fine old song seemed to cling to us—seemed to chime into the hum of the motor, and to lurk and resound in the corners of the top. Long after we had entered the vast plains and poplar avenues of France we still seemed to hear its echo, and time and again we took it up and swelled the chorus.

BOOK III.

A Flight Across France

CHAPTER I.

RHEIMS: VIA VERDUN, CLERMONT, AND SUIPPES.

JULY 6TH—110 MILES (FROM METZ).

FRANCE—*la belle France*—at last! How different everything seems almost as soon as the border is crossed. A great tree-lined road stretches ahead for miles without a break; vast grainfields lie on either hand; and, in the distance, a winding brook is lined with symmetrical poplar trees in place of the picturesque willows, maples, lindens, or what not, of Germany.

A soldier in a floppy uniform of red trousers, brown gaiters and short blue jacket, springs out into the road and motions for us to stop. The cluster of plain, one-story stucco houses of dirty yellow color and a *douane* sign, shows we have arrived at Mars-la-Tour, the French customs station. Pater nerves himself for his ordeal and enters a house to interview the official in charge. Volleys of French come crackling through the open window, and we hear the slow booming of Pater's voice as he stands by his guns unabashed.

Meantime a black poodle, trimmed in finest topiary fashion, runs up to bark at us. Mater, who is very fond of dogs, tries to make friends with him in order to take his picture; but her French must be very poor, for the poodle runs away. The official's wife now comes forward to greet Mater, and they have a long chat. We are all much mystified until it comes to light that Mater, having learned a thing or two about the border, is calmly talking German.

What with the triptyques of the Touring Club of France and his native ingenuity, Pater reappears, dizzy but triumphant. The customs officer follows to inspect the baggage, but soon forgets this duty in the pleasure of sticking his nose into the machinery of our car while Bobby is fussing over the motor. As soon as Bobbie is ready we say good-by.

Peasants in long, loose, blue blouses come driving by, and even the horses have to submit to a change in the fashions and wear big fur collars which, while they may be very soft, look extremely warm for summer use. The road is lined with kilometre and decametre stones. We had found the kilometre and mile-stones on the main roads of Germany of some assistance, but there were no hundred-metre stones. In France, you can absolutely depend upon these marked stones for all main routes and many secondary roads and, if you memorize the names of the principal towns ahead, you need not look at a map. In Germany, we relied upon the fact that streets in cities, towns and villages, were almost invariably named after the highways to which they led; that the highway (*chaussée*) was named after the town or city to which it led; and that there were excellent signposts at every crossroad. In France, we relied on the kilometre stones and on the fact that the entrance and the exit of each town had a

big white-on-blue sign giving the name of the place, the name of the department, and the name (with a directing arrow) of the next town, as well as its distance away. Such signs are usually to be found on the walls of houses.

I wish to impress upon the reader's mind the fact that we were not fair-weather and good-road travelers. Some motorists pick out main routes and good roads and then tell exultingly of a trip without puncture or breakdown. Our idea of motoring was not that we could go wherever good roads permitted, but rather that, having an automobile, we could go everywhere (within reason) we wished to go. So we soon discovered that while France may have some of the best roads in the world, she also has, so far as motor travel is concerned, the very worst. You will readily surmise that I refer to the *chemins pavés,* the roads paved with Belgian blocks. They say that for strangers to enter Paris in a motorcar is a nerve-racking, axle-breaking experience; and if you wander through the country without carefully planning your route to avoid *pavé,* you are almost certain to strike many of these terrible, paved roads which make you wish you had never started. In Holland the paved roads are finer than the best French roads, for their brick-on-edge gives a dustless, easy-riding, nonskidding surface. In Germany, the paved roads of flat stones set to a level are very good, except that they lack the nonskid quality of the brick. But of the paved roads of France I can only say, heaven help you! lest your angry passions lead you to "damnation."

German railroad crossings are usually provided with the cantilever gates we know so well in America; all grade crossings being guarded, as is customary in European countries. Some of the gatekeepers in Ger-

many are women, and it is amusing to see them (men and women alike) stand at attention while a train goes by. In France, many keepers are women; here they use the rolling gate and generally keep it closed—which, though adding to the traveler's safety, is a source of vexation to the motorist who must wait until, after continued honking, a woman meanders out and, with great deliberation, rolls the two gates aside.

Riding through the uplands we could see forts in the distance. It is evident that France has determined never to be caught napping again. Beyond Pintheville we passed close to the château and fort d'Hanvrette; at Haudiomont another fort lay south of us; and as we went up the great ridge near Verdun we passed between forts Rozellier and Haudainville, which belong to the ring of more than a dozen forts surrounding this town. Fine, modern forts—scarcely discernible save for a flagstaff and a glimpse of earthworks. From the heights we had a splendid view of the surrounding country, through which the river Meuse (German, Maas) goes winding on its way to Verdun.

At Verdun, luncheon was taken at the Hotel Trois Maures, a third-rate house though heading the list. However, we had the usual fun criticising the place. Scoffy caused some laughter by inquiring whether the time displayed were *"vrai"* instead of asking whether it were *juste*. But he established the fact that we had changed from German to French time, and were consequently an hour to the good. At an adjoining table a betrothal was being celebrated, and the proud air of proprietorship with which the hero of the hour, a young soldier, kept his arm around the waist of his fiancée, caused us to alternate from chuckles of amuse-

ment to smiles of sympathy with such an ingenuous display of bliss.

Verdun was the Roman Virodunum. Here, in 843, Lothaire, Ludwig the German, and Charles the Bald—grandsons of Charlemagne—divided his great empire. Verdun went to Germany, but shared the fate of Metz; at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, during which it was captured after a stubborn defense of three weeks, Verdun was returned to France.

Passing over the Meuse bridge, Bobbie drove near the cathedral, the bishop's palace and the citadel, and, going out through the ring of forts, headed for St. Menehould on the Aisne. Part of our way lay along the pretty little Wadelincourt river, which we crossed several times, while at Vraincourt—just outside of Clermont—we crossed the Aire. St. Menehould has preserved an old church and part of the old town walls. It was at a posting-house, here, that Drouet recognized the hapless Louis XVI fleeing from France in 1791. The king and his family were arrested at Varennes, eight miles north of Clermont. Our road from Clermont to St. Menehould traversed the forest of Argonne and took us from the department of Meuse into that of Marne. Meuse, as you may well imagine, is part of old Lorraine; Marne, once Champagne, has conferred its ancient name on the products of its vineyards.

Shortly after turning off the Châlons road our route led through Valmy where, in 1792, the allies under the duke of Brunswick were defeated by the French under Kellermann and Dumuriez. South of the village, a pyramid marking the battlefield contains Kellermann's heart. A romantic but rather antiquated idea, this glorification of the heart; they might better have paid these high honors to the heads of the parties concerned,

since, whichever way the heart was inclined, it was the brains that brought victory. The duke commanding the allies was one of those fighting Brunswickers whose coffins we saw in the cathedral crypt at Braunschweig.

We now pass a "family" of Sommes, each named after its river: Somme-Bionne, Somme-Tourbe, Somme-Suippe. Many names are duplicated among French towns, so the traveler is cautioned to be careful and explicit. On the vast plain between Suippes and Châlons-sur-Marne—still used for military maneuvers —Attila and his Huns were defeated (A. D. 451) by the Roman governor with the valuable assistance of Franks, Goths, and Burgundians. Some historians claim that though Attila threatened Châlons, the battle really took place near Troyes. Beyond Suippes we reached Jonchery-sur-Suippe; there is another Jonchery in Marne. Crossing the river Suippe brings us to St. Hilaire-le-Grand; there are at least five other St. Hilaires, two of them ("le-petit" and "au-Temple") within a radius of ten miles of "le-Grand." Marne is plentifully speckled with Sommes. In northern France alone, there are more than six different St. Germains and St. Jeans, and more than eight St. Pierres.

Beyond St. Hilaire-le-Grand we crossed the Suippe again, then swung into a Roman road with a fine, broad French roadbed which stretched away straight as a die for about twenty miles; this combination was too much for Pater and the "speed-bug bit him."

"Bobbie, I reckon the next stop is Rheims," quoth he, casting a calculating glance ahead. Up, up, went the needle till it registered fifty miles an hour; our odometer was graduated no higher, but we guessed the rest by the whistle of the wind. The towers of Rheims

cathedral loomed up, and came nearer with a rush; passing into the ring of forts encircling Rheims, Bobbie slowed down for a railroad crossing and we all heaved a sigh of exaltation and—relief.

"That was bully," said Scoffy, "but if one of those front tires had gone, where would 'little Willy' have been when the car got through turning somersaults?"

"Yes, yes," chimed in the others, "that was all very fine, but——"

Pater grinned, and admitted the premises though he failed to voice the conclusion. However, he promised to be good forevermore.

Hardly was this discussion concluded when the car was rolling past "whole caves of Pommery," as Scoffy remarked, and after traversing the boulevard for a bit, was threading a narrow street towards the Lion d'Or in the cathedral's shadow.

Rheims is well known to most people from childhood; if not though Joan of Arc, at least through its fabled jackdaw. This ancient Durocortorum, capital of the Remi and of almost-German Austrasia, was Christianized as early as the third century; perhaps on this account the Remi were immortalized in the city's modern name, and the affliction of the earlier "tongue-twister" happily averted. Some people maintain that "Rance" with the proper nasal intonation is a worse infliction, but then, one may always fall back upon the poetic German pronunciation and speak of the cathedral of "Rhymes." How much more appropriate this sounds for that gray, old, storied edifice; how suggestive of the history, parables, and personifications displayed by the multitude of sculptured figures which turn its exterior into an immense open book for all to puzzle out and enjoy.

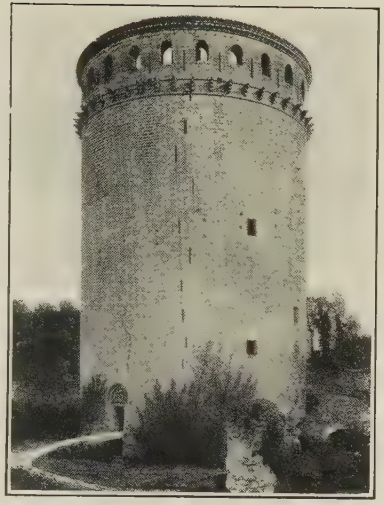
Both architecturally and historically Notre Dame de

Rheims is one of the world's most famous churches. Its seven lofty spires were destroyed by fire in 1480. The nave has a single aisle on each side; the choir has a fine ambulatory with radiating chapels, forming the *chevet* so typical of French cathedrals. The west façade is splendid; the sides and the back of the edifice, with their walls of glass and their graceful flying buttresses adorned with curious gargoyles, are a source of never-ceasing wonder to travelers from a land rich in money, but still poor in some of the marvels money may produce in conjunction with love of art.

From our hotel we could see the huge west front, impressive even though largely obscured by scaffolding. Nearly all the famous churches we saw in our travels had more or less restoration or renovation going on; no doubt this was necessary, but it seemed a pity, and we fervently hoped some of the artistic skill, local pride, and intense religious zeal that spurred on those old artisans and lent marvelous cunning to their chisels might, in some miraculous manner, inspire the unimaginative modern workmen.

In the interior of the church, soft light shining through the fine thirteenth century glass makes one cry out against the white light streaming in, through clear glass, where old windows had been destroyed. The walls are hung with interesting paintings and tapestries, but our view of these was rather hasty, as funeral services were about to take place. We saw the funeral procession enter the square; the cross was carried at its head, and there was what Scoffy calls an "open-faced" hearse (one without glass) preceded by choir boys and followed by the mourners, afoot. The whole proceeding was much more dignified in aspect than our usual line of hurrying carriages.

Since any further view of the interior seemed out



COUCY - LE - CHÂTEAU: "THE FINEST DONJON IN THE WORLD." (*P.* 331.)

RHEIMS: "THE HUGE WEST FRONT LARGELY OBSCURED BY SCAFFOLDING." (*P.* 324.)

RHEIMS: "WHERE JOAN OF ARC LEADS HER ENDLESS CHARGE TO VICTORY." (*P.* 325.)

of the question, we asked a guide to take us up into a cathedral tower. At the level of the clerestory he paused and led us upon a little gallery inside the western end of the nave. Gazing down upon the solemn scene in that vast enclosure where the mourners looked like pigmies, while the choir chanted a requiem and the organ rolled and boomed echoes from the vaulted roof, we stood spellbound at its impressiveness. Then we emerged into the open air to make a tour around the roofs, midway between heaven and earth; getting intimately acquainted with the fantastic beasts upon the buttresses; traversing musty attic spaces between roof and nave-vaulting to see the ancient timber trusses; and entering a bell-tower to hear the giant bell strike beneath our feet with a reverberation that threatened to tumble us over. I think the ladies—though they wouldn't for the world have missed it—were glad to set foot again on the town square, where Dubois' Joan of Arc holds aloft her sword and leads her endless charge to victory.

Clovis, king of the Franks, had sworn to embrace the faith of his wife Clothilde if a victory over the Alemanni were granted him; accordingly, he and three thousand of his victorious army were baptized at Rheims on Christmas Day, 496. Personally, "it didn't take"—as they say of vaccination—but the royal sanction and protection it gave to the cause of Christianity was a great stride for the good. At bottom, Christianity was not without its severely practical considerations in those days; the sainted Remigius, who baptized Clovis, is said to have stretched the king's gift of land for an abbey at Rheims to the utmost limit. Its boundary was to be commensurate with the extent of the holy man's travels in a specified time, and all who impeded his progress or questioned his

right were very brusquely treated; a string of maledictions—ranging from one which caused a bold lord's woods to wither, to that which made a stubborn miller's wheel rise a hopeless distance from the water—marked the wake of fiery St. Remi laying out his boundaries.

His last resting place is in the abbey he prayed and quarreled for—in its church, which, though rebuilt in the twelfth century, still antedates the cathedral by a hundred years. The abbey itself is now a *hôtel Dieu* (hospital), the cloisters are a museum; but in the church, the saint's memory is honored by an elaborate Renaissance tomb guarded by ancient marble statues of the twelve peers of France. For when Remi baptized Clovis a dove brought consecrated oil from heaven, with which nearly all kings of France, since Hugh Capet, have been annointed at their coronation in Rheims cathedral. The coronation banquet hall, with its fine mantel and old tapestries and timbered ceiling, is in the bishop's palace south of the cathedral. Probably no glad celebration there ever equalled the popular joy at Rheims' most famous coronation—that of Charles VII, in 1429—made possible by a peasant girl of Domremy.

The venerable church of St. Remi, with its conglomerate additions of later dates and styles, is not the city's oldest structure: the Porte de Mars, a Roman triumphal arch, is said to date from the fourth century and, despite the demolition of its superstructure, it displays a deal of fine carving. Reflections upon its antiquity made us feel the more satisfied to be living in modern times.

The Lion d'Or was very comfortable. Dining outdoors in the courtyard proved, as always, much to our taste. Scenting a diversion in the "American Bar,"

we proceeded to inspect it and found a well-fitted establishment with nothing lacking except—of all things!—whiskey, that staple drink and foundation of so many fancy mixtures. Discovery of the deficiency threw Scoffy into such a fit of chuckles that we began to seriously regret the absence of this "first aid to the injured," but he finally regained enough composure to walk off, murmuring, "It is to *rire!* It is to *rire!*"

The beds at this hotel were very comfortable, but were "made up" so high that Pater advised sending for a stepladder, and the Youth advocated a springboard for diving into the feathers. Nor were modern bathrooms lacking. In fact, they had automatic water-heaters which acted with such promptness and vigor that we were much distressed at the prospect of either being parboiled or going unwashed.

CHAPTER II.

AMIENS: VIA SOISSONS, COUCY-LE-CHÂTEAU, AND NOYON.

JULY 7TH—92 MILES.

SHORTLY after nine in the morning we left Rheims, on the Paris road. Despite Mater's wistful glances at the sign "Paris" the car soon swung right, and followed the Vesle valley toward Fismes, a town dating back to Roman times. About two and a half miles beyond Fismes we crossed into the department of Aisne (which comprises parts of Picardy, Brie, and Île-de-France) and, simultaneously, the road changed into the worst encountered during our entire trip. It was paved with granite blocks worn almost round on top, and the violent jarring threatened not only to loosen every nut in the car, but all our teeth as well. To supplement our maps, the Youth had purchased a *carte Taride* which we were using in preference to anything else since it was of recent date and at a large scale; on it, this road was shown as a "*grande*" automobile route and marked with the double dash of *trottoirs practicables* without any M. P. (*mauvais pavé*) or anything else, to warn us. In the hope that it might improve we kept on but, from a hill, we saw it stretching away, unchanged, for miles; then we sought relief by taking to the track some victims had worn alongside the pavement, but this rose and fell over two-foot

and three-foot mounds, making the car sway like a ship at sea.

There was no use in going back, as half the distance was already accomplished. At the village of Courcelles, a cart-track on the left gave promise of escape, for it led to a secondary road entering Braisne from the southeast; but our hopes were dashed by a warning sign that the bridge across the Vesle was dangerous for heavy vehicles, so we were obliged to endure the agony to the end. We are wiser now; motorists should branch off southward on a good secondary road three and a half miles beyond Fismes; then they will not only avoid nearly all the *pavé* but will also see the old fortified town of Bazoches and its feudal castle.

It was hard to picture the dull village of Braisne as a former residence of Merovingian kings. Anyone would pass it by without a suspicion of fallen grandeur, but for the positively startling sight of a fine Gothic church (St. Yved, once part of a noted abbey) rising in solitary state amid these commonplace surroundings.

Two more short stretches of *pavé* were encountered before reaching the one-time fortress of Soissons. In 486, Clovis defeated the Roman army here and Soissons became the Frankish capital of Neustria. It is a town of abbeys, there being no less than four. As we approached, the fine spires of St. Jean des Vignes loomed up against the sky. With the exception of the cloisters, this is about all remaining of the abbey where Thomas à Becket sojourned for nine years. A very impressive sight—these two fine towers with spires, rising nearly 250 feet high; and, silhouetted against the sky between them, the great portal and a single arch and window of the nave. We had seen churches minus their towers and spires, and churches

with their towers separate; but this was the only instance we met, of coupled towers standing alone in solitary grandeur, and I think it will stick in our memories as long as anything we saw. There is a peculiar fascination about seeing the sky through openings in the wall of a building; perhaps much of the charm of old ruins may be attributed to this, and, so far as completed structures go, we found a striking example, next day, when gazing up at the towers of Amiens cathedral.

Near the suburb of St. Waast is St. Medard, with scant remains of the world-famous abbey where Abélard was confined and where Louis le Débonnaire (the Pious) was imprisoned by his sons, in the dim long-ago.

Though there is an interesting old cathedral to inspect we did not enter the tortuous streets of Soissons, but turned north through its outskirts toward Coucy; some four miles out, the road ascended a hill, and thus, even before crossing the river Lette and the canal from the Oise to the Aisne, we had a distant glimpse of the château's great towers.

Coucy-le-Château (as distinguished from Coucy-la-Ville) is one of those enormous castle-fortresses for which France is noted and which she owes to the development of military engineering, a science in which she excelled as early as the days of William the Norman—when England was comparatively uncivilized, for all its good hearts and true. The château, built early in the thirteenth century, alone covers an area of more than two acres, and an extension of the walls incloses a little town all its own. Crowning a hill almost inaccessible on three sides, it had, besides the finest donjon in the world (a tower 210 feet high and 100 feet in diameter, with walls 34 feet thick), four

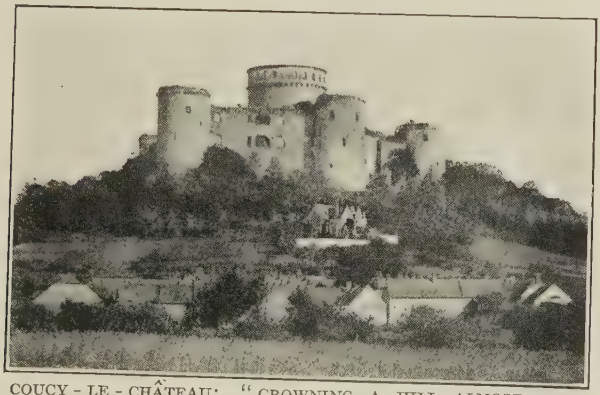
huge supplementary towers and dozens of wall towers. Little wonder the possessor of such a fortress should display the boastful motto: "Roi ne suys, ne prince, ne duc, ne compte aussi; je suys le sire de Coucy."

At the foot of the castle hill, the question arose could the car climb the zigzag road to the southern gate? Pater thought not, and ascended afoot by a short cut; but Bobbie was confident and, sure enough, our Packard made it easily—rolling across the town's market place and winding through several narrow archways and alleys to the castle gate.

A voluble guide almost smothered us with his flow of French but, noticing that the crescendo of his gestures and an excited nudging of the person nearest at hand (be it man, woman or child) marked the announcement of interesting and important information, we managed to get at the main facts of his discourse without much trouble. Such a thrilling place as it was! *Oubliettes* five stories deep underground, secret passages, bottomless pits, places we could not explore because of the danger, others that never had been explored! Kitchens with ovens still extant; sculleries, granaries, and the like; remnants of great halls and apartments, upstairs, to be seen only from below—with much craning of necks; chambers in the wall, oratories and recessed window seats; chapels with fragments of color decoration still visible on the vaulting, and so on. Then there was the secret chamber which hid the love affairs of a lord of Coucy and, later, of Louis of Orleans; and, finally, the great donjon with its well—whose depth the guide probed with a burning paper—and its beautiful outlook, enjoyed only after ascending to the roof by hundreds of stone steps built into the very wall.

Everything is pretty well in ruins; Mazarin dis-

RHEIMS: A FRENCH FUNERAL. (*P.* 324.)



COUCY-LE-CHÂTEAU: "CROWNING A HILL ALMOST INACCESSIBLE ON THREE SIDES." (*P.* 331.)

mantled the place and had his way with most of it except the donjon tower. The thirty tons of gunpowder he buried on the ground floor merely blew out the intermediate floors and the roof, and made only one serious crack in the masonry. But he formed the biggest cannon ever fired—and that was something, if he wasn't too greatly chagrined to think of this.

From Coucy our road led westward, again crossing the Lette and the canal, through Guny and Blerancourt into the department of Oise, which is formed of sections of Picardy and Île-de-France.

Beyond Pontoise (not the famous one) we crossed the Oise and were soon rattling over the *pavé* into Noyon which, though small, is a very famous town; here Calvin was born, Chilpéric was buried, Charlemagne was crowned king of the Franks, and Hugh Capet—king of France.

Sixteen miles south of Noyon stands the huge château Pierrefonds, built by Louis of Orleans who once owned Coucy, its virtual prototype. Pierrefonds, completely restored in 1879 under the direction of Viollet-le-Duc, is highly interesting to tourists. That we passed it by as too far off our road—as we had Celle, Hanover, the towns northeast of the Harz, Merseburg, and other places—will impress you with the advantages of touring from centers.

French roads were becoming something of a nightmare; pick up a large-scale map of northern France with the countless spots of paved road dotted all over it, and you will realize that motoring at will through the country is not what you expected. Most roads into Paris are distinctly marked *"impracticable pour automobiles"* (impassable for automobiles). Even a poor country road is better; and a sand road, for all its terrible strain on the wheel, is preferable. The

pavé of France and the narrow high-hedged, winding roads of England will make Germany a favorite motoring country of the future.

From Noyon to Roye there were two spots of paved road on the map, both marked *practicable* (passable) except for a mile or so. But "once bitten, twice shy" was our attitude, so we made a detour via Suzoy, Dives and Lassigny. Beyond Crapeaumesnil we passed out of Oise into the Somme department, which is the bulk of Picardy with a little of Artois.

Regular luncheon was skipped in the hope of making a quick run to Amiens. Near Coucy we stopped at a village bakery, but the result was not very gratifying; off the beaten track, French pastry gets as unspeakably bad as French roads, and we could scarcely eat the stuff we had purchased. As time passed, the pangs of hunger began to assail us; at Lassigny and Roye we made a tour of the market place in search of a promising hostelry, but gave up the task. Alas, that Germany lay behind us! There—great or lowly—you are expected to eat well and drink well.

Roye does a big business in grain raised on the fertile Santerre plains. After leaving Roye, on the fine road to Amiens, we saw nothing but grainfields. There were no towns on the way, no farmhouses, no cattle, no workmen in the fields; nothing but solitude and—grain. Indeed, the vast grainfields of northern France were a revelation; but that we knew our own western states so well, we might have thought this the world's granary.

With a fine straight road for miles ahead, we saw ourselves safe and sound in Amiens ere long. Never count on your tires until you are home. Bang! went a blowout, and Amiens still ten miles away. Now we were in for it; the shoe was ruined and we were short

of shoes. Pater swore he would cable to New York at once for shoes and tubes to be sent to London, but this helped little enough, out among French grainfields. We had hoped to buy Michelins abroad, but Continental Michelin tires were very different from American Michelins. In desperation, Bobbie tried to put a front shoe on the rear wheel, hoping that, with careful driving, it might carry us into the city; it took three of us an hour and a quarter to get it on, but after pinching a good inner tube to pieces, it had to come off again.

We felt very sorry for Bobbie. As far as we were concerned, the stop gave us the privilege of getting acquainted with French shepherd dogs, an opportunity we should otherwise have missed. You may boast all you like about your Scotch collies and English sheep dogs; I never saw one that could hold a candle to the French shepherd dog. In Scotland and England it means a loss of from two to five minutes, at least, when you meet a flock of sheep. In France, dogs keep the flock in long, narrow formation that leaves a clear passage, and you may go whizzing by without realizing their presence. The shepherd generally has three dogs; one, padding up and down on each side of their charges. Should a sheep so much as stick its head too far out of line, the dog comes growling up and pushes it back; should one try to run away, a dog darts out like lightning, trips up the animal and then drives it back again. The shepherd's third dog is on a leash; when many sheep start to follow a runaway, or when turning a corner or any special emergency makes it necessary, the third dog is released and the trouble soon remedied. Thus sheep may graze by the roadside without the slightest danger to the unfenced fields, and when he wishes to

move the flock, the shepherd need only give a sharp command to his dogs.

Three hours passed before we got under way again, and we rolled into Amiens after dark, with our lamps lit for the first time.

There was some trouble in locating the Hôtel du Rhin owing to its having two entrances—one to its courtyard and garage on the Rue Noyon, the other on the square. Of course we finally reached the wrong one but, as the hour was late, Bobbie was permitted to drive into the covered way in front of the office. The place was crowded with motors, many of them out in the courtyard; when it began to rain they envied us our choice position and tried to crowd in upon us, one coming perilously near. Bobbie was up in arms at once, but as the offender drove a Rochet-Schneider (the first Belgian car we had seen) he was soon forgiven—or, at least, forgotten—in the inspection of chassis and tonneau.

In ancient days Amiens was Samarobriva, capital of the Ambiani. The early introduction of Christianity with its ban on unnecessary cruelty, no doubt again spared us the ancient name. In 1802, the peace of Amiens (between France, England, Spain and Holland) was signed here in the *hôtel de ville,* a building otherwise uninteresting owing to its recent and complete reconstruction. The Germans took the town, in 1870, after a series of battles in the vicinity.

Amiens' early history as capital of Picardy, and neighbor and foe of Normandy, is well known; at present it is the capital of the department of Somme, and a large, lively manufacturing town splendidly situated, so far as water highways are concerned, on that part of the Somme where the Avre, the Ancre, the Noye, and the Selle flow into it.

The *Musée de Picardie* has fine collections of pictures and antiquities, if such be of interest to you. The churches of St. Remi and St. Germain, the Beffroi (belfry), and the hôtel Morgan—a fifteenth century mansion—are all worth a look. But generally speaking, the stranger has no right to devote time to anything but the glorious cathedral whose façade excels, alike, the two, set stories of St. Paul's, in London, and the poor palace-front of St. Peter's in Rome.

Baedeker "double stars" the cathedral at Rheims while that at Amiens has to make shift with but a single asterisk; I suppose one may assume this as the German view and, since Baedeker fortifies his position by quotations from Fergusson, it may be the English view as well. I feel no misgivings, however, in asserting that, so far as American ideas are concerned, Amiens should be triple starred, at the very least.

The German complains that the towers are inadequate, and from one distant southwest view this objection may be true; but Amiens does not suffer for lack of spires, whereas Rheims most surely does; he complains that the side of Amiens lacks height, but this is due to the horizontal band of chapels built in between the buttresses—not to a defect in original design; if Rheims escaped those, it is merely a fortunate incident. Then he complains of the heaviness of the building. But this is just the point, *mein Herr;* it is the presence of a few plain wall surfaces which enhances the effect of the ornament and gives the indefinable suggestion of simplicity, purity, and dignity that makes Amiens the queen of churches. And it is the frittering away of many strong lines that makes Rheims approach so near the sort of thing we call "gingerbread"—appropriate in lace or confectionery, but too much of a *tour de force* in stone. Surely

Rheims is beautiful enough—impressive enough, to forego this claim to being the acme of Gothic art.

As to the interior of Amiens, there probably is but one opinion. Says Professor A. D. F. Hamlin in his "History of Architecture": "The triforium was no longer a gallery, but a richly arcaded passage in the wall. * * * * Nearly the whole space above it was occupied in each bay by the vast clearstory window filled with simple but effective geometrical tracery over slender mullions. The side aisles were lighted by windows which, like those in the clearstory, occupied nearly the whole available wall-space under the vaulting. The piers and shafts were all clustered and remarkably slender. The whole construction of this vast edifice, which covers nearly eighty thousand square feet, is a marvel of lightness, of scientific combinations, and of fine execution. Its great vault rises to a height of one hundred and forty feet. * * * Earlier cathedrals show less of the harmony of proportion, the perfect working out of the relation of all parts of the composition of each bay, so conspicuous in the Amiens type, which was followed by most of the later churches."

Amiens is built in the style called Rayonnante, which comes between the early French Gothic and the later Flamboyant form, and corresponds to England's Decorated style. This church is the biggest, boldest, most dignified work of French cathedral-builders and, withal, the finest. For, finer than the extreme ornamentation of Rheims, than the complexity of Cologne and Strassburg, than the severity of Paris, than the flamboyancy of Rouen and York, or the crudeness of Salisbury and Durham, stands the church of Our Lady of Amiens—the most beautiful church in the world.

Even Baedeker admits the magnificence of its exte-

AMIENS CATHEDRAL: "THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CHURCH IN THE WORLD."
(*P.* 338.)

rior sculpture on both front and sides, and bows his head before the *Beau Dieu d'Amiens* who graces the middle mullion of the west façade's central doorway.

It is only fair that the French should be permitted an opinion in a matter concerning them so closely. Ĕdouard Corroyer, in his "L'Architecture Gothique," states; "The cathedral of Amiens, begun about 1220, one of the largest cathedrals of the period termed Gothic, and the one which is known as its *masterpiece,* grows directly out of Rheims."

It has become fashionable to "rave" about Amiens cathedral. Reams of paper and a great flow of language have been expended upon it. Indeed, travel books are growing more effusive every year; plain English has no longer any place in them. Do not let their extravagant utterances lead you to overrate matters that, after all, depend solely upon your own special interest and individual taste. Cull out facts, select the places most highly recommended and note the ways to reach these; for thus, only, will you read such books with profit and without eventual disappointment.

Once the cathedral had been duly admired, and the purchase of the ever essential postcards and photographs completed, there was nothing to hold us in Amiens. For the sake of such poor French as he knew, Scoffy was inveigled into a shopping expedition; this duty he performed, though not with high honors. Pater was much amused at the story, but we soon had a laugh at his expense. Although the *portier* had given elaborate instructions as to the best route out of town, we got confused among the parklike boulevards and had to stop for information. Pater summoned his best French,—

"Pardon, monsieur, voulez-vous me dire, s'il vous plait, où est le chemin à Boulogne?"

Monsieur considered for a moment, then replied in perfect English, "I think, if you follow the street behind you as far as the square and then turn to the left, you will be on the direct road."

CHAPTER III.

AMIENS TO BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

JULY 8TH—76 MILES.

BOBBIE drove us via Picquigny — Abbeville. There is a shorter road to Montreuil but, as there was ample time to catch the three o'clock boat from Boulogne, the best-looking road was chosen. Had we noticed that the short cut led through the battlefield of Crécy, where Edward III of England defeated Philip of Valois, this route might have been the one selected. We have since been sorry to have missed a view of the field where old, blind King Johann of Bohemia was slain, and where the Black Prince, as victor, assumed the king's crest—those famous three feathers with the motto, *Ich Dien.** Surely this crest has never been more gallantly borne than by old King John who, when the battle went against his allies, had his reins lashed to those of two knights and rode to his death in the fight.

Shortly after leaving Amiens a crack appeared in one of the wrought-iron uprights supporting the car's top; as it could be discerned only while the car was moving, Bobbie would never have made the discovery. Investigation showed that the three-quarter inch bar was snapped off like a pipestem; the *pavé* of our

*—This origin of the Prince of Wales' crest has lately been disputed.

previous day had done mischief after all, and we were fortunate to have so quickly seen the break, for a bad bit of road might have overtaxed the right-hand iron and precipitated the roof, with its heavy baggage, upon our heads. Pater had long objected to the amount of this baggage, declaring, "When you reach your trunks, in London, fully half of it must be put away." But this proved hard to do—especially for Scoffy, despite the levity with which he offered to take only a toothbrush and a box of collars.

The immediate need was a blacksmith to repair the damage, and, at Ailly-sur-Somme, we paused to seek one. Had our vocabulary been as extensive as our baggage, we might have had a smith for the asking; but a summary of the polite French we had learned, from "Will the good landady's pretty daughter give us some nice fresh milk" to "When does the next train leave for Paris," failed to produce the name of so "rude" and "useless" a person. Though Scoffy timidly murmured we wished to be conducted to a *forge* (smithy) and this was replete with suggestion—no light dawned upon the willing shoemaker, whom we were interrogating, until we showed him the broken rod; thereupon he promptly removed his apron, climbed on our step, and conducted us to the object of our desires. The shop was prominently marked *"Maréchalerie et Ferronerie,"* and that is one thing we shall never forget. "Oh, fudge!" said the Youth, "I never would have had the cheek to guess that a marshal could be a farrier."

At Picquigny, Bobbie crossed to the north bank of the Somme, and at Mouflers he passed l'Etoile cross-road which leads to the finest Roman camp in France. Besides Etoile, impending rain lost us Pont Remy —this side of Abbeville—whose castle, through com-

manding a crossing of the Somme, played an important part in the Hundred Years' War. Northward, the Pont Remy road leads to St. Riquier, site of a famous abbey of this name patronized by Dagobert and Charlemagne, but now represented only by a handsome Gothic church.

Abbeville is indeed historic; sharing the fortunes of much disputed Normandy, the town is said to have been in English hands the better part of two hundred years. Here, Mary Tudor was married to Louis XII and, here, Wolsey and Francis I made an alliance against Kaiser Charles V. In earlier days, Abbeville was capital of the county of Ponthieu, over which Flanders and Normandy were continually wrangling; the Norman duke, William, conquered it ten years before he invaded England. The museums, and the old churches of St. Gilles and St. Sépulcre are worth a visit, but its most noted building is the church of St. Vulfran, a fine example of the French Flamboyant style, which corresponds in period with England's Perpendicular. The large Roman camp known to have crowned the hills south of Abbeville has entirely disappeared.

An indication of the heavy automobile traffic through this region was the appearance, on the market place of many a town, of children crying, "A Boulogne? à Boulogne?"—some pointing out the way, others holding out their hands for coppers.

At Nouvion, Crécy forest lay on our right, the battlefield itself being three miles distant as the crow flies. About the same distance in the opposite direction, lay St. Valery at the mouth of the Somme, where William the Conqueror finally set sail for England. Near Namport we crossed the line between the departments of Somme and Pas de Calais. The threatened

rain now fell in torrents and our car reached Montreuil in the face of a driving storm. Montreuil-sur-Mer, as you may judge from its name, was once a seaport; now, like some of the Cinque Ports of England, it lies inland—the shore nine miles away. As a port at the mouth of the Canche it was strongly fortified, and its walls, moat and citadel are still extant; the moat, now dry, has been turned into gardens with fine sward underfoot and vine-covered walls each side. They remind one of the bowling greens in some famous old English gardens.

Some miles southeast, along the Canche, lies Beaurainville, which has scanty remains of the castle where Guy of Ponthieu imprisoned Harold of England in 1064, at the instigation of the duke of Normandy. About twelve miles due east of Montreuil (though more than twenty miles by road) is famous Agincourt where, in 1415, the English, under Henry V, won another glorious victory over the French who outnumbered them more than four to one. At Crécy the odds were almost three to one against the English, but here their allied adversaries were hampered by lack of concerted action.

It seemed strange to be within gunshot, almost, of those famous battlefields familiar since childhood. How very, very long ago those bitter fights were waged! What changes have come since then—changes of every kind! The fact that Montreuil, once a prosperous seaport, is now a sleepy little inland town serves to show how very long ago it was.

Because of the downpour, Bobbie turned in at Montreuil's cosy Hôtel de France. As he drove into a protected part of the court, an open kitchen door revealed busy ranges and gleaming copper pans and saucepans. This stimulus to our appetites was not

necessary but, as dinner hour was far off, we had to be content with coffee and cake served in the sitting-room. Mountains of cake and generous supplies of fine coffee and cream disappeared with astonishing rapidity. The coffee cups were as large as porridge bowls. "A place after my own heart," said Scoffy. "I'd like to stay and sample that dinner." A lessening of the rain was the signal to resume our journey to Bologne—twenty-two miles away—a town not new to us; here we waited at Hôtel du Louvre till it was time to load the automobile on the "Onward"—an old acquaintance. Five cars were stowed away below, but our auto, having a top, was left on deck. Although exposed to possible damage by salt water, the car was sure to be first ashore.

Our short run across France proved pleasant and well worth while. Touring northern France from centers, you will take a few days longer than we did, but will see more. As the French once led the world at motoring, there should be good cars for hire in almost any small city or flourishing town. Rheims and Amiens look promising as geographical centers. From Rheims you may make a pretty, hundred-and-fifteen-mile sweep through vine-clad Champagne, visiting Epernay, Châtillon and Dormans—all on the Marne—thence circling north through Soissons and Coucy to Laon, and back via Fismes; this should really be little more than a hundred-mile run, but fully ten additional miles are necessary to avoid *pavé* roads.

In the country around Amiens the paved roads preclude many advantageous combinations of routes. Driving to Péronne, St. Quentin, Chauny, Noyon, and home via Roye, would make about a hundred-mile run; Montdidier, Tricot, Ressons, Compiègne, Rivecoup, St. Martin, Clermont, and home via Breteuil,

would make another—including eighteen miles from Compiègne to Pierrefonds and back. But it would take only twenty miles more from Clermont to include Beauvais and its cathedral, which would give you, all told, a splendid tour not over one-hundred and thirty miles in length. To Arras and back is about seventy-two miles, so this trip could be made in an afternoon. To extend it to Cambrai—famous for the origin of cambric, but of greater historic fame—would be to risk a deal of *pavé*.

That fascinating town, Rouen, is too far west to be easily included in a one-day auto ride from any center. But a two-day trip from Paris to Rouen might be made to embrace Beauvais, Gisors, the ruins of château Gaillard ("the saucy castle" of Richard the Lion Hearted) and other points of interest. Even a general view of Paris is most easily gained in an automobile.

There still remains—though we stretch a point to include it in northern France—the château district of the Loire. Tours is the proper center for this. With virtually our same party, Pater hired a car there, some years ago, and viewed many châteaux very comfortably in one day. A two-day trip should include even the châteaux less frequented by tourists and, possibly, Orléans.

The trip from Paris to Fontainebleau might readily be extended to embrace Sens, Troyes, Provins, and other quaint and interesting towns. But I am getting away from personal experience into the field of conjecture—a departure entirely unnecessary; for when you have seen Rheims and Amiens, Paris and the château country, you have seen the very best *la belle France* has to offer.

As the Onward ploughed her way through the rough Channel, and Boulogne and the Continent began

to fade into distance, the clouds broke and a beautiful rainbow appeared; we accepted this as an omen of fair weather, for such a magnificent, double bow would be likely to fulfill its promise even in misty old England.

Appendix

Garages: — Your expense for this item will vary a great deal, owing to the fact that many hotels and inns have garages or locked sheds of their own, and while some make a charge, others do not; it all depends on where you happen to stop. You will, perhaps, average from 80c to $1.00 a day on this head. While the French words "automobile" and "garage" are current in Germany, the German name for a motorcar is *Kraftwagen* (pronounce, crŏftvahgen), i. e. power wagon, or *Kraftfahrzeug* (crŏft-far-tsoig), i. e. power vehicle, and it is these German forms you will find on signs and danger signals throughout the country. In the absence of a true garage, a shed or storage space for an auto is generally called *Einstellraum* (īne-stell-rowm, the "o" being pronounced as in down).

Repairs: — While repairs are cheap in foreign countries, the time lost in getting them done may more than even up the cost; this is especially true in replacing broken parts. If you take your car abroad you should not fail to carry a number of duplicate parts, such as a set of valves, springs, brake-bands, ignition parts, etc.; the maker of your car will give you a list on application. So slight a thing as the replacing of a small nut may raise the question of Standard or Continental threads and cause an hour's delay for re-threading. A repair shop, which is not always included in these so-called garages, is in Germany called *Reparatur-Werkstätte* (pronounce, Repp-ah-rah-tour Wayrk-stette), which means "repair workplace." If stranded in a small town which lacks a repair shop, ask for a *Machinist* (mŏsh'-in-ist) or, failing to find one, ask for the blacksmith shop, which is called *Schmiede* (shmeed'-ĕ).

Oil and Gasoline:— In places where there is no garage, oil and gasoline may be obtained at hotels and inns, paint stores, general stores, and chemists' shops; the last, especially in Germany, are still separate from apothecary shops. Gasoline is called *Benzin(e)*, in German, and oil is *Oel* (pronounce "ale," with your lips puckered). In one small town we had to resort to axle grease for an overheated hub; it is called *Wagen Schmiere* (vahgen shmeer'-ĕ).

In France, gasoline is called *essence* (essaunce); to ask for oil, say "*de l'huile*" (del weel) — but it is well to add "*à lubrifier*" (ăh librifeeay), i. e. for lubricating, lest you get salad oil. The French blacksmith shop is *marêchallerie* (maray'-shalleree'), but you need one where, besides horseshoeing, they also do *ferronerie*, i. e. working in iron. "Some axle grease" would be *de l'oing* (del wang) *à lubrifier*.

The price of gasoline abroad will probably average about 45c a gallon. But this, also, depends upon your tour; in the less traveled countries, such as Spain and Italy, it runs as high as $1.00 a gallon, and is often hard to obtain at all. In view of the fact that it has lately doubled in cost in the United States, it may have risen in price abroad.

Tires:— Tires that are guaranteed to run 3000 miles in the United States will often wear out in less than half that distance abroad. Our trip, including England, cost us four new shoes and more than four inner tubes, besides much patching of old ones. In addition, one often finds it hard to get the tire one wants and the size one needs; and the

custom of rating the size in centimetres often leads to costly mistakes on the part of the traveler. One reason given for this unusual wear on tires, despite beautiful roads, is the extreme sharpness and hardness of the material used for the top dressing of foreign roadbeds.

Brakes: — Watch your brakes and brake-bands; there are some very long grades in Europe. In the mountain country we often found the fibre lining of our brake-bands on fire after an unusually long coast down hill. On the long upgrades you may need to water your car on the road; many foreign cars have extra large radiators to obviate this difficulty.

Horns: — In many of the larger Continental cities and towns anti-noise regulations forbid the use of musical horns, sirens, etc. It is, therefore, advisable to carry a single-tone bulb-horn on your car, whatever else you carry in this line.

Lamps: — We undertook very little traveling after dark; but one is often forced into it by unforeseen delays on the road. For a very long tour abroad, especially in southern countries where you do not get a long twilight, it might almost be worth while carrying an extra prestolite tank. At all events, you will probably find it almost impossible to get yours recharged. French cities prohibit acetylene headlights; this may now be true of other foreign cities.

Chains: — As the use of chains is prohibited in many places it might be wise to figure on using nonskid shoes. But if you are partial to chains, take an extra set, as you are not likely to find them abroad.

Page 76: — The assertion that all motorcars which are for hire are likely to be uncomfortable ramshackle affairs, is absurd; it has, perhaps, been put forward by people " with an axe to grind." While it may have been true ten or fifteen years ago, it is certainly not true now. Indeed, considering that a day's trip is measured, not in time, but in kilometres or miles, it would be a losing proposition for a garage to have any but first-class cars for hire. Of course, I am speaking only of cars driven by a chauffeur from the garage where they were hired. It is not to be expected that an automobile worth even a fair second-hand price, would be intrusted to a total stranger to drive; it is too easy to make a complete wreck of a car by a little carelessness or a trifling lack of proficiency.

Page 88: — Triptyques, or triptychs, are certificates testifying that you have deposited the amount of your duty for a certain country. Thus you can deposit all your duties at one time, saving the delay due to weighing your car at each border, as well as avoiding the carrying of the amount of the duty in gold, or in the bills of each particular country. As the name indicates, they are issued in triplicate; the first sheet to be retained by the customs officer where you enter a certain country, the second to record the date of your entry and exit (also re-entry and re-exit, if such there be), and the third to certify to your final exit from said country, which entitles you to have your deposit refunded. They form a means of identification, cut a deal of red tape, and save much time. Of course you still have to pay a registration fee or license fee in order to get your number-tag, but this (for a few weeks) would be a relatively small amount.

Taking a basis of five countries, your total deposit will approximate

some four or five hundred dollars for a very small car and some ten to twelve hundred dollars for a good sized touring-car. Of course this will be subject to change, depending on the countries. Where you might pay $160 for an open touring-car in France, you would probably pay twice this amount in Spain. A limousine would cost about $200 in France, for the duty is rated according to weight and horsepower. There is no duty on cars in England; only fees for registration and for the driver's license are required.

Membership in the Touring Club of France costs only six francs. The triptyques will cost you about five francs per country, on the average. The club membership also entitles you to a discount of from 5% to 10% at all hotels and inns on the Touring Club list, as well as to the purchase of the club's maps and itineraries.

Pages 98 and 100: — A shipping agent will save you much time and vexation in such matters as crating, weighing, loading, getting the car ashore and through the foreign customs line promptly, shipping the crate to your point of departure, storing it there, and last — but by no means least — getting your car through the United States custom house. The cost of boxing and shipping a car, both ways, will run from about $300 to $450 (for a very small runabout, $200 to $300), depending on the size of your car, the steamship line chosen, the ports of entry and departure, and the speed of the steamer, i. e. whether it is an express or a cargo boat. An open touring-car, with the top down, naturally costs less than a limousine, yet a limousine or other stationary top is very desirable for carrying baggage and spare tires in comfort. The big express companies and several of the larger steamship companies now act as shipping agents. Be sure to take out a marine insurance on your car.

Hired Cars: — By hiring a car abroad you save not only the above cost, but also some $150 for your chauffeur's passage money, from one to two dollars a day for his board and lodging, and all the high cost of gasoline, tires and repairs, noted above. For one-day tours in a hired car you also save garage charges. Foreign chauffeurs must be thoroughly trained before they can even attempt to get their licenses; they save you a great amount of trouble by being familiar with the laws, the language and the roads. On the other hand, strange cars are not very gently handled by the cleaners in foreign garages; and the best efforts of your own chauffeur will not prevent your motorcar from needing at least a fresh coat of paint when you bring it back from overseas.

Some people figure on driving their own cars while abroad, but I consider this a great mistake: the one who drives would not half see the country; he would lose a lot of time between hotel and garage where these are not adjacent, and still more time overhauling and repairing his car at night; and finally, every puncture, blowout or mechanical breakdown would mean hard work instead of affording a fine chance to stretch his legs and investigate the neighborhood at close range.

Page 106: — The Ravenstein book gives hundreds of itineraries; it mentions the rivers and railroads you are to cross or follow, gives the nature of the road and of the adjoining country, and, for cities and

larger towns gives a brief description of the principal sights. It mentions the streets by which to enter and leave a town, names hotels and garages and — in the absence of the latter — names repair shops, drug stores and other depots for oil and gasoline. By using this book in conjunction with the maps (it is in two volumes, for convenience) one gets an interesting and intelligent idea of all one sees, and it is almost impossible to get lost. Of course the book is in German, but the traveler can always study up his route beforehand, if unfamiliar with the language, and make notes on the page.

The maps themselves are sectional, about twelve by sixteen inches; a very convenient size to handle, especially when you have to hold two in passing from one map to another. They are executed to a scale of about eight kilometres (a scant five miles) to the inch, and are replete with detail. Good, indifferent and poor roads are so shown; distances are given in kilometres and heights above sea level in metres; villages — even hamlets — are distinctly marked, ascending and descending grades indicated, and dangerous places of all kinds pointed out by a red dot of warning.

Danger signs on the road: — A list of Continental danger signs may be procured, among other places, at the Touring Club of France. They are easy to read: a cross means a dangerous crossing; turns to right or left are represented by angles, sharp up or down grades by lines sloping up or down from left to right, and a combination of turn and grade by a combination of the corresponding signs; the grade crossing of a railroad is indicated by a picket fence, a sunk-crossing by a mark suggesting a tunnel; a checker-board means bad pavement, etc., etc. A very useful sign shows two horizontal lines crossed by a heavy vertical line, and means rails projecting above the roadbed.

In England, a red triangle mounted on a post means danger; a red disk mounted on a post means restricted speed limits; and a white ring means that the road is closed to motors.

Identification of car and driver: — You will need a photograph (tintype size, about 7-8 x 1¼ inches) of the person who is to drive your car, to be pasted on the driver's license for each country you enter. If both owner and chauffeur expect to do driving, each needs a license. If not familiar with foreign languages you had better take with you a complete description of your car translated into the language of each country you expect to visit, giving the horsepower and the number of the motor, the number of the car, its value and its weight, the size of wheelbase, the number of cylinders, a description of the equipment, etc., etc.

If you own a car of foreign make, have a careful record of its condition made by the United States custom house before shipping it; for if it shows repairs or changes exceeding ten percent of the original cost, the United States custom house may claim that these were made abroad and, hence, demand payment of the full import duty for your car when you land here. Any equipment purchased abroad is subject to duty and is best brought back separately. It is difficult to bring home even an American car unless your shipping agent has made all necessary declarations.

Special Index of Practical Matters

A

Agencies for motor touring, 79.
Automobiles:
  advantages of covered, 77, 351 ¶3.
  care of (*see Garages, Repairs*).
  cleaning of (*see Garages*).
  driving of, 128, 139, 140, 170, 229, 283, 349–52.
  equipment for (*see name of item*).
  foreign names for, 349 ¶1.
  hiring of (*see Hired cars*).
  shipment of, 98–9, 351 ¶3.

B

Baggage, amount carried, 77, 341.
Brakes, 350.

C

Centers (*see Touring centers*).
Chains, 350.
Chauffeurs, foreign, 351 ¶4.
Custom houses (*see Douanes*).
Customs requirements, 87–8, 100 (*see also Triptyques, Identification*).

D

Danger signs, 352 (*see also Sign posts*).
Daylight, duration of, 228, 229.
Directions for entering foreign towns, 128.
Douanes:
  French, 317.
  German, 88, 100, 295, 314.

F

France as a motoring country, 319–20, 322, 333, 334–6, 345.

G

Garages:
  character of, 282, 349 (*see also Repairs, p.* 349, *Hired cars, p.* 350).
  charges at, 349.
  foreign names of, 349.
Gasoline:
  cost of, 349.
  foreign names of, 240, 349.
  where procured, 349.
Germany as a motoring country, 85–6, 112, 116, 137–8, 141, 156–7, 163–4, 170, 224, 237, 238–9, 251–2, 256–7, 283, 288, 293, 334.
Guidebooks (*see Maps, Itineraries*)

H

Hired cars:
  advantages of, 2, 3, 76–7, 87, 134–5, 282–3, 296, 333, 351.
  cost of, 2, 75–6.
Holland as a motoring country, 53–6, 62, 70–71.
Horns, 3, 114, 141, 350.
Hotels and Inns:
  in general, 77, 85–6, 334, 351 ¶2.
  in particular (*see name of place*).

I

Identification, 352.
Insurance, marine, 351 ¶3.
Itineraries:
  of clubs and guidebooks, 88, 351 ¶2 and ¶6.
  of this book (*see Routes, Touring centers*).

K

Kilometre stones, 318.

L

Lamps, 350.
Licenses (*see Customs requirements*).

M

Maps.
  France, 329, 351 ¶2.
  Germany, 106, 352 ¶2.
Mileage on maps compared to actual run, 170, 229 (*see also Run*).
Milestones, 318.
Motor clubs, 88, 351 ¶2.

N

Names: of streets and highways in Germany, 170.
  of towns in France (*see Kilometre stones*).

O

Officials, 84 (*see also Douanes*).
Oil:
  foreign names of, 240, 351.
  where procured, 351.

P

Pavé (*see Paved roads*).
Paved roads:
  France, 319, 329–30, 333, 341, 345, 346.
  Germany, 319.
  Holland, 53, 319.

R

Railroad crossings, 319 (*see also Danger signs*).
Repairs, 349.
Registration (*see Customs requirements*).
Road books (*see Maps*).
Road maps (*see Maps*).
Roads, condition of:
  France, 322, 334 (*see also Pavé*).
  Germany, 110, 116, 163, 165, 167, 170, 180, 184, 204, 215–16, 219, 220, 221, 228, 231, 237, 245, 247, 256, 288, 293, 319, 334.
  Holland, 53, 319.
Routes (*see also Touring centers*):
  France, 317, 320, 322–3, 329, 330–1, 333–4, 341, 342–3, 345–6.
  Germany, 106, 110, 114, 116, 117, 154, 163, 164, 167, 173, 175, 184, 185, 204, 213–14, 215, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 224, 233, 237, 238, 245, 247, 249, 255, 259, 260, 261, 283, 284, 286, 288, 293, 294, 308, 309, 314.
  Holland, 46, 54, 62, 63, 70, 71, 73, 78.
Run, average day's, 76, 229.

S

Signposts and Signboards (*see also Danger signs*).
  France, 318–19.
  Germany, 139, 140, 168, 170, 216, 247, 318.

T

Time, change in, 320.
Tires, 296, 335, 349.
Toll bridges, 109, 259.
Touring centers:
  in general, 2, 3, 333.
  France, 345, 346.
  Germany, 308, 309.
  Holland, 78.
  sub-centers, 308.
Touring clubs, 88, 351 ¶2.
Triptyques, 88, 100, 318, 350 ¶7.

W

Wraps, 77–8.

Y

Yachting trip to Marken, cost of, 45.

General Index*

A

Aachen (*Aix-la-Chapelle*), 178, 260.
Abbeville: 341, 343.
  church of St. Gilles, 343.
  church of St. Sépulcre, 343.
  church of St. Vulfran, 343.
  history of, 343.
Abélard, 331.
Adalbert, archbp. of Bremen, 159.
Adalbert of Babenberg, 261–2.
Agincourt, 344.
Agricius of Antioch, 291.
Agriculture (*Dutch*), 79.
Ailly-sur-Somme, 342.
Aire river, 321.
Aisne river, 321.
Aisne, department of, 329.
Aix-la-Chapelle (*see Aachen*).
Albert of Brandenburg, 220.
Albert of Meissen, 208, 209, 220
Albert the Bear, 213–4.
Albrechtsburg (*see Meissen*).
Alkmaar, 61.
Aller river, 116, 130.
Alster river, 94, 97–8.
Altdorf (*see Ravensprung*).
Altenburg, 220, 221, 222, 308.
Altenburg (*Saxe-Altenburg*) duchy of, 186, 222, 308.
Altenburg, legends of, 222–3.
Altenburg peasant dress, 222.
Alva, duke of, 59, 222.
America, discoveries in, 300, 301.
Amersfoort: 69–70.
  St. Mary's church tower, 69–70.
  Water Gate (*Koppel-Poort*), 70.
Amicis, 41.
Amiens: 334, 336–40, 345–6.
  battles of, 336.
  Beffroi, 337.
  cathedral, 337–9.
  church of St. Germain, 337.
  church of St. Remi, 337.
  hôtel du Rhin, 336.
  hôtel Morgan, 337.
  musée de Picardie, 337.
  peace of, 336.
Amsterdam: 11–26, 33, 43, 78.
  Amstel river, 12, 13, 19.
  Amstelchuts lock, 17.
  Baron Six's house, 19.
  béguinage (*Begynenhof*), 23.
  Delft store, 15.
  de Ruyter's house, 18.
  Heerengracht, 18, 19, 20.
  het IJ, 16, 18.
  grachten, 14, 18, 19, 20, 68.
  hotel Amstel, 12–13, 16.
  houses, 17, 18, 19, 20.
  Jewish quarter, 18, 19.
  Kalverstraat, 15.
  Nieuwe Kerk (new church), 21.
  Oude Kerk (old church), 21.
  palace, the (*het Paleis*), 22–3.
  Paleis vor Folksflijt, 14.
  plan of city, 14, 16, 18.
  Rembrandt house, 19.
  Rijks museum, 23–6.
  Singel, 18, 68.
  Sophien Plein, 15.
  towers, 15, 17–18.
  university library, 18.
  Utrecht street, 14, 20.
  Willet-Holthuysen museum, 19.
  Wynand-Fockink, 23.
  Y, the (*see het IJ*).
Anhalt, 213, 214.
Apeldoorn, 80.
Architecture (*see also houses*):
  (Dutch), 17, 18, 20, 50, 51, 56, 79.
  (French), 323–5, 326, 330, 331, 333, 337–9, 343.

* Excepting Coblenz, Mayence and Treves, all places on the Rhine and the Moselle are listed under the names of these rivers.

For ready reference the word "legend" and the first two letters of the words "church" and "cathedral" are printed in bold face type.

Architecture (*cont.*)
(German), 80, 86, 120–2, 129, 131, 134, 144–7, 148, 149, 150, 153, 162, 184, 190, 208–9, 216, 233, 241, 244, 255–6, 264, 280, 283, 284, 291, 301, 307.
Argonne, forest of, 321.
Arras, 346.
Art of travel, the, 1, 77–8
Artois, 344.
Attila, 322.
Attitude of peasants toward motorcars, 117.
August II (*the Strong*), 211, 216.
August III, 216.
Augusta, Empress, 281.
Ausonias, 293.
Austrasia, 323.

B

Baarn, 70, 71.
Baarnsche Bosch, 70.
Baddahuenna Wood, 54.
Baldwin, archbp. of Treves, 284.
Ballenstädt-Ascanien, 213.
Ballenstädt-Ascanien, Bernhard of, 214.
Bamberg, 218.
Barenberg, 155.
Barbarossa, Frederick, *H. R. emp.*, 111, 127, 176, 177, 178, 206, 250, 253.
Barbarossa, Frederick, **legends** of, 176–8.
Bardowieck, 111.
Bavaria, 186, 308.
Bazaine, Marshal, 296, 310, 311, 312.
Beauvais, 346.
Becket, Thomas à, 330.
Beer drinking in Germany, 172 196–201.
Belgium, origin of, 64.
Berlin, 309.
Bingen, 260–61, 272, 277.
Bingen, hotel Victoria at, 261.
Bingerbrück, 261.
Bismarck monument, 96, 176.
Black Forest, 218.
Black Prince, the, 341.
Blankenburg, 214, 308.
Bloemendaal, 53.
Bloomingdale, 53.
Böcklin, Arnold, 231.
Bohemund, Bishop, 292.
Boniface (*Winfrid*), 249.
Bossu, Admiral Count, 33, 61.
Böttger, 210, 211.
Boulogne-sur-Mer, 341, 345.
Boulogne-sur-Mer, hôtel du Louvre at, 345.
Braisne, 330.
Braisne, **ch**urch of St. Yved at, 330.
Brandenburg, 186, 205, 213–14.
Brederode château, 53.
Breitenfeld, battle of, 188.
Bremen, 308.
Breteuil, 345.
Brie, 329.
Broek-in-the-Waterland: 30–32.
cheese-farm, 30–31.
church, 31.
Brooklyn, 64–5.
Brunhilde, 303.
Brunswick (*Braunschweig*): 111, 119–35, 142, 145, 308, 322.
Burgplatz, 120.
Caroline of Brunswick, 122.
cathedral of St. Blasius, 120–22.
churches, 131.
Dankwarderode, Burg, 120.
Georges of England, 122–25, 127.
Gildehaus, 120.
fairy lore, 130.
Henry the Lion, 119, 120, 121, 127.
Henry the Lion, **legend** of, 132.
lion statue, 120.
old buildings, 120, 129, 131.
Schill monument, 130.
Sophia Dorothea of Zell, 123, 124.
Till Eulenspiegel fountain, 130.
Welfs (*Guelfs*), 126, 127.
Welfs, **legends** of, 132–3.
Bundesrath, 93, 179.
Burgrave (*Burggraf*) definition of, 206.

C

Caesar (*Kaiser*) (*see Holy Roman Empire*).
Calvin, 333.
Cambrai, 346.
Canche river, 344.
Capet, Hugh, 326, 333.
Carlovingian dynasty, rise of, 304.
Caroline Matilda of Denmark, 125.
Caroline of Anspach, 124.
Caroline of Brunswick, 122.
Cathedrals (*see name of city or town*).
Celle (*Zell*), 124, 125, 308.
Celle, Sophia Dorothea of, 123–4.
Châlons-sur-Marne, 322.
Châlons-sur-Marne, battle of, 322.
Champagne, 321, 345.
Champagne (*wine*), 323.
Charlemagne, *H. R. emp.*, 57, 88, 91, 94, 109, 176, 260, 263, 295, 303–4, 333, 343.
Charlemagne, **legends** of, 178, 255, 260, 263, 305.
Charles IV, *H. R. emp.*, 277, 307.
Charles V, *H. R. emp.*, 58–9, 65, 182, 299–301, 343.
Charles VII of France, 326.
Charles Martel, 304.
Charles the Bald, 57, 321.
Charles the Bold, 58.
Charlotte of Mecklinburg-Strelitz, 124.
Chatillon, 345.
Chauny, 345.
Childebert, 303.
Childeric, 303.
Chilpéric, 303, 333.
Chlodwig (*Clovis*), 303, 325, 326, 330.
Chlodwig, **legends** of, 303, 325.
Chlodomer, 304.
Chlotar II, 303.
Chlotilde, 304.
Cheese-farm (*Dutch*), 30–31.
Chemnitz, 219, 220.
Christian IV of Denmark, 155.
Churches (*see name of city or town*).
Clairvaux, Bernhard of, 280.
Clement III, Pope, 161.
Clermont, 345.
Clermont en Argonne, 321.
Clovis (*see Chlodwig*).
Coblenz: 278, 279–83.
  church of St. Castor, 280.
  concert by military band, 282.
  Deutsche Eck, 279.
  Ehrenbreitstein, fortress, 280.
  Emperor William I as prince and governor, 281.
  Emperor William I, statue of, 279.
  floating bridge, 282.
  history of, 280–81.
  hotel Riesen Fürstenhof und Anker, 281–2.
  Teutonic Order, lodge of, 279.
Colorado, 301.
Compiègne, 345–6.
Conrad, engineer, 62.
Conrad (*engineer*), monument of, 51.
Conrad II, *H. R. emp.*, 66–7, 280.
Conrad III, *H. R. emp.*, **legend** of, 253–4.
Conrad of Hohenzollern, 111.
Constantine, *emp.*, 149, 291.
Corroyer, Édouard, 339.
Coster, Lorenz, 50.
Costumes, native:
  (*Dutch*), 24, 31.
  (*see also Volendam and Marken.*)
  (*German*), 222.
Coucy-le-Château, 331–3, 345.
Courcelles, 330.
Cranach, Lucas, 173, 231.
Crécy, battle of, 341, 343, 344.
Crownprince, the German, 103.
Crownprincess, the German, 104, 105.

D

Dagobert, 63, 304, 343.
Dahn, Felix, 148, 238.
Danzig, 47, 86, 309.
Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee, 32–3, 42–3, 47–8.
Delft, 78.

Delft-ware store, 15.
Devil's Wall, 214.
Diedenhofen, 294–5, 300.
Dog wagons (*Dutch*), 8, 55.
Dormans, 345.
Dortmund, 309.
Dresden: 216–18, 308.
  Augustus bridge, 216, 217.
  barbers, 216.
  Brühl terrace, 216.
  hotel Bellevue, 216–7.
  picture galleries, 216.
  Saxon Switzerland, 217.
  traffic on Elbe, 217.
  Zwinger, 216.
Drouet, 321.
Duelling in Germany, 190–96.
Duplication of names in France, 322.

E

Ebers, George, 57, 148.
Edam, 33.
Edinburgh, duke of, 239.
Edward III, 126, 280, 341.
Eisenach: 240–46, 308.
  Annathal, 245, 246.
  Bach monument, 241.
  business enterprise, 248.
  Drachenschlucht, 245.
  hotel Rautenkranz, 240.
  Luther house, 241.
  legends of, 243.
  market, 240.
  Wartburg;
    description of the, 241–2.
    legends of, 242.
    Luther room in the, 241.
    origin of, 242.
  Zur Hohen Sonne, 245.
Eisleben, 181-2, 308.
Eitel Friedrich, Prince, 104.
Electors of H. R. Empire, 214.
Elector Palatine, 214, 276.
Elbe river, 93, 94, 109, 204, 215, 216, 217.
Elizabeth, the holy, 244–5.
Ellrich, **legend** of, 169–70.
Enkhuizen, 33.
Erasmus, 6, 7.
Erfurt: 233–6, 238, 308.
  cathedral, 233–5.
  church of St. Severus, 233.
  cloisters, 235.
  Count von Gleichen monument, 234.
  Hallowe'en customs, 236–7.
  Luther's inn, 235.
  Luther's monastery, 235–6.
  stoneware market, 236.
  witchcraft trial, 236.
Ernest of Thuringia, 208, 209, 220, 221.
Etoile, camp of, 342.
Explorers, Spanish, 300–301.

F

Fairs (*see Leipsic*).
Falkenstein, Kuno of, 274.
Fastrada, **legend** of, 260.
Fergusson, 337.
Fisheries (*Dutch*), 28.
Fismes, 329, 330, 345.
Flavigny, 313.
Flöha river, 220.
Florida, 301.
Fontainebleau, 346.
Forestry of Habichtshorst, 110.
Forts, French, 320, 323.
Forts, German, 217, 280, 307.
France (*Book III*), 317.
France as a motoring country (*see Special Index*).
Francis I, 343.
Francis Joseph (*Franz Josef*) of Austria, 179.
Franks, the, 178, 290, 303–4, 322, 330.
Franks, **legends** of the, 304.
Frankfort: 178, 247, 248, 255–7, 259, 308.
  as a motor center, 256.
  cathedral, 255.
  hotel Frankfurter Hof, 256–7.
  legends of, 255–6.
  Palm Garden, 257.
  Ravenstein maps, 257.
  Römer, 256.
Frederick I, *H. R. emp.* (*see Barbarossa*).

Frederick Karl, Prince, 310, 311.
Frederick of Hohenzollern, 179, 265–6.
Frederick the Warlike, 210, 220.
Frederick the Wise, 241.
Frederick Ulrich of Brunswick, 156.
Frederick William IV, 277.
Freiberg, 219.
Freiberg, **legend** of, 219–20.
Freytag, Gustav, 148, 237–8, 239.
Friedrichsroda, 245.
Fulda, 247, 249.
Fulda river, **legend** of, 249.

G

Galliard, château, 346.
Gasthaus "Zu den Drei Gleichen," 238.
Gegensteine, 214.
Gelnhausen, 247, 250.
Georges of England, 111, 122–5, 127–8.
Georges of England, romances of, 122–5.
Gera, 223, 308.
Germania monument, 176, 261.
Germania Superior, 260.
Germany (*Book II*): 83.
  as a motoring country (*see Special Index*).
  a new view of, 83–6.
  government of, 179.
  laws in, 84.
  lese majesty, 84–5.
  states constituting, 179.
Gifhorn, 116, 117, 139.
Gisors, 346.
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang, 226, 229–31.
Goethe national museum, 230.
Golz (*see Von der Golz*).
Goosegirl, 113–14.
Goslar: 159–63, 205, 308.
  Breitethor, 163.
  cathedral (*Domcapelle*), 162.
  legend of, 162.
  Kaiserhaus, 162.
  old buildings, 162.
  Paulsthurm, 159.
  Petersberg, 161.
  Rammelsberg, 159, 162.
  Sleeping Beauty, 163.
Gotha, 239.
Gravelotte, 312–3.
Gravelotte, battle of (*see Metz*).
Grimm, the brothers Jacob, Ludwig and William, 251.
Gregory VII, pope, 160.
Grumbach rebellion, 239.
Guelf (*see Welf*).
Guise, duke of, 299, 307.
Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, 156, 188.

H

Haarlem: 49–53.
  cheese market, 52.
  cheese weigh house, 52.
  Conrad monument, 51.
  Coster monument, 50.
  church of St. Bavo, 49, 50, 51.
  Groote Kerk (*see St. Bavo*).
  Groote Markt, 50.
  Hals, Frans, 52.
  meat market (*Vleeschhal*), 50.
  Spaarne river, 49.
  Spaarnewouder Poort, 49.
  Teyler museum, 52.
  town hall (*Stadhuis*), 50.
  tulip bulbs, 49–50.
Haarlem lake, 46.
Haarlemmer Hout, 53.
Haarlemmer Polder, 46.
Hague (*see The Hague*).
Halberstadt, 213, 308.
Half-timber buildings (*see houses, Germany*).
Halfweg, 46.
Halle: 182–4, 185, 308.
  cemetery, 184.
  church of St. Mary, 183.
  church of St. Moritz, 184.
  hotel Stadt Hamburg, 184.
  Halloren, 184.
  Giebichenstein castle, 183.
  Markt, 183.
  Markt, legends of, 183–4.
  Moritzburg, 183.
  Roland, 183.
  Rothe Thurm, 183.

Hallowe'en customs, 236–7.
Hals, Frans, 52.
Hamburg: 93–107, 308.
  Alster river, 94, 97–8.
  Brahm's birthplace, 97.
  free port, 93, 99.
  getting a license at, 100.
  great fire, 94.
  government of, 93.
  history of, 94–5, 96.
  journeymen's sign for, 97.
  Kaiser's visit at, 101–5.
  Klopstock's house, 96.
  landing a motorcar at, 99–100.
  Mendelssohn's birthplace, 97.
  modern city, 97–8.
  old streets and gates, 96–7.
  population of, 109.
  races at, 103–5.
  Steinstrasse, 97.
  Uhlenhorst, 98.
Hamlin, Prof. A. D. F., 338.
Hanau, 247, 249, 251.
Hanover, 125, 308.
Hanno, archbp. of Cologne, 159.
Hänsel and Gretel, 114, 251.
Hanseatic league, 95, 162.
Hapsburg, house of, 58, 179, 265.
Hapsburg, Rudolph of, 178, 179, 265–6.
Harburg, 109.
Harmelen, 63.
Harold of England, 344.
Harzburg (*Bad*), 160, 163.
Harz (*mts.*) the: 163–8, 308.
  Abbenstein, 164.
  Berggeist, 167.
  Brocken, the, 166.
  Braunlage, 167.
  forester, a, 165.
  forester of Scharzfels, **legend** of, 165.
  Gaisberg, 168.
  gasthaus, 165.
  grades of, 164, 165, 167.
  Hohnstein castle, **legend**, 168.
  Lichtenstein spring, **legend**, 164–5.
  Needle's Eye at Ilfeld, 168.
  Oder Lake, 166.
  Radau waterfall, 163.
  Rehberg, **legends** of, 166.
  St. Andreasberg, 168.
  Tot-Osel, **legend** of, 167–8.
  Tanzteich (*Dance pond*) **legend**, 168.
  Wild Huntsman, **legend** of, 167–8.
  Zorge, 167, 168.
Hatto (*bishop*), **legends** of, 261–2.
Haune river, 249.
Hautsee, **legend** of, 247.
Heidelberg, 276, 308.
Hengist, 62.
Henry II, *H. R. emp.*, 280.
Henry II of France, 299.
Henry III, *H. R. emp.*, 159, 162.
Henry IV, *H. R. emp.*, 159–61, 163, 215, 280.
Henry V, *H. R. emp.*, 67, 161, 280.
Henry V of England, 344.
Henry the Fowler, king of Germany, 204, 205, 213, 214, 262, 304, 306.
Henry the Lion, duke of Saxony, 111, 119, 120, 121, 127, 236, 271.
Henry the Lion, **legend** of, 132.
Henry the Proud, duke of Bavaria, 126.
Herder, 230.
Herrenhausen, 125.
Hessen (*Hesse*), 248.
Hessen, **legends** of, 248.
Het IJ, 16, 18, 28.
Hildebrand (*see Gregory VII*).
Hildebrand (*the artist*), 231.
Hildesheim: 142–154, 308.
  Andreas Platz, 146.
  apothecary shop, 146.
  Bishop Bernward, 143.
  church of St. Godehard, 149.
  church of St. Michael, 149.
  cathedral, 150–4.
  golden days of city, 144–5.
  Gallows Hill, 154.
  Hohe Weg, 143.
  Kaiserhaus, 148.
  Knochenhauer Amthaus, 145–6.
  legends of city, 148.
  Markt, 143, 146.
  old houses, 145–7.

Hildesheim (*cont.*)
patrician houses, 145.
Renaissance imagery, 147.
thousand-year-old rosebush, 151, 153–4.
Hilversum, 71, 80.
Hohenstaufen, house of, 161, 178, 265.
Hohenzollern, house of, 111, 179, 265.
Holland (*Book I*): 1.
as a motoring country (*see Special Index*).
history of, 53, 57–61, 63–4, 68, 71–2.
origin of, 57–8, 63.
Holy Roman emperors, 254.
(*see also name of emperor.*)
Holy Roman emperors, **legends** of, 254, 255.
(*see also name of emperor.*)
Holy Roman Empire:
origin and nature of, 149–50, 277.
end of, 265.
Hook of Holland, 4, 5.
Hoorn, 33.
Hörselberg, 240.
Hörselberg, **legends** of, 240.
Hörsel river, 239.
Hotels in general, 77, 85–6, 334, 351 ¶2.
Hotels (*see name of place*).
Houses (*see also architecture*):
Dutch, 17, 18, 19, 20, 30, 35, 40.
French, 86, 138, 317, 337.
German, 86, 89, 91, 92, 115, 120, 129, 131, 138, 145–7, 151, 162, 189, 206, 241, 244, 271, 279.
Humperdinck, 113, 114.
Huns, 205, 206, 287, 322.

I

IJ, het, 16, 18, 28.
IJ polder, 46.
Île-de-France, 329, 333.
Ingelheim (*Nieder-*), 260.
Innerste river, 154.
Innkeepers abroad, 85–6.
Inquisition, the, 58–61.
Inquisition at Haarlem and Leiden, 52–3, 56–7.
Inselberg, 239.
Inscriptions on houses, 115–16, 138–9, 146, 147.
Isenburg, Bishop Arnold of, 277.

J

Jena: 224, 225–7, 308.
battle of, 227.
Goethe at, 226.
legends of, 225.
Schiller at, 226.
some professors at, 226.
university of, 225–6.
Joan of Arc, 302–3, 323, 326.
John George, elector of Saxony, 156.
John (*Johann*) king of Bohemia, 341.
Journeymen, 97, 130–31, 175.

K

Kaiser, the German, 84, 101–5, 179.
Kaiserin, 103, 105.
Kampen, 47.
Karl (*see Charles*).
Karl the Great (*see Charlemagne*).
Karlovingian dynasty, rise of, 304.
Katwyk-an-Zee, 62.
Kaufungen, Kunz von, 209, 219, 220–21.
Kellerman, 321.
Key, Lieven de, 56.
Kiel, 308.
Kinzig river, 249.
Kinzig river, **legend** of, 250.
Klopstock, 96, 213.
Koenigsberg, 309.
Königstein, 217–18.
Koppel-Poort, 70.
Kyffhäuser monument, 176.
Kyffhäuser mountain, 175–6.
Kyffhäuser mountain, **legends** of, 175–8.

L

Lahn river, 277.
Landgrave (*Landgraf*), definition of, 206.

Laon, 345.
Lassigny, 334.
Lautenthal, 154.
Lenbach, 231.
Leipsic: 184–5, 187–202, 203, 308.
  battle monuments, 188–9.
  battles of, 188–9.
  dueling, 190–6.
  fairs, 187.
  modern buildings, 189–90.
  old buildings, 189.
  Rosenthal, 189.
  speed trap at, 184–5.
  student life, 190–202.
  student commers, 199–201.
  student customs, 196.
  suburbs, 203.
  university, 190, 202.
Lek (*Leuk*), river, 16, 293.
Lese majesty, 84–5.
l'Etoile (*see Etoile*).
Lette river, 331, 333.
Leyden (*Leiden*): 56, 57, 61, 62
  Breede Straat, 56.
  Burcht, de, 62.
  Gemeendlandhuis van Rijnland, 56.
  Key, Lieven de, 56.
  Rhine, the old, 56.
  siege of Leyden, 56–7, 62.
  town hall (Stadhuis), 56.
  university, 61.
  Van der Werf, Burgomaster, 62.
  Van der Werf Park, 62.
  Van Oudheden museum, 56.
Lichtenstein, 220.
Liszt, Franz, 230.
Lobeda, 224.
Lohengrin, 306.
Loire château district, 346.
Lorraine (*Lothringen*), 57, 58, 306, 309, 321.
Lothar (*Lothaire*), 57, 321.
Louis XII, 343.
Louis XIV, 276.
Louis XVI, 321.
Louis of Orleans, 332, 333.
Louis the German (*see Ludwig*).
Louis the Pious (*le Débonnaire*), *H. R. emp.*, 181, 259, 295, 331.
Louise of Prussia, 123.
Lübeck, 308.
Ludwig the Bavarian, *H. R. emp.*, 280.
Ludwig the German, *H. R. emp.*, 57, 321.
Ludwig der Springer, 183, 242.
Lüneburg, 111, 112–13.
Lüneburger Heide, 112.
Luther, Martin:
  as a factor in the world's history, 300.
  as an unwitting check on art and literature, 233.
  as a monk, 235–6.
  at the Wartburg, 241.
  place of birth and death, 181–2.
Luxemburg, 294.
Luxemburg emperors, 178.

M

Maas (*Meuse*) river, 4, 5, 16, 69, 320, 321.
MacMahon, Marshal, 310.
Magellan, 301.
Main river, 255.
Mainz (*Mayence*): 259–260.
  age of, 260.
  cathedral, 259–60.
  Fastrada, legend of, 260.
  legends of the bishops of, 261–2.
  Peter's Au island, 259.
Mansfeld, legend of the counts of, 180.
Manteuffel, General von, 310.
Marchfeld, battle of, 266.
Margrave (*Markgraf*), definition of, 205–6.
Marken, island of, 37–41.
Marks, 205, 209.
Marks, definition of, 205.
Marksuhl, 247.
Marne, department of, 322.
Marne river, 345.
Mars-la-Tour, 311, 313, 317.
Mary Tudor, 343.
Maximilian of Hapsburg, *H. R. emp.*, 58, 187.
Mayence (*see Mainz*).
Mazarin, Cardinal, 332.
Meerane, 221–2.

Meissen: 203, 204–212, 214, 308.
Albrechtsburg, 208–10.
castle restaurant, 207–8.
cathedral, 209–10.
discovery of porcelain, 210–11.
drive up to castle, the, 207.
German chauffeur, a, 207–8.
royal porcelain works, 211–12.
the town, 206–7.
Merovingian dynasty, 303–4, 330.
Merovingian kings, **legends** of, 303, 304.
Merseburg, 205, 215, 308.
Merwede canal, 16.
Metternich, Prince, 285.
Metz: 295, 297, 299–307, 309.
basilica of St. Peter, 307.
battle of August, 1870, 309–12.
battlefields of August, 1870, 313.
cathedral, 297–301.
decline under French rule, 302.
Deutsches Tor, 302.
fortifications, 307.
garrison, 306, 309.
history, 299, 301–2.
hotel Royal, 307.
legends of, 302–5.
modern city, 307.
Mutte, the, 302.
noble's residence, a, 307.
palace of Frankish kings, 303.
palace of Roman governor, 303.
Pont des Morts, 306, 309.
Roman aqueduct, 302.
Roman graves, 307.
Roman roads, 302.
siege of, first, 299, 301.
siege of, second, 296, 301, 309.
Templars' chapel, 307.
Meuse, department of, 321.
Meuse river (*see Maas*).
Mississippi river, 301.
Möckern, 188.
Möllenbeck, **legend** of Uffo of, 305.
Mondidier, 345.
Monnikendam, 32–4.
Montreuil-sur-Mer, 341–44.
Montreuil-sur-Mer, hôtel de France at, 344.
Möringer, **legend** of the noble, 305
Moritz, Elector, 215.
Moritzburg (*near Meissen*), 215, 308.
Moselle river: 283-8, 289, 294, 295, 308.
Alf, 286–7.
Alken, 283.
Arras castle, 287.
legend of, 287.
Beilstein castle, 285.
Berncastel, 293.
Berncastler Doctor, **legend** of, 292.
blowout, our first, 286.
Bremm, 286.
Brüttig, 285.
charcoal burners, **legends** of, 287–8.
Cobern castles, 283.
Cochem castle, 285.
Ehrenburg castle, 284.
Ehrgang, 288.
Eller, 286.
Eltz castle, story of, 284.
ferry at Treis, 284–5.
Gondorf, 283.
legends of Moselle, 292.
Petersberg, 285.
Stuben, convent of, 285–6.
Thuron castle, story of, 284.
Treis, 284.
Treis castles, 284.
Trutzeltz castle, 284.
Wildenburg castle, 284.
Winneburg castle, 285.
Mouse tower, 261.
Muiden, 73.
Muider-Slot, château, 74.
Mulde river, 204, 220.
Munich, 308.
Muthusheer, 222.

N

Naarden, 71–3.
Naardermeer Polder, 73.
Napoleon I, 130, 179, 188, 250, 265, 291.
Napoleon III, 310.
Nassau, Count John of, 63, 66.
Netherlands (*see Holland*).

New Utrecht, 64.
Neckar river, 218.
Nennig, 294.
Neustria, 330.
Nidda, **legends** of, 253.
Nidda river, 252.
Nieder-Ingelheim, 260.
Nietzsche, 231.
Nixies, **legends** of, 183–4, 247.
Noord Hollandsch (*North Holland*) Kanaal, 28.
Nordhausen: 169–73, 175, 308.
  Dom (cathedral), 173.
  Judenthurm, 175.
  Klettenberg, **legend** of earl of, 169–70.
  hotel Römischer Kaiser, 171–2.
  Markt, 171.
  Rathaus, 173.
  Roland, statue of, 173.
Nordzee Kanaal (*North Sea Canal*), 16, 19, 43.
Novels, historical (*and books of legend*):
  "Barbara Blomberg," by George Ebers, 182.
  "Bis Zum Tode Getreu," by Felix Dahn, 91.
  "Burgomaster's Wife, the," by George Ebers, 57.
  "Captive of the Roman Eagles," by Felix Dahn, 238.
  "Cloister and the Hearth," by Charles Reade, 7.
  "Die Ahnen," by Gustav Freytag, 237–8.
  "Dove in the Eagle's Nest," by Charlotte Yonge, 267.
  "Ehrenstein," by G. P. R. James, 267.
  "Ekkehard," by Victor von Scheffel, 206.
  "Felicitas," by Felix Dahn, 238.
  "If Youth But Knew," by A. & E. Castle, 124.
  "Ingo" (*see Die Ahnen*).
  "Ingraban" (*see Die Ahnen*).
  "In the Fire of the Forge," by George Ebers, 148.
  "In the Olden Time," by Margaret Roberts, 239.
  "Klytia," by Professor Hausrath, 239.
  "Lichtenstein," by William Hauff, 239.
  "Lysbeth," by Rider Haggard, 53.
  "Margery" (*German*, "*Gred*"), by George Ebers, 148.
  "My Lady Rotha," by Stanley Weyman, 155.
  "Passe Rose," by A. S. Hardy, 91.
  "Philip Rollo," by James Grant, 155.
  "Prince Eugene and His Times," by Louisa Mühlbach, 276.
  "Saint of Dragon's Dale," by Wm. Stearns Davis, 245.
  "Strong Arm," by Robert Barr, 267.
  "Swordmaker," by Robert Barr, 267.
  "Thekla," by Robert Barr, 284–5.
  "Welt Untergang," by Felix Dahn, 148.
  "Yolanda," by Charles Major, 58.
  "**Legends** of the Harz," by Toofie Lauder, 214.
  "**Legends** of the Rhine," by A. M. Guerber, 263.
Noyon, 333, 345.
Nuremberg, 308.

O

Odenwald, 255.
Oise, department of, 333.
Orlamünde, 224.
Orlamünde, **legend** of, 224.
Orléans, 346.
Orléans, Louis of, 332, 333.
Orléans, Philip of, 276.
Osnabrück, 88–91.
Otto I, (*the Great*), 162, 215, 306.
Otto I, **legend** of, 254.
Otto III (*Wonder of the World*), 178.
Otto III, **legend** of, 254.
Otto IV, 161.

Ottocar, king of Bohemia, 266.
Oxenburg, 181.

P

Paintings, Dutch, 6, 19–20, 24–26, 50, 52.
see also, Boyman's museum.
Rijks museum.
Frans Hals.
Rembrandt.
Paintings, German (*see Nordhausen, Dresden, Weimar*).
Palatinate, 276, 280.
Palatinate, Black Henry, count of, 284.
Palatine, elector, 214, 276.
Pampus sand bank, 43.
Pappenheim, General, 155.
Paris, 333, 346.
Pas de Calais, 343.
Passau, peace of, 299.
Peasants' War, 239.
Penig, 220.
Perl, 294.
Péronne, 345.
Philip of Valois, 341.
Philippines, the, 301.
Picardy, 329, 333, 334, 336.
Picquigny, 341, 342.
Pierrefonds, château of, 333, 346.
Pipïn Heristal, 304.
Pipin the Short, 304.
Ponthieu, 343.
Ponthieu, Guy of, 344.
Pontoise, 333.
Postilions in Germany, 227–8, 246.
Provins, 346.
Prussia:
origin of kingdom of, 186, 205.
provinces of, 185, 281.
touring of eastern, 309.
Pumping stations (*Dutch*), 46.

Q

Quedlinburg, 205, 213, 308.

R

Ravensprung, **legends** of counts of, 133, 181.
Reformation, the, 300.
(*see also Martin Luther.*)
Regenstein, Count Albert of, 213.
Reichstag, 179.
Rembrandt, 19, 20, 52.
Remigius (St. Remi), 261, 325–6.
Remigius, **legends** of, 325–6.
Reuss-Gera-Schleiz, 223.
Reuss-Greiz, prince of, 218.
Ressons, 345.
Rezonville, 311, 313.
Rheims: 322–27, 345.
abbey and church of St. Remi, 326.
American bar, 326.
bishop's palace, 326.
cathedral, 323–5, 337.
French funeral, 324.
history, 323, 325–6.
hotel Lion d'Or, 323, 326–7.
legends of Rheims, 323, 324–5.
Porte de Mars, 326.
twelve Peers of France, the, 326.
Rhine and Moselle, department of, 281.
Rhine, the German: 259–278, 308.
Bacharach, 271, 272.
Bingen, 260–61.
Bingerbrück, 261.
Boppard, 275.
Braubach, 276.
Capellen, 277.
Coblenz, 278, 279–83.
Ehrenfels castle, 261, 262.
Falkenburg (*see Reichenstein*).
Fürstenberg castle, **legend** of, 270.
Germania, statue of, 261.
Gutenfels castle, **legend** of, 271–2.
Katz, die, 274.
Königsstuhl, 277.
Lahneck castle, 277.
Liebeneck château, 276.
Liebenstein castle, **legend** of, 275.
Lorch, 270.
Lorelei, and **legend**, 273.
Maus, die, 274.
Marksburg, castle, 276.
Mayence (*see Mainz*).
Mouse Tower, **legend** of, 261.

Rhine (*cont.*)
Nieder-Lahnstein, 277.
Nollich castle, **legend** of, 270.
Oberwesel, 272.
Pfalz, die, 271.
Pfalz, the, **legend** of, 271.
Reichenberg castle, 274.
Reichenstein castle, 265, 267.
Reichenstein castle, **legends**, 267–8.
Rheinfels castle, 274.
Rheinfels castle, **legend** of, 275.
Rheinstein castle, 263–4.
Rheinstein castle, **legend** of, 268–9.
Rhens, 277.
robber barons, 264–7.
Roszstein, 273.
Rüdesheimer vineyards, 261.
Rüdesheimer vineyards, **legend**, 263.
St. Clement, chapel of, 264, 267.
St. Goar, 274.
Schönburg castle, 273.
Sooneck castle, 265, 269.
Stahleck castle, 271.
Sterrenberg castle, **legend** of, 275.
Stolzenfels castle, 277.
Thurnberg castle, **legend** of, 274.
Wisperthal, **legend** of, 270.
Rhine, the old, (*in Holland*), 56, 62, 68.
Rhine, the old, (*branches of*), 68–9.
Rhine tolls, 266, 274.
Richard, earl of Cornwall, 178, 271–2.
Rijn (*see Rhine*).
Rijks munt (*mint*), 65.
Rijks museum, 23–6.
Rip Van Winkle's prototype, **legend** of, 176.
Ritter, Carl, 213.
Rivecoup, 345.
Roland, significance of statues of, 173.
Romans, in Germany, the, 260, 272, 289–90.
Ronneburg, 221, 223.
Rossla, 175.
Rothenburg-on-Tauber, 86, 218, 308.
Rothenstein, 224.
Rotterdam: 5–7.
Boomjes, 6.
Boyman's museum, 6.
church of St. Lawrence (*Groote Kerk*), 6.
Erasmus, birthplace of, 6.
Groote Markt (*big market*), 6.
Roye, 334, 345.
Rudolph of Hapsburg, 178–9, 265–6.
Rudolph of Swabia, 160, 215.

S

Saale river, 182, 224, 225.
Saarburg, 293.
Saar river, 293.
St. Elizabeth, 244–5.
St. Hilaire, 322.
St. Martin, 345.
St. Médard, 331.
St. Menehould, 321.
St. Quentin, 345.
St. Riquier, 343.
St. Valery-sur-Somme, 343.
Salic line of emperors, 159–161.
Salmünster, 250.
Sattelstedt, 240.
Saxe-Altenburg (*see Altenburg*).
Saxe - Coburg - Gotha, duchy of, 186, 239.
Saxe - Coburg - Gotha, duke of, 238, 239.
Saxe - Weimar - Eisenach, grand duchy of, 186, 224.
Saxe - Weimar - Eisenach, grand duchess of, 230.
Saxe - Weimar - Eisenach, grand dukes of, 230.
Saxon line of emperors, 159.
Saxon principalities, the, 186.
Saxons, the early, 91, 180, 237.
Saxons, the early (**legends** of), 180–81, 237.
Saxon Switzerland, 217–18, 308.
Saxony, duchy and electorate of, 185–6, 214.
Saxony, kingdom of, 185–6.

Saxony, province of, 185.
Scheveningen, 78.
Schill, Major, 130.
Schiller, Friedrich, 226, 230
Schomberg, Marshal, 273.
Seeburg castle, 182.
Seligenstadt, 255.
Semiramis, **legend** of, 289.
Sens, 346.
Sheep, 335.
Shepherd dogs, 335.
Siebleben, 239.
Sierck, 294.
Sittendorf, 176.
Skat, the game of, 221.
Soestdyke, 70.
Soissons: 304, 330–31, 345.
  à Becket, Thomas, 330.
  battle of, 330.
  cathedral, 331.
  St. Jean des Vignes, 330.
  St. Médard, 331.
  St. Waast, 331.
Somme, department of, 334, 343.
Somme river, 336, 343.
Sommes, a family of, 322.
Sophia Dorothea of Zell, 123–5.
Spielmann, 114.
Spinoza, 19.
States general, 64.
Stavoren, 47.
Steinmetz, General von, 310.
Steinau, **legend** of the spring at, 250.
Strassburg, 276, 308.
Suburbs of German cities, 203.
Suippe river, 322.
Suippes, 322.
Süsse See, 182.
Swabia, duchy of, 206.

T

Tannhäuser, 240, 244.
Tenneberg château, 239.
Ter Haar château, 63.
Teutonic Order, 279.
Teutonic Order, lodge of, 67, 279.
Tharandt, 219.
The Hague, 6, 64, 78.
Thionville (*see Diedenhofen*).
Thirty Years' War, 96, 155–6, 188, 280.
Thorn, 309.
Thuringia, 185–6, 237, 248.
Thuringia, landgraves of and **legends**, 183, 242–4.
Thuringia, **legends** of, 222–3.
Thuringian forest, 237, 239–40, 244, 308.
Till Eulenspiegel, 84, 130.
Tilly, General, 155, 188.
Time, change in, 320.
Tours, 346.
Trebeta, **legend** of, 289.
Trekvaart, 54–5, 73.
Treves: 283, 288, 289–93.
  abbey of St. Matthias, 292.
  age of city (*see Rote Haus*).
  a second Rome, 290–91.
  cathedral, 291.
  Carthusian monastery, 293.
  church of St. Gangolf, 292.
  Colonia Treverorum, 289.
  Conz, a Roman suburb, 293.
  history of city, 289–91.
  legend Berncastler Doctor, 292.
  legend of origin, 289.
  market cross, 291.
  palace of electors, 291.
  Porta Nigra, 290.
  Roman antiquities, 291, 293.
  Roman ruins, 291.
  Rote Haus, 291.
  Steip, 291.
Treves, archbishops and electors of, 214, 274, 275, 277, 280, 284, 291, 293.
Tricot, 345.
Triglaph, 290.
Triptyques, 88, 318.
Troyes, 322, 346.
Tulip bulbs, 49.

U

Uelzen: 114–16.
  hotel Stadt Hamburg, 114.
  old houses with inscriptions, 115–16.
  typical German luncheon, 115.
  twelfth century church, 115.

Ulrich of Würtemberg, 239.
Ulster river, 249.
Urk, island of, 47.
Utrecht: 63–8.
academy of, 63.
church of St. Jan, 66.
cathedral of St. Martin, 66–7.
hotel Pays Bas, 65.
Huis Oudaen, 65.
Maliebaan, 67, 68.
monument, John of Nassau, 66.
New Utrecht, 64.
Oude gracht, 65.
" Pope's House," 67.
Rijk's Munt (*mint*), 65.
Singel, 68.
Teutonic Order, lodge of, 67.
town hall (*Stadhuis*), 65.
university, 67.
Vredenburg, 65.

V

Valmy, 321.
Varennes, 321.
Vauban, 295, 307.
Vecht river, 47.
Verdun, 299, 302, 320, 321.
Verdun road, 309, 310, 311, 312, 320.
Vesle river, 329, 330.
Vierland peasant dress, 222.
Villages, English, French and German, 86, 138.
Village fiddler (*see Spielmann*).
Vischer, Peter and Herman, 210.
Viollet-le-Duc, 333.
Vionville, 311, 312, 313, 314.
Vleeschhal, 50.
Volendam, 35–7.
Von der Golz, General Baron, 309.
Vraincourt, 321.
Vrouwensand, 47.

W

Wagner, Richard, 230.
Wachensburg, castle, 238.
Wadelincourt river, 321.
Waldemar, king of the Danes, 94, 109, 111.
Wallenstein, General, 155.
Wallhausen, 180.
Wartburg, 241–2, 244–5.
Water gate (*see Koppel-Poort*).
Water gauges, 46.
Watergrafsmeer Polder, 74.
Weimar: 227, 228–31, 308.
artistic fame of, 231.
Cranach, painting by, 231.
grand dukes of, 229, 230.
Grand Duchess Anna Amalia, 230.
hotel Russischer Hof, 231.
houses of noted men, 231.
literary fame of Weimar, 229–30.
musical fame of Weimar, 230.
noted foreigners at Weimar, 230–31.
Weinsberg, siege of, 253.
Weisseritz river, 219.
Welf, origin of the house of, 120, 126–7, 181.
Welf, origin of the name (**legend**), 132.
Wends, the, 94, 186, 205, 290.
Werewolves, 222–3.
Wernigerode, 214.
Werra river, 249.
Westphalia, peace of, 89.
Wettin, house of, 221.
White Lady, **legend** of, 224.
Wieland, 230.
William I, *German emp.*, 176, 179, 279, 281, 310, 312.
William II, *German emp.* (*see Kaiser*).
William the Conqueror's invasion of England, 96, 160, 343, 344.
William the Silent, 57, 63.
Willegis, archbp., 262.
Winfrid (*see Boniface*).
Witchcraft, 219, 222, 223, 236.
Wittelsbach, house of, 186.
Woerden, 63.
Wolsey, Cardinal, 343.
Woippy, 296, 297.
Wrede, Prince, 250.

Wrede, Prince, **legend** of, 250.
Würzburg, 218.
Wurzen, 204.

Y

Y, the (*see Het IJ*).
Yssel river, 47.

Z

Zähringen, duke of (**legend**), 288.
Zell (*see Celle*).
Zuyder Zee, 35, 42–3, 46.
Zuyder Zee, dead cities of, 32–3, 42–3, 47–8.
Zuyder Zee, reclamation of, 46–7.

PQL601266